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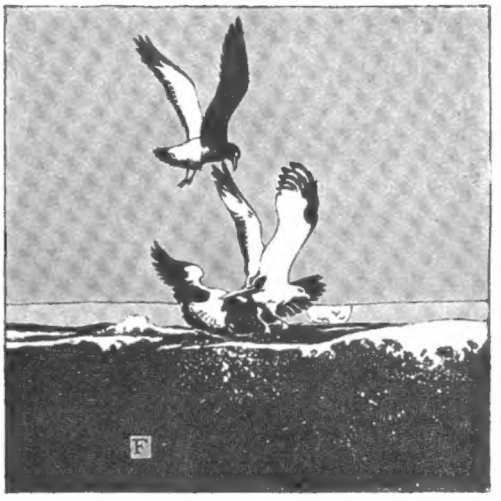

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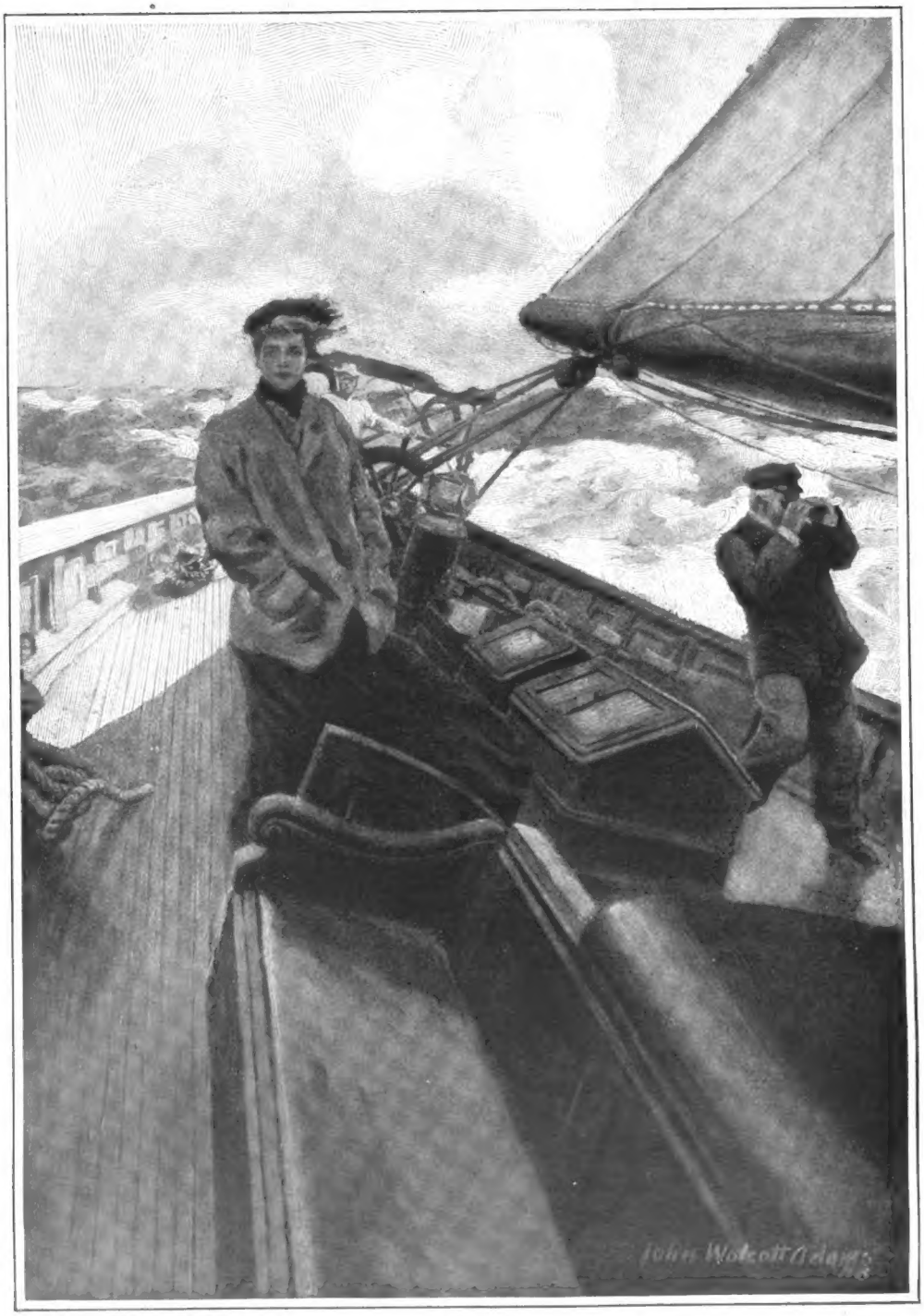

From a painting by John Wolcott Adams.

And never again could I dream and drift,
And never again could I know content,
Till I sailed away on the currents swift,
And learned what the song of the ocean meant.

—Francesca di Maria Palmer.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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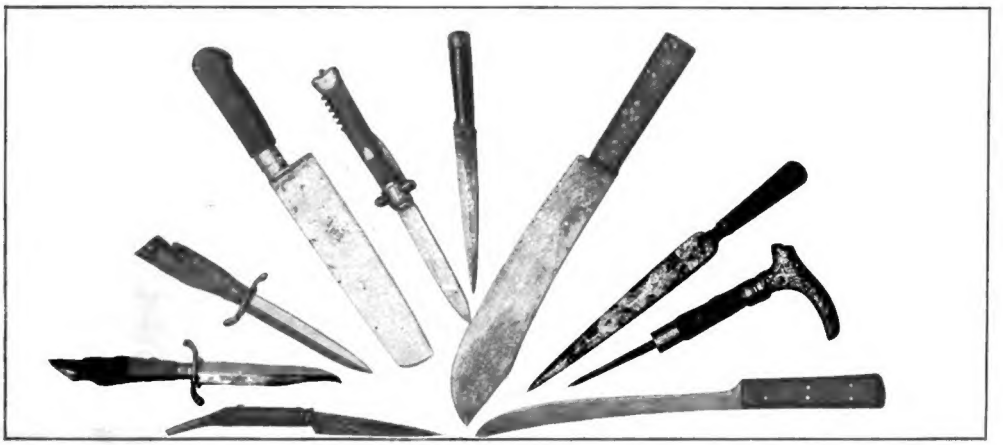

THE BLACK HAND

By LINDSAY DENISON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Skull and Crossbones flag of piracy is gone from the seas. But in our cities flourishes the Black Hand, a symbol every bit as significant of greed and cruelty—even more an emblem of cowardice and treachery. The scoundrels who lurk behind the terror of the Black Hand wax fat and daily grow more arrogant in their contempt for American law and order. Their wicked prestige has been fostered by the hysteria of the newspapers and the self-sufficiency and ignorance of the police, until security of property and safety of living are disappearing from the tenement and small-shop districts of our cities. The well-to-do will not long be immune. Here it is told how these graduates of Italy's penitentiaries escape to this country; what evil they have done; and how the Black Hand may be suppressed by sending its devotees back to the Italian government, which yearns for them.

A LETTER shoved through the crack under a door or dropped in a tenement letter-box, bearing the dread symbol of the Black Hand and the signature *La Mano Nera*, and containing a demand for money under threat of death or disaster. A few weeks later, if the demand in the letter is ignored, a knife-thrust in the dark, or, more commonly, the explosion of a crude bomb, which wrecks the first-floor front of the house.

That is the Black Hand: the extortion of money by the certainty that a refusal of blackmail will be followed by bodily violence and disaster—a certainty kept terribly alive by a daily succession of assaults, murders, and explosions under the very noses of the police. It is evidence that our immigration laws are not stringent enough to keep out of this country the very worst of the bad

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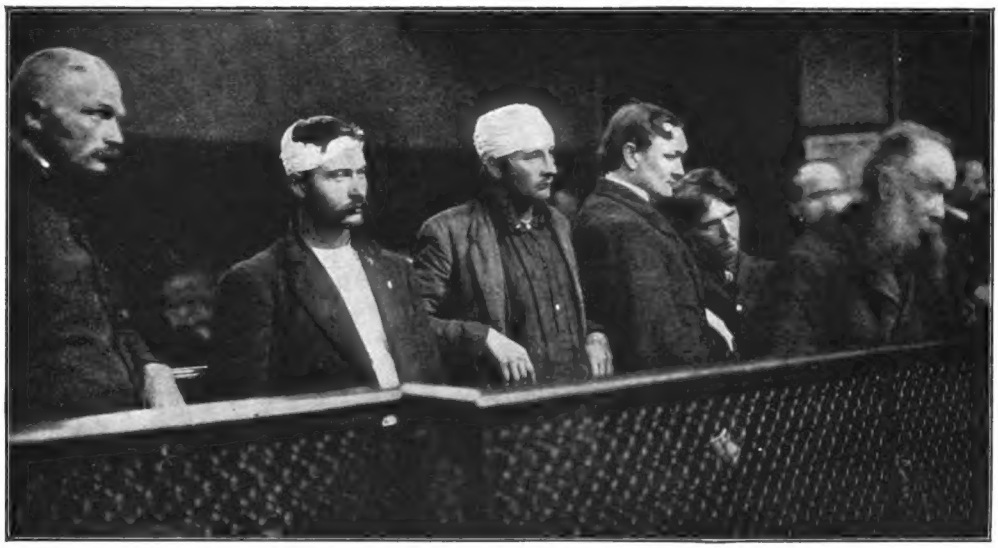

ITALIANS ON TRIAL FOR SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS.

people which those laws were made to exclude. It represents the transferring to this country of the most lawless men and methods of the Camorra of Naples and the Mafia of Sicily.

The existence and growth of the Black Hand is not only a demoralizing disgrace to our system for maintaining public order. It is an affront to the hundreds of thousands of useful, honest, happy-tempered Italians who have come to this country to take up the work from which the prospering Irish immigrant turned a generation ago. It is a deterrent to their progress; the price of prosperity as a merchant or as a barber or in any decent business is a blackmailing demand from the Black Hand.

How rich is the field in which the Black Hand garners its harvest is indicated by the fact that the bank deposits of Italians in the United States in the past five years have amounted to three hundred millions of dollars—one hundred millions of dollars in New York state. And there is hardly a dollar of all that honestly earned total that is not at the mercy of this system of blackmail.

The terror of the Black Hand now is tremendously increased by its mystery. The mystery will never be revealed, because there is nothing tangible to reveal. If you, the reader, were an Italian who had accumulated some money, and I, the writer, were an Italian criminal, associating with other criminals, and wanted your money—I should write you a Black Hand letter. It would mean to you (being an Italian) that all the stealthy ruthlessness and cruelty and devilish persistence of an Italian criminal, or a band of Italian criminals, were to be turned loose on you if you did not submit to blackmail.

ONE OF THE FIRST BLACK HAND MEN ARRESTED.

And if you were unusually brave and took the threats to the police, you would know that testimony given against me in court would mean that my family and my criminal friends would follow you and yours with the *vendetta*. In fact, even though Italian detectives had surrounded you and had persuaded you that this wasn't Italy, and that the bearing of evidence in court was not an act of shameless and reprehensi-

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ble indecency, one or more of my friends would certainly be in court to remind you of another opinion. The form of the reminder would probably be the drawing of the forefinger across the throat. And it would come over you that for your own immediate personal prospects this *was* Italy—and you would refuse to testify, and I would go free. Whereupon the newspapers would boil over with indignation against "the wonderful criminal intricacy of the Black Hand organization." Which would be nonsense. For the force that really operated would have been the Italian, and especially the south Italian, temperament. The law and the police have not been battling with a great, complicated, and secretly united murdering graft-machine, but with individual products of the opportunities for criminal education afforded by southern Italy for hundreds of years.

ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK, WHICH IS THE HEART OF THE ITALIAN DISTRICT.

It is all very true, as well as very amusing, that this murderous system was presented with its name by a reporter of a New York newspaper.

There was a historical foundation for the name. Back in Inquisition days in Spain there was *La Mano Nera*, a secret society which fought the government and the church. It passed, and the secret societies of southern Italy were its heirs. Twenty years or more ago a false report was raised in Spain that *La Mano Nera* had been revived. The story lingered in the brain of a *Herald* reporter, and one fine day he attempted to rejuvenate waning interest in a puzzling Italian murder case by speculating as to the coming to life of the Black Hand among Latin immigrants in America. The other newspapers seized on the idea eagerly, and kept it going.

Nor did the police withhold their good offices in aiding the sinister exploitation of the name. The policemen who have been entrusted with the regulation of Black Hand crime are mostly of north Italian parentage. They do not understand the south

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DEPOSITORS SURROUNDING THE PATI BANK—SCENE OF A BLACK HAND BATTLE.

Italian criminal, but they fear him. And they were only too willing to foster the invention of a Black Hand of marvelously intricate and compact organization; no reporter has ever suggested any detail too mysterious for instant police verification.

Now, your transplanted Italian is no more a born fool than your transplanted Irishman. The free advertising which the non-existent Black Hand was receiving was almost too good to be true. If you happen to be a breakfast-food manufacturer, just sit down and figure out in cold cash what you would have been willing to pay for that exploitation which the name Black Hand got for something less than nothing.

THIS YOUNG MAN IS SERVING A 15-YEAR SENTENCE.

There were in New York then, and had been for many years, a great many Italian criminals—not two per cent. of our Italian population did they form, perhaps, but nevertheless there were more of them than would be allowed at large in Italy. There were blackmailers, swindlers, counterfeiters, kidnappers, robbers, and murderers among them. Coming from the same ports in southern Italy, most of them, they had a general intercommunication, the same lounging places. Why should it not be so, when they spoke the same dialects and had the same neighborhood gossip from home to talk about—and lived by the same crimes? As at home, there were chiefs among

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them—men known for desperation, cruelty, and records of murder. But they had no fixed hours of meeting; and no lodge rooms. They had no gang names; they had even no prestige as a body.

And along came the benevolent and intelligent New York newspapers and gave them a name and then exploited it. And did the inchoate Italian criminal gangs grab the chance and keep it going? For an answer glance over the head-lines of any New York newspaper any day.

AN ITALIAN LABORER CONVICTED AS A BLACK HAND CRIMINAL.

It must be remembered that such crimes as are there chronicled are but the exponents of a hundred or a thousand efforts at blackmail. Refusals of the demands are few and scattering. Therefore it is impossible to compute the extent of Black Hand crime —except that there is hardly an Italian, from contractor to fruit-stand keeper, who has not been coerced into paying blackmail.

There are already indications that the loot hunger of the Black Hander will make him bold enough to look for victims outside of the Italian-born population. In the first stages of his hunting, his victim have always been those who have learned to fear him and his vengeance in Italy. But as the number of his unpunished outrages increases, the terror of his pirate name is becoming potent to frighten any timid American reader of the newspapers. Sooner or later, if the Black Hand is not checked, it will be a menace not only to Italian-born Americans, but to all of us; it is bound to grow with what it feeds on. Within the past few weeks an alleged Black Hand assault was perpetrated among the summer dwellers in the Berkshires, in Massachusetts. A large plot is reported as in operation against a number of wealthy families in Mexico. Time and patient investigation will determine whether these are machinations of Black Hand gangs or the schemes of other desperadoes who have adopted the Black Hand symbol.

THE RUINS OF A FRUIT STORE DESTROYED BY BLACK HAND DYNAMITERS.

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TWO ITALIANS ACCUSED OF SENDING BLACK HAND LETTERS, AND THEIR INTERPRETER (THE MAN IN CENTER).

For of course not all of the crimes bearing this emblem have anything to do with the real Black Hand gangs. A jealous girl may use the symbol to frighten her lover. It is but a few weeks since two Russian Jews in New York used it to scare money out of a real-estate dealer of their own race, and since then two Greeks were caught trying to blackmail another Greek with a letter signed Μαύρα Χείρ. But the more the symbol is used by outsiders, the greater its value to the Italian Black Hand. This is the one secret society on earth—if one may call it a society—which can afford to encourage the pretensions of spurious members.

AN ITALIAN BARBER NOW A BLACK HAND RESIDENT OF SING SING.

It is very hard indeed for the native-born American to puzzle out the psychology of the great body of respectable, law-abiding, hard-working, thriving Italians who submit as tamely as they do to the Black Hand imposition. One must go to Italy for the explanation.

The secret society of Sicily, for instance, is the Mafia. Take the word of an Americanized Sicilian for it, and it is just about as much of a dyed-in-the-wool criminal machine as is our own dear old Tammany Hall—no more and no less. The nobility belong to it, and men of high standing throughout the community—just as the William C. Whitneys and Bourke Cockrans and Francis Burton Harrisons and James W. Gerards and Robert B. Roosevelts belong to Tammany Hall; likewise there are in the Mafia persons like Yakie-Yake Brady and Paul Kelly and Monk Eastman—leaders of gangs of bad men who call them chief. But it is by the acts of the gang leaders that the

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Mafia is known on this side of the ocean. The gentle and nobly born members of the Mafia, according to this version of the tradition, endeavor to restrain their bad brethren—and have so far succeeded that the worst and wickedest of the "Low Mafia" are now in and about New York and Chicago, St. Louis and Denver.

The Camorra of Naples is very much the same sort of an organization. The native spirit of intrigue of the man of south Italy works out in pretty much the same way, whatever the town. The Mafia man will tell you that there is a difference between the Mafia and the Camorra; that it is the tradition of the Mafia that a man shall meet his enemy and fight him in the open, face to face, after a warning; whereas the Camorra countenances sneakings-up in the dark, and stabbings in the back, and the poisoned cup proffered in ostensible friendship. But the Camorra man will bite the back of his fingers when this is repeated to him, and say that the Mafia man is many kinds of a liar.

However that may be, hereafter in this article the names Mafia and Camorra will be used as though they referred only to the criminals of those organizations.

The recruits of the societies are men who have committed small crimes of violence and dishonesty. They sell their souls to the chiefs of the bands for protection from the police. If in spite of this aid the criminal is arrested and brought to trial, the Mafia supplies a crowd of willing perjurers to support his innocence; the state's witnesses are scared nearly out of their senses by threats, which will be only too grimly fulfilled if the accused is convicted; and five times out of six he goes free.

It is but justice to the Italian government to acknowledge here, parenthetically, that in the past ten years it has been getting the better of the societies; the proportion of those who are saved from the penalties of their crimes is waning—and, of course, the power of the gang chiefs is waning, too. For this very reason, as will be shown later, the menace to America has increased.

But to return to the criminal recruit: after pledging himself to the chief, he is a bad Mafia or Camorra man. He must take orders from the chief. He is tested lightly at first—he is merely sent as a witness to a forthcoming affray, or into court as a perjurer. Later he is commanded to join with a crew who are to beat up a man who has disobeyed the chief's orders. Moreover, if he has occasion to commit small crimes on his own hook from time to time, he has that semi-immunity which Mafia brings. He proves himself deft, trustworthy, desperate. Murders are entrusted to him. If he commits enough of them, if the whole community begins to fear him, if the time comes when peaceable citizens regard his slightest intimations as orders to be obeyed implicitly—he is himself a gang chief, than whom there is no more reckless, ruthless, arrogant scoundrel in the world.

It is men trained in such societies who are terrorizing the Italian settlements in America by the use of the Black Hand. It is the long habit of submission to such tyranny which makes Italians here submissive to this similar, though comparatively unorganized, system of blackmail. Now it is time to look into the reasons why these bloodthirsty Italian scoundrels come here, and into the means of their coming, despite the laws of both Italy and the United States.

Let us suppose that at some time in his bloody career the Black Hand assassin is caught or convicted. There is no death penalty for murder in Italy. And even if his society has not been able to save him, it has almost certainly been able to effect a modification of the degree of his conviction so that the murderer has to serve but from two to ten years. Until he gets out again, the society forgets him. There are practically never any escapes from the Italian prison to which Mafia and Camorra convicts go. A rocky island, well out in the sunny bay of Naples, surrounded day and night by an armed patrol, with searchlights playing out over the water and a torpedo-boat lurking in the shadows—no, the secret organizations do not try to rescue their brethren who fall by the wayside.

And even after the sentence is complete, the societies can be of comfort to the convict in only one way. They can help him get out of Italy. This becomes his one desire, for no desperado ex-convict can be even bearably near comfort in Italy. Here are some of the restrictions laid upon him when he is discharged from his prison sentence, under *sorveglianza speciale* (special surveillance):

He must tell the police where he is going to live. He must not venture out of his dwelling-place between eight at night and eight in the morning—for if he is caught out

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during the prohibited hours he is sent back to prison. He cannot obtain employment without the permission and approval of the chief of police—and even then the employer must give a bond that the ex-convict will abide strictly by the police restrictions. He cannot change employers except under the same conditions. He must report at police headquarters at frequent stated intervals, and there have his call recorded and the record countersigned in a book which he must have always on his person, subject to the inspection of any policeman who may demand a look at it. He must not carry any deadly weapon; the discovery of even a penknife in his pockets (and he is always subject to search) renders him liable to an especially long term in prison. He must not frequent drinking-places; the first sign that he is intoxicated is as bad as the possession of a weapon. If he is involved in a street broil the law assumes that he is the aggressor and that he is in the wrong, no matter how innocent he may actually be.

It is enough to drive a criminal of any spirit quite mad. He must get out of Italy. But the law says he may not leave Italy. He may not pass the frontier nor take passage on a foreign-bound ship without a passport. The Italian government is more enlightened than the governments of our own states and municipalities, whose ideal method of dealing with undesirable citizens is that of Mr. Dogberry:

"The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company."

Though it is not a penal offense for the ex-convict to attempt to leave Italy, it is a misdemeanor, punishable with sufficient severity to make him beware of being caught at it.

Accordingly, on every vessel sailing from Palermo or Naples are a dozen or more members of the Camorra or the Mafia, employed as sailors, coal-heavers, and stewards. It is their fraternal duty to aid their brethren to evade the passport law. If there are six or more members of a ship's company earnestly desirous of concealing a stowaway, the thing can always be done. There are recorded instances where a stowaway has been hunted for three hours by twenty men, after all the officers and crew have been sent ashore, and has remained undiscovered—because he was sewed up in a mattress in a bunk. When the steamship has tied up at her berth in an American port, the fugitive puts on the uniform or overalls of one of his confederates and easily makes his way off the pier. And thus, a seasoned and hardened criminal, his blood-stained hands against all the world as the world's hands are against him, he is turned loose in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Every steamship man concerned in the Mediterranean trade knows something of the system; one of them has admitted these facts. It is the theory of the professional policeman of America that the Italian criminal comes to us through France and Canada. That is nonsense; he has neither the intelligence nor the means.

The ex-convict has the New York address of one or more former members of his society in Italy. He makes his way to this address as quickly as he may. He is without work and in a strange country. It may be that happy chance will find honest work for him at once. But usually it is not so. He becomes, more likely, a willing and useful tool of the Black Hand, a dependent on the generosity of more thoroughly acclimated criminals. The stealthy delivery of blackmailing letters, the stabbings, the bomb plantings, and even the murders of the Black Hand type are done by men who are so ignorant and so helpless that they face starvation if they do not carry out the orders of the Black Hand thugs who house and feed them after their surreptitious entry into the United States.

Ordinary police methods are of no avail in tracing such a criminal. The very men whose tool he has been and whose behest he has obeyed probably do not know his name—with the exception of the gang leader who has given the order. The honest and peaceable Italians, even if they dared reveal him, do not know his face nor his habits nor even of his arrival in this country. The very law here is a protection to him. In Italy the giving of a false name to a policeman is a crime. The burden of proof of identity is on the suspect; if he cannot prove his right to his name, he goes to jail. In America he may change his name every day, without penalty or even the necessity of an explanation.

Not always is the Black Hand recruit an ex-convict. As the pressure of the Italian police has borne down more and more heavily on he Mafia and the Camorra, unconvicted criminals have been fleeing before the wrath to come and making their way to the United States in the full comforts of the steerage while there is yet time. But the

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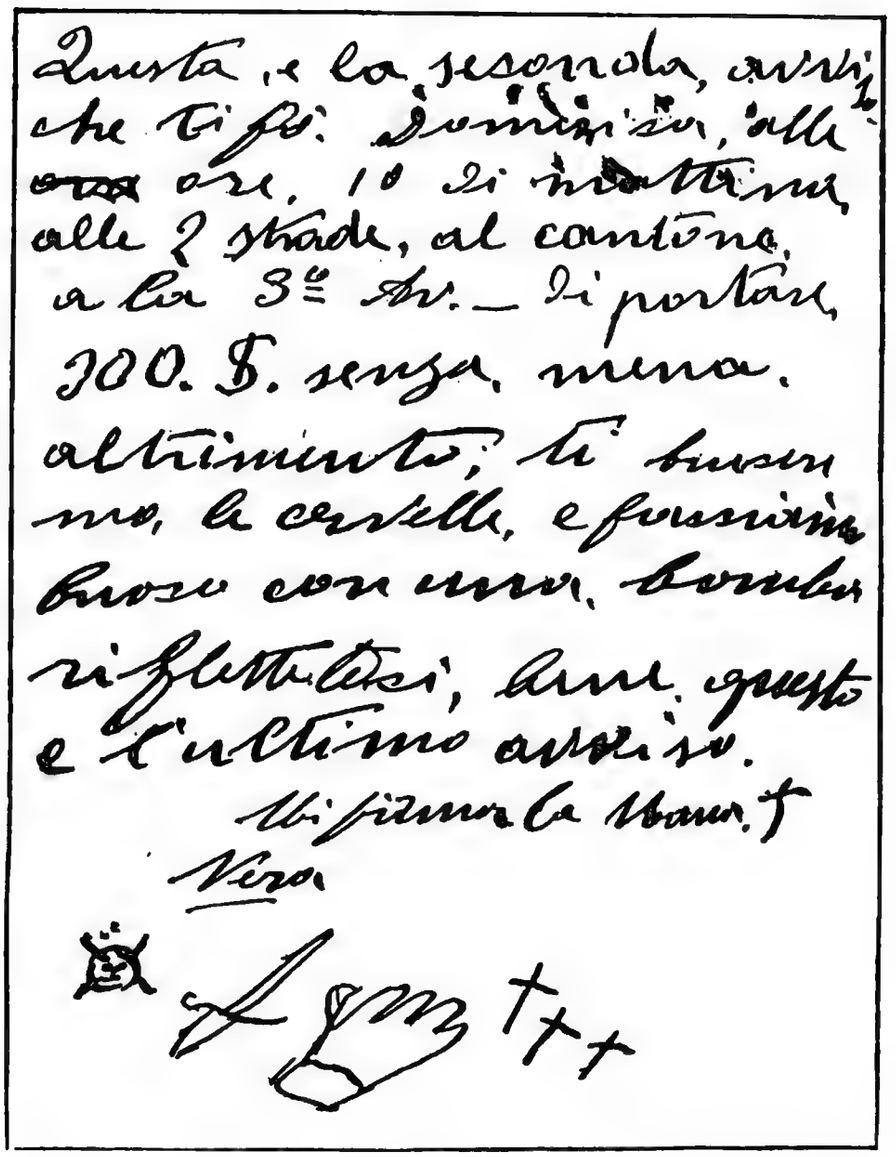

FACSIMILE OF A TYPICAL BLACK HAND LETTER, WHICH, TRANSLATED, READS:

This is the second time that I have warned you. Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning, at the corner of Second Street and Third Avenue, bring three hundred dollars without fail. Otherwise we will set fire to you and blow you up with a bomb. Consider this matter well, for this is the last warning I will give you.

I sign the Black Hand.

proportion of these is small as compared to the number of stowaways who slip down the gang-planks of every Mediterranean steamer.

And so it is that the Italian criminal does get out of Italy and into the United States despite both governments. And in the fulness of time it has come to pass that there are more Italian ex-convicts at large in the United States than there are in Italy—that all the daring, reckless, unreformable desperadoes of Italy are in this country, taking not only the purses but the good names of their former compatriots by means of the Black Hand.

It is not possible to speak certainly of the way in which the spoils of their plots are divided. It seems most likely that the "divvy" is governed by the generosity of the head "bad man" and the risks taken by the members of the gang in accumulating the loot—and as well by the prevailing prosperity or poverty of the gang as a whole. The worst and greediest scoundrel in the plot takes all he dares. Most of the rest goes to the men who have made the threats. Half of what the chief takes goes "higher up." There are at least two or three old graduates of south Italian crime who never sully their hands with the commission of actual crimes nor trouble their brains to plan them, though occasionally the big chief or one of his nearest lieutenants may drop in on an Italian banker and ask for a thousand dollars or so. He gets it, quick. He doesn't have to make any threats; the

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mere appearance of his face in the place is a threat. There is no talk of notes or security. The transaction is almost as simple as when one of the Bosses of High Finance drops in on a bank outside the New York clearing-house and asks for a few extraordinary favors. The very names of the Black Hand's big chiefs are names of terror. They know the little chiefs. They know the gossip in Italian blackmailing circles. And the little chiefs give up a moiety to them meekly and with dispatch.

So loosely formed are the component parts of the Black Hand that sometimes they work at cross purposes. Not very long ago in New York one Pati, who had a little Italian bank, was singled out as a victim by a Black Hand crew for the most part made up of former Mafia men. He had associations which made him feel that he ought to be immune from Black Hand interference. Some of his own friends shared his indignation. Representations were made to the Mafia band that, really, old Italian enmities ought to be forgotten in this country. There was a plenty of Italian bankers to be preyed upon who were not dearly beloved brethren of the Camorra. But the Mafia crew was hungry. Pati was rich; Pati had been warned to give up; discipline must be upheld, let the bombs fall where they might. All right, said Pati's Camorra friends, go ahead! The Mafia sent their collector around to the Pati bank. He had hardly entered the door when he was shot dead in a fusillade of bullets which were fired not only by Pati and his son, but by half a dozen friends of Mr. Pati, who significantly happened to be present and armed.

The admirable character of the banker is perhaps best shown by the fact that after being patted on the back by the police of New York as a brave man and the first of his race to face the Black Hand issue squarely, he went away secretly, and at this writing some scores of depositors mournfully regard the closed doors of his bank and wag their heads in sour satisfaction as they contemplate the certainty that the Mafia will find him somewhere some day, and exact its grimly sentimental dividend from his person in full.

This falling out on lines of cleavage drawn by the old Italian society bonds is most unusual. For the most part, traditional transatlantic enmities are forgotten and reappear only when word comes from over sea that the Mafia or the Camorra has decreed the death here of one who has fled from Italy to escape feud vengeance. The closest students of Italian crime believe that the famous "barrel murder" was the outcome of a Sicilian love affair. The old Jew peddler whose body was packed in a trunk and humorously set out under the windows of a New York police station, not many years ago, paid the price of unfair dealing, either by himself or by a relative, in conducting fence negotiations with a robber in Italy.

Such crimes, however repugnant and sensational they may be, are of small importance when one contemplates the growing power of the great blackmailing mill which adopted the American suggestion of naming itself the Black Hand.

As I have set down before, there are no fixed meeting-places, no oath-bound pacts, no elected or appointed officers. What need? A Black Hand "bad man" walks into an Italian saloon; he may greet the bartender; he may ignore him. But a sign is given; it may be the scratching of an ear; it may be the rearrangement of a necktie; it may be the picking of a thread out of a sleeve. It is enough. Notice has been given that certain persons are to meet the chief to-night at a certain place. Perhaps it is to be in that same saloon, perhaps in another saloon miles away. That doesn't matter. At the rendezvous at the appointed hour the summoned men are present. Some one proposes a game of *zecchinetta*, which is not unlike the American game of faro. Inasmuch as the police of America have prejudices against gambling, will the proprietor kindly furnish a private room with a secure inside lock? He does. The plot is outlined, the assignments are made, the dole from the last effort at blackmail is distributed or the bomb is produced which is to punish its failure.

The *zecchinetta* game thus having been properly concluded, the members of the gang separate—perhaps without knowing one another's names. And the next night the same chief may call a similar conclave made up of altogether different men, or in part of the same men, and line out another crime. There is little fear of treachery in the heart of a man whose minions know that he has a score of others just as ready to revenge treachery at his bidding as are they themselves.

It is little wonder that the American police have not been able to make much headway against so indefinite an organization. But it is the disgrace of our police authorities that, ex-

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cept by Commissioner Bingham of New York (who has been disgracefully hampered by a trivial and stupid board of aldermen), no intelligent warfare has been made on Black Hand crime. If the thing is to be done, it must be done by the same methods which the Italian government has found effective against the same sort of people at home. First of all, there must be developed a uniformed corps of police, made up of men —south Italians—as brave and as reckless and as honest as were Wild Bill Hickok and Seth Bullock and Colonel Sanders and Bat Masterson and the others who terrorized the road-agents and the cattle-thieves of our own wild West forty years ago. There are plenty of such men in Italy and here.

But, in addition, they must know the secret language of the Italian secret societies—the most complicated thieves' jargon in the world. The mongrel dialects of the Mediterranean ports are puzzling enough, anyway, made up as they are of bits of all the Latin languages, Greek, Arabic, and their variations. But the banded plunderers of the Camorra and the Mafia superimpose on this tangle a code of their own which can be learned by only the most patient, intelligent, and daring detective study.

The members of this police corps must be no respecters of tradition or of persons in authority. In the great Camorra trial which seemed to be the end of the Camorra in Naples, the thieves and thugs of the society were found to use priests and the nobility as cogs in their mill; and even now the value of the whole proceeding is shaded by the suspicion that the Camorra was represented in the prosecution, and had shielded some of those on whom the greatest real guilt rested.

There must be also an Italian detective bureau, working in secret concert with the uniformed Italian police; its members, too, must needs be south Italians, who have the instincts inherited from generations of the darkest intriguers of Europe. For instance, if a well-trained Mafia or Camorra member be on his way to Elizabeth Street, in New York, from his home in Harlem, to buy his week's groceries, he would as soon cut off his right hand as go direct to his destination. He rides about on different lines of surface cars, transferring with economical carefulness, until he gets into the dry-goods district. He passes through one or more department stores, using the elevators freely. He takes to the elevated railroad or the subway. He doubles back on his tracks as often as he may without paying an extra fare. He mixes with the seething crowd at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. He loiters on the upper floor of an office building, and walks down twenty weary flights of stairs, and emerges from an entrance on another street than that from which he entered. When he has reached Elizabeth Street and his favorite grocery-store, he has spent four hours on a journey which he might have accomplished in half an hour. He is always in practice. No national board of strategy was ever so ingenious in the devising of war games. Such a man cannot be kept in sight by the keenest American shadower alive, nor even by a north Italian. But a south Italian detective, whose mind works just as does that of the prey he is pursuing, has a chance.

Cooperation between this government and the government of Italy has done some good and will do more. Italy is very willing to take back to her own tender mercies the ex-convicts who have come to America. It is the official Italian theory that crime will be discouraged in Italy once it is understood that even America is not a safe refuge. Italy has complete records and descriptions of all her missing convicts. A wise appropriation of money on this side of the water for the hunting out of Italy's missing criminals would clear our Italian settlements of a shameful scandal and terror.

The Black Hand must go. The use of the symbol must become a guarantee of imprisonment or deportation as certain as is now its promise of plunder and bloodshed. The development of the Black Hand system of contempt for law is demoralizing to all the better ideals of our foreign born population. Soon it will be, if not suppressed, a menace to the native born as well. Moreover, the elimination of the Black Hand we owe to Italy nearly as much as to ourselves. It will be an inestimable favor to a nation to which we are indebted for the uplifting of our ideals of art, for the labor which has helped develop our national resources, and for the infusion into our blood of the sturdy, thrifty strain which becomes strikingly apparent as soon as the normal, industrious, simple-souled Italian immigrant begins to make himself at home.

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"'SEE HERE,' THEY SAYS, 'YOU'VE BEEN WRONGED. . . . TELL US ALL YOUR STORY.'"

THE MAYOR'S HONEYMOON

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "The Walking Delegate," "To Him That Hath," etc.

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE Mayor of Avenue A was a figure to rejoice the eye as he entered his café and swayed down between the tables, throwing smiles and hearty "good evenings" to the midnight customers who sat sipping his coffee, beer, and wine, and getting back smiles, cordial calls, and the grip of warm hands. His luminous silk hat, his lustrous shoes, his great area of shirt bosom, whose brilliance came to twin foci in two diamond studs, proclaimed him the wedding-guest he was. His full and ruddy face was ashine with satisfaction over the recent event that he, as best man, had dominated. He was an imposing figure, which he knew, and he bore himself through his guests in a manner worthy of his radiant bulk.

I, dwarfed to unimportance, followed in his train to the rear of the café, where he opened the door of a little private dining-room and pressed me in before him. We hung up our hats and sat down, the Mayor with great effort and the extremity of care, for 'twas no easy business to adjust to sitting posture his two hundred and thirty pounds and at the same time to preserve his raiment's unwrinkled demeanor. This feat achieved, the Mayor prompted his white tie into place with a touch or two, and drew a smoothing diamonded hand over the score of hairs that etched his crown.

"Well, friend, that was exactly the forty-ninth weddin' I've been to this year. Over here on Avenue A they think a weddin' ain't legal unless I'm there. Nice affair to-night, wasn't it?—and nice couple. Well, I hope they'll get through their honeymoon all right. But there's no tellin'"—he shook his head—"no sir, there's never no tellin' about a honeymoon!"

A reminiscent smile pressed the corners of his mouth into his cheeks, and he bent upon me an odd, thoughtful, hesitant look. Then the smile pressed deeper. He leaned forward upon his substantial elbows.

"My honeymoon was a tremendous success—ain't that what I told you?"

I admitted I had been so informed.

"Hum!" said the Mayor. "That's the way me and Carrie bragged about it to ev-

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erybody. Well, friend, I reckon you've believed that fairy tale about long enough. Me and Carrie don't feel as tender about it as we did a year ago. I don't mind your knowin' the truth, and I'm sure Carrie won't mind, either.

"You remember our weddin'. It was certainly swell, wasn't it? You never saw Liberty Hall fixed up finer than it was that night, nor saw a genteeler crowd in this part o' town —and Carrie she certainly looked fresh and bloomin' for a forty-year-older! And I guess I wasn't such a slouch myself. Why, in comparison, this weddin' to-night wasn't gettin' married at all! And Professor Bachmann's orchestra never turned out such dance music; it was such music that you didn't want to leave off dancin' to eat, and the feed was such a feed that you didn't want to leave off eatin' to dance. Yes, sir—that was a weddin'!

"It was so grand I hated to break away from it. Then, inside o' me I was sorter scared o' realizin' it was all settled. Lord! Carrie and me're happy enough now—but you remember how I didn't want to marry nobody, and how I was clean out o' my head when I proposed to her, and how when my weddin'-day rolled around I was so paralyzed that they almost had to load me in an ambulance to get me to the weddin'. But finally we did get away, and went runnin' down the Hall stairs —a fine-lookin' pair we made in our weddin'-clothes, some folks have said—with rice rainin' on us and dribblin' down inside my collar. You remember it all. We jumped into our carriage, drove to her brother's, where we got into travelin' clothes, jumped back again into the carriage—and our honeymoon was on.

"I tell you what, it does give you an awful feeling—to know it's all settled. While the weddin's goin' on, the music, and the dancin', and you bein' the center o' the crowd, these things keep your nerve up and make you forget. But when you start on your honeymoon, all alone, the music's over with and you're up ag'in cold, bare facts. You're married, and there she sits beside you—and she'll always be sittin' beside you. You don't know what she's really like; she acted white while you courted her, sure—but all women act white then. You wonder what's really wrapped up in your package; you wonder if you're goin' to like her—if you'll get on together—or if it's goin' to be cross words and flat-irons and alimony. All these things got to shiverin' through my head and up and down my spinal column. My nerves went all to pieces. I sat there beside Carrie like a lump o' jelly, and I simply sweat ice-water.

"At the depot I gave our dress-suit case to a black porter and rushed to the baggage-room to check Carrie's trunk, which held my clothes, too, that I had sent over to Carrie's brother's to be packed in it. The baggage-man threw me a round brass check, which I slipped into my pocket, and I started to the waitin'-room for Carrie. By this time the rice that had gone inside my collar had slipped down into my stockin's. Ever try to walk in a pair o' new, iron-tight, patent-leather shoes, with rice ag'in your bare soles? Well, if you want to get right intimately acquainted with the bad place, just try it. How the corners o' that blamed rice did dig into me! Say, did I make any inner remarks about them kind friends that had thrown that rice? Did I?

"When I got back to Carrie, tryin' not to limp, tryin' not to groan, there beside her was a blamed bore of a friend congratulatin' her and best-wishin' her; and he kept on congratulatin' us, the rice diggin' deeper into my feet all the while, till the porter broke it up by sayin' that the train for Atlantic City left in one second. We rushed out o' the waitin'-room into the train shed to see the last car of our train movin' away. 'You'll have to run!' yells the porter. That's what we did, the porter settin' the pace with the suit case, Carrie and me hand in hand sprintin' along behind him. And that rice! Every time one o' my feet come down I wanted to yelp!

"But we made it. The porter threw the bag up on the platform; and then runnin' along beside the train him and me boosted Carrie up on the steps; then, the porter pushin', up went I. I jerked a coin out o' my pocket and, without lookin' at it, pushed it down into the runnin' darky's cash register, which closed right up on it. The size o' the coin told the darky it was half a dollar, and he showed me his whole outfit o' teeth.

"We stumbled into the coach and collapsed in the first seat. I ain't exactly built on racin' lines, nor is Carrie, and the pair of us sat there heavin' for air. But havin' no breath was nothin' to my feet. I wanted to take off my shoes, but I had just sense enough to know that to take off your shoes and socks in a train ain't the proper etiquette for a honeymoon. So I just let 'em burn.

"There was some women aboard goin' down to some sort of a female convention for

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"I JERKED A COIN OUT O' MY POCKET AND PUSHED IT DOWN INTO THE DARKY'S CASH REGISTER."

reformin' criminals, and in the seat ahead of us was a couple o' men. We didn't have any breath to talk with, so I couldn't help hearin' the men. They were railroad detectives, I soon made out, and one was green to the business they were just then on.

"'Never seen him,' the other was explainin', 'but accordin' to description he's big and goes in heavy for dress. You know plenty o' people, for one reason or another, leave their baggage at the station for a day or two. That's the kind Big Bill takes to. He's got a lot o' maids in swell hotels workin' for him; when they pack a rich trunk that's goin' to lay awhile in some depot, they tip it off to Bill, givin' him a description o' the trunk and what's in it, an' mebbe givin' him a key or a wax impression of it. Then Bill, who puts up a great front, calls at the baggage-room where the trunk is, and says he's lost his check but can identify his baggage and would like it at once. He identifies it all right, has it carted away—and is richer by a trunkful o' clothes and jewels.'

"The detectives got up and went ahead into the smoker. By this time Carrie had got back her wind and was leanin' close and whisperin' soft things in my ear—and pretty soon I begun to think it mightn't be so bad to be married. Carrie ain't no girl, but her looks are her own, and she's solid, and she's built to wear, and I reckon these are what a man wants in a wife when he expects to keep her. Well, she kept lookin' up at me—she's got eyes, Carrie has!—and I kept lookin' down at her and gettin' more an' more confident,

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till when we marched away from the train at Atlantic City with her hand tucked tight under my arm, I felt like I could fly, and my chest it must 'a' stuck out a foot. I was that happy I almost forgot my feet. I tell you, a man's feelin's on his honeymoon, how they come and how they go, they're sure a curious thing.

"'I don't want to leave you to bother about no trunk; I can order it sent from the hotel,' I whispered soft to Carrie as we got into a carriage; and I called up to the cabby the name o' the swellest hotel in the town. When we got located, the clerk asked me to please come down and register, and leavin' Carrie pullin' the pins out o' her hat I followed after him through a hall as long as a street. On the way I put a hand in my pocket for my trunk check to give him. It wasn't in that pocket. I stood still and begun to go through 'em all. It wasn't in any.

"I stopped breathin', and blinked my eyes. Where was that trunk check? I thought, and thought, and then it come over me like a chill; and when I tell you, you'll understand my proposition that on their honeymoon ain't no time for a man and a woman to be trusted out alone. Friend, I had give the trunk check to the darky porter in New York for a tip!

"Well, I finally come to. I decided not to worry Carrie about the trunk, for mebbe I could get it without the check. Anyhow it would be easy to try, for the station was only three or four blocks away. So I went down, passed the clerk, and told him offhand and easy that I'd be back in a minute and register then, and started for the depot, walkin' mostly on my heels and the outside edge o' my soles. I would 'a' set down on the sidewalk and got that rice out, but a cop was just ahead, and I knew in a little town a cop sizes himself up as a prominent citizen, and there was no tellin' what he'd think was his duty if he saw a man in a silk hat sittin' on the curb takin' off his shoes and stockin's.

"But I hopped along to the depot and into the baggage-room. I called to the baggageman, whose head I could see through the window of a little box of an office talkin' to a couple o' derby hats. I told him I wanted my baggage, and puttin' on all my dignity I told him I had lost my check but could identify the trunk. He hesitated, said somethin' about it not bein' just reg'lar; whereupon I, without any particular difficulty worth remarkin' on, managed to get a dollar bill into his hand. He looked me over, saw that I was somebody, and let me in behind the railin'. I pointed out the trunk straight off, standin' beside the office.

"'NO GENT'S CLOTHES IN THIS TRUNK,' SAYS HE."

"'Got a key?' he asked. It happened Carrie had give me the key, so I handed it out to him. He pulled the trunk around into the light that streamed from the door o' the office and unlocked it. 'Now,' says he, with a dollar's worth o' politeness, 'you'll have to identify its contents. What's in the trunk?'

"The answer was easy, for I had been thinkin' about it as I crippled over there. 'Mostly my wife's clothes,' says I, tryin' to say 'wife' like I'd been born married. 'And a suit o' mine.'

"'Describe some o' your wife's clothes,' says he.

"He had me there, but I didn't show it. 'They're mostly some new ones she's been gettin', and I ain't ever seen 'em,' says I, calm enough. 'I identify the trunk by a new gray-and-brown checked suit, with the label on it of the Artistic Tailor Company.' And I named some other things.

"He opened the trunk and begun to dig. And Lord, how I begun to blush!—so that I was ashamed to turn to look at the two men who come out o' the office and stood behind me lookin' on. What didn't that baggageman dig up! White things with knotted blue and pink ribbons meanderin' through

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'em—fluffy things—lacy things: all kinds o' strange and curious things that no mortal man ever learns to call by their first names. I was never so embarrassed in my life. I kept growin' redder and redder, till I begun to notice the baggageman wasn't diggin' up no checked suit, which made me worry some. But it come to me Carrie had put my clothes in the bottom so's not to crush her things, and I quit worryin'. But when the baggageman struck bottom he looked slowly around.

"'No gent's clothes in this trunk,' says he.

"Afterward I learned that Carrie, barely havin' room in the trunk for her own things, had packed mine in the suit case. But just then I didn't even have time to think what had become of 'em, for all at once I was grabbed, and the next second I was standin' there with a pair o' handcuffs on.

"I whirled around. There was the two detectives I'd seen on the train. I pulled the cuss-word valve and let 'em rip. 'See here,' I yells, 'what the h—'s this mean?'

"And them fellows answered, just like the hero-sleuth in 'Tracked Round the World' over to the Third Avenue Theatre: 'It means that all's up with you, Bill Johnson!'

"'B-i-l-l J-o-h-n-s-o-n?' says I, flabbergasted.

"'Yes, Bill Johnson,' says they in their triumphant, curtain-drop voice. 'At your old game again!'

"I begun to understand. I stood there blinkin' and gaspin'—and then the way I spit profanity was certainly a caution. 'Johnson—nothin'!' I yells. 'Hoffman's my name!' And I told them the kind o' idiots they was, which it ain't necessary here to relate.

"'You can tell your name at your trial,' they says. Lord, they was stuck up, them detectives, with thinkin' they'd landed a king crook!

"I was on the point o' tellin' them further who I was, and tellin' 'em good and hot, but some thoughts shot into my head and closed me up. I remembered I was wearin' the suit I had on for the first time, and there wasn't a scrap o' anything about it to prove who I was. And besides, did I want to tell 'em who I was? In the first place they wouldn't believe me; and later the story'd be sure to get to New York. Did I want Avenue A to know I was so rattled on my honeymoon I had tipped a porter with a trunk check, and then got run in on the charge o' stealin' my own trunk? The Avenue would laugh at it for years—I'd never live it down. I stood there sniverin' cold shivers at the idea.

"WHAT I DONE WAS TO RIP OFF MY SHOES AND SHAKE OUT THE RICE."

"I was so up in the air I didn't know at first what to do. If what I done was a fool thing, just remember I was on my honeymoon. I decided to go with them detectives; that would give me time to think. Besides, what else could I do? So off the bridal procession started, me between those two, on my heels and the edges o' my feet. When we got to the police station, I wrote a line to Carrie—formal, because I didn't want these police guys to know I was on my honeymoon—just sayin', 'I have been arrested; come to see me at once.' I was afraid to address it to Mrs. Carl Hoffman; to write the 'Carl' might be dangerous; so I addressed it 'Mrs. Hoffman,' which wouldn't give me away, since there are thousands o' Hoffmans. The desk sergeant had it carried to the hotel, six blocks away, and charged me only three dollars.

"After that they chucked me down into

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a cell, with a cement carpet and a broad, greasy board for a bed. If I was tellin' you this the way such things is wrote in books, I'd say the first thing I done was to drop down on that board, let my head fall into my hands, and weep the hard-comin' tears o' manhood over bein' tore away from my beautiful bride on my weddin' day. What I done was to rip off my shoes and shake out the rice.

"I nursed my feet awhile, then stretched out on the board. I saw poor Carrie sittin' in the hotel, wonderin' what had become o' me—then I saw her as my note was give her and saw how shocked she was—and then, as time went on, I wondered why she didn't come. More time passed, and I begun to get mad; a nice thing, I thought, to desert your husband the very first day he was your husband! I kept growin' madder and madder—but no Carrie; and finally I went to sleep.

"CARRIE HAD TO DO THE MAKIN' UP, AND MIGHTY HUMBLE—YOU BET."

"That night I dreamt I was a Mormon, and had just married fourteen new wives, and was off on fourteen separate honeymoons all at the same time. The next mornin' nothin' had still been heard from Carrie, and I tell you I was hot. But along about ten o'clock, when they was takin' me up to the court-room, word was brought that she had come. They pushed me in a room and said they'd bring her there. I took my stand at a window and looked out, and when I heard the door open and her come in, I stood mighty stiff and didn't even look around. Carrie had to do the makin' up, and mighty humble—you bet! So I just waited.

"'Well, my dear sir, what do you want from me?' The voice was thin and sharp.

"I whirled about. There stood a dried-up, gray little woman, in a black dress and black bonnet and carryin' a black silk bag. Mebbe she wasn't really much more'n sixty, but she looked like a mummy out on a leave o' absence from a museum.

"My lower jaw dropped so hard it almost broke off, and I just stared. Then I got hold o' myself. 'Excuse me,' I says, very dignified like, 'but you must 'a' made a mistake. I sent for Mrs. Hoffman.'

"'No mistake at all,' she speaks up. 'I am Mrs. Hoffman. See——'

"'No, you ain't!' I cries out quick and powerful.

"'See, there's your note,' she goes right on. 'I was a little surprised at our names bein' the same, but there's plenty that have it.'

"I stared at the note and my mind floundered about. 'It's very kind o' you, but——'

"'No kindness,' she interrupted, in an even, business-like tone. 'As you must know, since you wrote me, I am often called upon to help those whose instincts have led 'em far from their mother's knees into the broad and glitterin' path o' sin. So I have come to you gladly, as a duty. If I can be of aid in savin' a wanderin' lamb, it's a happiness on earth and a star in my heavenly diadem. I can see from your looks that you've lived a hard life, but since you've sent for me I judge that you must 'a' repented. Let me say to you that it ain't never too late. Let me say to you that there's more joy in heaven over one sinner that——'

"I had to break that up. 'Hold on!' I called out. 'I'm much obliged, but it's another Mrs. Hoffman I sent for.'

"She stiffened. 'I don't understand this,'

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she says. 'The clerk sent the letter to me, sayin' I was the only Mrs. Hoffman in the hotel.'

"I just stood there gapin'. I begun slowly to understand. I remembered now I hadn't registered, and I guessed that as it was late the clerk had kindly decided not to bother us; and so they hadn't even known Carrie's name. And the things I had been sayin' about her!

"The little black lady was halted only for a minute. She fixed her steady, missionary eye on me. 'But even if I ain't the woman you expected,' says she, 'mebbe I can be of service. Perhaps you are sorry for what you've done.'

"'I am,' I says.

"'And you intend never to do it again?'

"'Never!' I says.

"'Then,' says she, very satisfied, 'nothin' more is needed. Repentance for the past, good resolution for the future—that's all. Shall we pray?'

"I balked at bein' yanked backward into heaven like that. I don't remember how I got rid o' that little woman, but I did. She was mad, and I heard her describin' my disposition to the police. But I didn't mind; I was thinkin' o' poor Carrie, and what a night she must 'a' had, not knowin' where I'd disappeared to. I called for more paper and scribbled a note to her explainin' things; and, so's there wouldn't be another mistake, I enclosed this note in a letter to the hotel clerk, askin' him to see that it got to the woman in room number so-and-so.

"After that I was pulled into the court-room. Think o' me, Carl Hoffman, bein' up in a police court—me that gets people out o' police-court trouble every day o' the year! Them two detectives pushed me up before the desk, behind which sat a judge with the regulation look o' police-court judges—a cold, bored, far-away look, like a statue off duty. And the trial begun.

"Them two detectives puffed out their chests till they had to stand away back from the desk, and they told who I was and how they'd caught me the night before in the depot tryin' my reg'lar game. The way they told the tale, it certainly did look black for Carl Hoffman. The baggageman had his say, and then one o' the cops told what that she-reformer had said about me (it seemed she was some kind of an honorary sub-vice-president o' that Women's Prisoner Reform Association); accordin' to her I was plainly a hard and hopeless cuss.

"The judge fixed his weary eyes on me. 'Well, what've you got to say for yourself, Johnson?' says he.

"Now, what could I say? I was neck-full o' profanity; I wanted to explain to all them idiots just what they was. But I had sense enough to know that cuss-words wouldn't help none, so I kept 'em down. On the other hand, I wasn't quite ready to give Avenue A the laugh on me forever by tellin' who I was and offerin' to send to New York for proof—and I was all the less ready to tell because hangin' around the desk was a couple o' reporters, come to write up Bill Johnson. I decided to keep shut for a while, hopin' that Carrie would be able to help me somehow when she turned up in a few minutes. So all I told the judge was that a mistake had been made, that I was not Bill Johnson, and as much of the rest o' the facts as I safely could.

"'MY TRUNK CHECK!' SAYS I."

"'Held for trial in $5,000 bail,' says the judge.

"They pushed me away to make room for a drunk, and set me over in a corner to wait while some kind o' papers was bein' made out. All the while I kept my eyes on the court-room door, watchin' for Carrie. Pretty soon a letter was handed me; it was from the hotel clerk, and it said, 'The woman you wrote about has left the hotel, leavin' no word.'

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"I sat there like a jellyfish, lookin' at that piece o' paper. Here was I married only a dozen or fifteen hours, and in that time I'd tipped a porter with a trunk check, had got myself arrested, and lost my wife. Now, I

"'HELLO! HELLO! BACK FROM YOUR HONEYMOON ALREADY?'"

leave it to you, friend—wasn't that a dooce of a honeymoon?

"Yes, sir, I sat there just like a jellyfish. For a time there wasn't an idea in me; then I begun slowly to come to, and I saw what an awful fix I was in. If I told who I was and got clear, I'd be an eternal joke on Avenue A; if I didn't tell and get clear, what'd become o' Carrie?

"I decided to let the Avenue laugh, and was just on the point o' askin' to send a wire to New York friends, when suddenly there come a break in the clouds. It was a darky walkin' in through the court-room door—the darky that'd carried my bag the day before in New York. I never saw such a good-lookin' darky before. I jumped up so quick that the detectives missed my coat-tail by yards, and was on him.

"'My trunk check!' says I.

"'Yes, suh,' says he, and the next second it was in my hand—number 437.

"Before the detectives pulled me away I managed to whisper to him to say he'd seen me drop it and hadn't had time to give it to me. He told me that the arrest o' Big Bill Johnson for tryin' to claim trunk 437 had been telegraphed to the New York baggage office, and he had heard it. 'I reckoned somethin' must be wrong wid you, boss, yes suh,' he said. 'So I thought I bettah fetch de check down heah and see.' And he began to brush my clothes with his hands.

"I s'pose your heart is warmin' to that darky because o' his high, self-sacrificin' Christianity? Well, mebbe you'd call it Christianity, but I'd say that darky was a wise coon. I'd say he had a good, reliable, long-distance nose for tips, and he smelt a big one so strong he was willin' to risk a bit on it.

"Funny, ain't it, how luck'll roll you around in the dirt awhile, then all at once'll pick you up, dust you off, and stand you on your feet? The next minute things cleared up for me like the last minute o' one o' them musical comedies. I was still talkin' to the darky when in come an ordinary patrolman, stupid, cross-eyed, flop-eared, lookin' like he'd been picked up in a second-hand store; and he was towin' along a big, flashy chap who'd had too much to drink by a lot. Not to harrow your feelin's with suspense, I'll say right off that the big chap was Bill Johnson himself. The second-hand cop had picked up the great trunk thief over on the board-walk, where he'd tried to steal out o' one o' them rollin'-chairs an imitation-leather bag holdin' an old lady's knittin'.

"Well, with me havin' my trunk check and them havin' the real Bill Johnson, there was nothin' to do but let me go, askin' no questions, which was done. You never seen

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such sunken-chested fellows as them two railroad detectives lookin' over at that dollar'n-a-quarter-a-day cop holdin' on to Bill Johnson. I got my roll from the desk sergeant, give the darky a handful, and was rushin' out to begin to hunt up Carrie, when those reporters grabbed me. 'See here,' they says, 'you've been wronged. We want to vindicate you. Tell us all your story.'

"You know, friend, about how much approval I give that proposition. I informed that pair o' innocents that nothin' was doin', and walked away. What did they do but follow me. And everywhere I went them Mary's-little-lambs come taggin' after. They made me sore. So I turned round politely, said I'd reconsidered, and told 'em my story—makin' it up as I went along, and endin' by sayin' I was now goin' back to my home in Boston. Gee, but it was a story! And they took it all in, and printed it, too, for afterward I saw it.

"At the hotel they couldn't tell me anything about Carrie. She didn't know anybody in Atlantic City, so I decided she must 'a' gone back to New York. If she had, then the story was out, and I might as well go home and face the music. So I started, keepin' a hand over the pocket that had the new trunk check—and I tell you that was a long and wearin' trip.

"But when I got to New York, there in the train shed, standin' beside a big dress-suit case, was a white, scared-lookin' woman scannin' out crowd. The next second I had her, and she was sobbin' on the place that was made for women to sob on. I led her into the women's waitin'-room, where there wasn't such a big audience, and we had an experience meetin'. After I'd finished, she told me how she'd sat in the hotel waitin' and waitin'; how she'd then thought o' notifyin' the police that I was missin', but was afraid, too, for fear it might get to Avenue A; and then how she'd come to New York to ask the advice o' her brother, but after gettin' there she'd waited around the station to see if I didn't come on another train.

"By the time she was through, I was feelin' cheery again, for we'd found each other and nothin' was comin' out. 'Well, that wasn't much of a honeymoon, Carrie,' I says. 'What d'you say—let's have another.'

"'All right,' says Carrie.

"There was a train back to Atlantic City in fifteen minutes. I bought two round-trip tickets and had just come up to Carrie again, when somebody suddenly swooped down out o' the atmosphere and begun to shake our hands. It was Herman Schweitzer, who was one o' the ushers at our weddin'.

"'Hello! Hello!' he shouts out, shinin' with joy. 'Back from your honeymoon already?'

"I caught my breath and swallowed hard, and I looked at Carrie. 'Yes,' I says.

"'Had a good time, o' course?'

"'Great!' I says.

"'See here,' says he, 'I'm only goin' to Newark and'll be right back. I'll fetch a crowd over to-night to welcome you. Good-by; got to run for my train.'

"I watched him streakin' down the platform; then I turned to Carrie.

"'Carrie,' says I slowly, 'I reckon we'd better go home.'

"'I reckon we had,' says she.

"And we did. And that's all. Only I want to say to you again, friend, that there's nothin' so dangerous as a honeymoon. I wouldn't go through another, not for anything. No, sir! Unless it was the only way I could get Carrie."

THE THROUBLE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

OCH, why should I think av that shlip av a gurl,
Av that soft little whisp av a thing?
Och, why should she throuble a bullock like me,
Who's thraveled and taken me fling?

Aroo, and a pea is a mite av a thing,
Tho' shut in your shoe and 'twill shmart!
But a mite av a gurl will throuble ye more
When she's tight on the tip av your heart!

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NEWPORT THE MALIGNED

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "The Pagan's Progress," "Ellen and Mr. Man," etc.

Photographs by Clarence H. White

THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND

YOU might go to Newport off and on for twenty years without knowing the shape and size of the island upon which it is situated or the name of that island. Many people have done just this thing. And if society does not know where it spends its summers, it cannot be very interesting for anybody else to know.

Still, an article in a magazine with a large circulation is a serious enterprise, and has its responsibilities; and it occurred to me, after twenty days of three weeks had passed, that if I rushed into print about an island whose name I did not know, I should be playing the editors of EVERYBODY'S false, and their public. Old residents were ambuscaded and asked, shopkeepers were faced with the piercing question, a policeman was tried and found wanting; likewise a retired admiral. And either these did not really know, or they were ashamed to say. But at the last moment a government map confessed everything; and I learned that Newport was situated upon the island of Rhode Island.

This island has a north-and-south length of about fourteen miles, and a main breadth of three and a half to four. It has an iron-bound coast, broken here and there by little crescent-shaped beaches of fine white sand, is lapped along its whole western side by safe harbor waters, and pounded on the east and south by the sea. So no wonder it is ashamed of its name, sitting through eternity between a Narragansett and an Atlantic, like a Jones between a Washington and a Napoleon.

But Newport city is no more ashamed of its name than is Providence; for the latter was the first free city in the world, and the former was the second. In these two cities, years before it was allowed anywhere else, a man could say what he pleased and worship his own God in his own way. Roger Williams, a storm-beaten Puritan, out of his sweet temper and common sense, discovered this new seed of life and, carrying it forth from witch-ridden Massachusetts through the wild winter, planted it at the head of Narragansett Bay, to grow into a great tree, so great that it now shadows the whole civilized world.

Speaking of this true freedom, under which different races and different religions live side by side without prejudice, you cannot be long in Newport without noticing the large number of prosperous, well-dressed negroes, descendants of slave days when most of Newport's summer residents were from the South; and you cannot fail to hear mentioned and see printed the name Truro. Perry, the fighting comrade, and Truro, the philanthropic Jew, have more often, perhaps, than any two others written their names upon Newport. That in some other city a Jew has deserved honor is without question, but what other city has been free enough to bestow it? Truly upon Newport the shade of Roger Williams's tree is still very deep and very refreshing.

It is refreshing and deep in more ways than one. Everybody and everything has a fair chance. If the richest man can be comfortable in Newport, so can the poorest. For there can be gotten the most for the most money, and the most for the least. You can rent a fine house and grounds on Bellevue Avenue or the cliffs for ten or twenty thousand dollars, or, if you don't like the situation, you can rent in old Newport a big, old-fashioned, square house, with two acres of ground and good plumbing and big trees, for five hundred dollars.

It's entirely a question of how you want to live and what you have to spend. The neces-

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sities of summer life, tennis, golf, swimming, and food and a roof, are as cheaply had there as anywhere, and of rather better quality; the luxuries, as elsewhere, cost more than they are worth.

If I had to live somewhere year in and year out, all the year round, on very little money, I should choose Newport and get the most for that money. And as for the so-called "swim," those who are in it, and who ought to know, will tell you that not riches alone can get you, too, in, any more than mere poverty can keep you out.

There is a great deal of bitter talk about the exclusiveness of Newport society; of certain matrons without whose sanction it may not be entered at all; who stamp with approval or not. I know that these ideas are current wherever people discuss other people, and I believe that they are believed. But can you picture these famous matrons who, if they are bent on anything, are bent on having a good time, sitting about like the fates, snipping the threads of hopeful social careers, turning their thumbs up or down, as the case may be, or stamping with approval? And if you can picture them thus, can you possibly, by a further stretch of your wild imagination, picture anybody paying the slightest attention to them?

You will see it solemnly and decorously stated that in social matters a certain lady's word is law. Well, it may be; but it's a very poor kind of law, which nobody except the lady's hired servants will keep either in letter or in spirit.

The society of Newport is no more exclusive than any other society. It isn't a club that meets to elect or blackball. It is a number of more or less agreeable people who are quite ready to be friendly with any number of other more or less agreeable people, once they have found them out, and liked them. And their judgment of others is broad, on the whole, rather than narrow.

To be clean and neatly dressed, to be polite and agreeable, and reasonably honest, and reasonably likable, are the kindly and simple qualities that admit to this exclusive society. But one would not, naturally, armed with only these qualities, land upon the long wharf and be immediately invited to dine on Bellevue Avenue; any more than would King Edward, traveling incognito and landing at the railroad station of Oshkosh, be invited to dine by the humblest citizen (so exclusive is Oshkosh), unless the humblest citizen happened to be a bunco-steerer with an eye to England's watch and chain or India's scarf-pin.

II

THE READING-ROOM

NEWPORT from the harbor, as you arrive, looks like any of half a dozen New England seaports: like New Bedford or Portland—a little hillside city of weather-gray and snow-white buildings, with great elms standing among them and rising above them, and many graceful white steeples with gilt weather-vanes. There are the usual far-off hints of fortifications, old and new, and here and there you see the flag; not the Fourth-of-July flag printed on cambric that you leave out all night in the rain, but the real flag that rises and sets with the sun and the thunder of cannon, and that, whenever and wherever you see it, speaks to your heart with the voice of trumpets.

So in a general way New Bedford looks, and Portland; but two notes of impression are peculiar to Newport at arrival: the number of gleaming yachts anchored among the usual weather-beaten shipping, many with world-famous names gilded across their sterns; and on the broken-down wharf the number of gleaming automobiles among the dingy public conveyances. There is a rush of people to one side of the steamer to look at the fastest schooner in the world, or to the other where some one is pointing out the most expensive automobile that has ever been imported.

These two interesting machines, together with an old, tumble-down hack, driven by a smiling negro, are to give you, perhaps, a first impression of Newport democracy; for, having landed, three of your fellow passengers are rowed out to the fastest schooner in a tiny dinghy bearing her name; two are haled into the most expensive automobile and whirl away with joking and laughter; and another, a gentleman worth forty or fifty millions, whose name you know just as well as I do, drives a hard-and-fast bargain with the driver of the tumble-down hack. This gentleman has several automobiles of his own, but he likes to take a hack; it goes quite fast enough, its clutch doesn't get out of order, he is on a comfortable footing with the driver. And, besides, no one in Newport is going to despise him for doing what he pleases.

A short drive through crooked, sharply upgraded streets, lined with homes of an

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AN IRON-BOUND COAST, LAPPED ALONG ITS WESTERN SIDE BY SAFE HARBOR WATERS AND POUNDED ON THE EAST AND SOUTH BY THE SEA.

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A PROOF THAT THE HUMAN MIND CAN STILL TURN UPWARD FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE TO DREAM IN MARBLES AND FLOWERS.

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old, generous, and shapely pattern, with sidewalks not wide enough for two to go abreast, past well-kept little garden-plots, bright flowers that nod over very dingy or very well groomed fences, past doors of charming colonial suggestion, with brass knobs and knockers—brings you to the very center of Newport, the Reading-Room.

This is a large, old-fashioned white house, of no period, shaded by tall trees and the roofs of broad verandas. It is the great point of assemblage and departure; a very old-fashioned club, very simply and comfortably furnished, very quietly and ably managed. Its customs never change; nor is it touched by the newest thing in fashion, or the newest make for luxury.

And this, in a place where the boredom of great wealth is supposed to make of life a race for the newest possible sensation, is the more surprising when you consider the membership list of the Reading-Room and realize that, in the face of its aggregated fortunes, a million dollars would look like a penny in a blind man's cup. The men who have made Newport a garden spot, who have assembled upon one small island the best of Italy, France, England, and America, who never suffer an automobile or a yacht or a system of plumbing to grow old in their service, cling with a kind of religious fervor to their simple, old-fashioned Reading-Room—its plain old easy chairs and its plain old ways.

In particular, the older gentlemen are fond of the Reading-Room: its quiet card-tables, its piles of periodicals, and its pleasant little bar. The younger generations affect the Casino bar, where the drinks are served in larger glasses. An hour before lunch or dinner the older gentlemen, for the most part so very well groomed and smartly dressed, begin to arrive at the Reading-Room. Some come behind horses, some in high-powered automobiles, some on foot; but most of them come singly in little electric runabouts, hired by the month, which they drive themselves at the rate of about six miles an hour. These little vehicles are left in a kind of courtyard at the back of the Reading-Room, protected from the elements by an old shed. And as they wait for their masters they have about them a look of pleasant idleness

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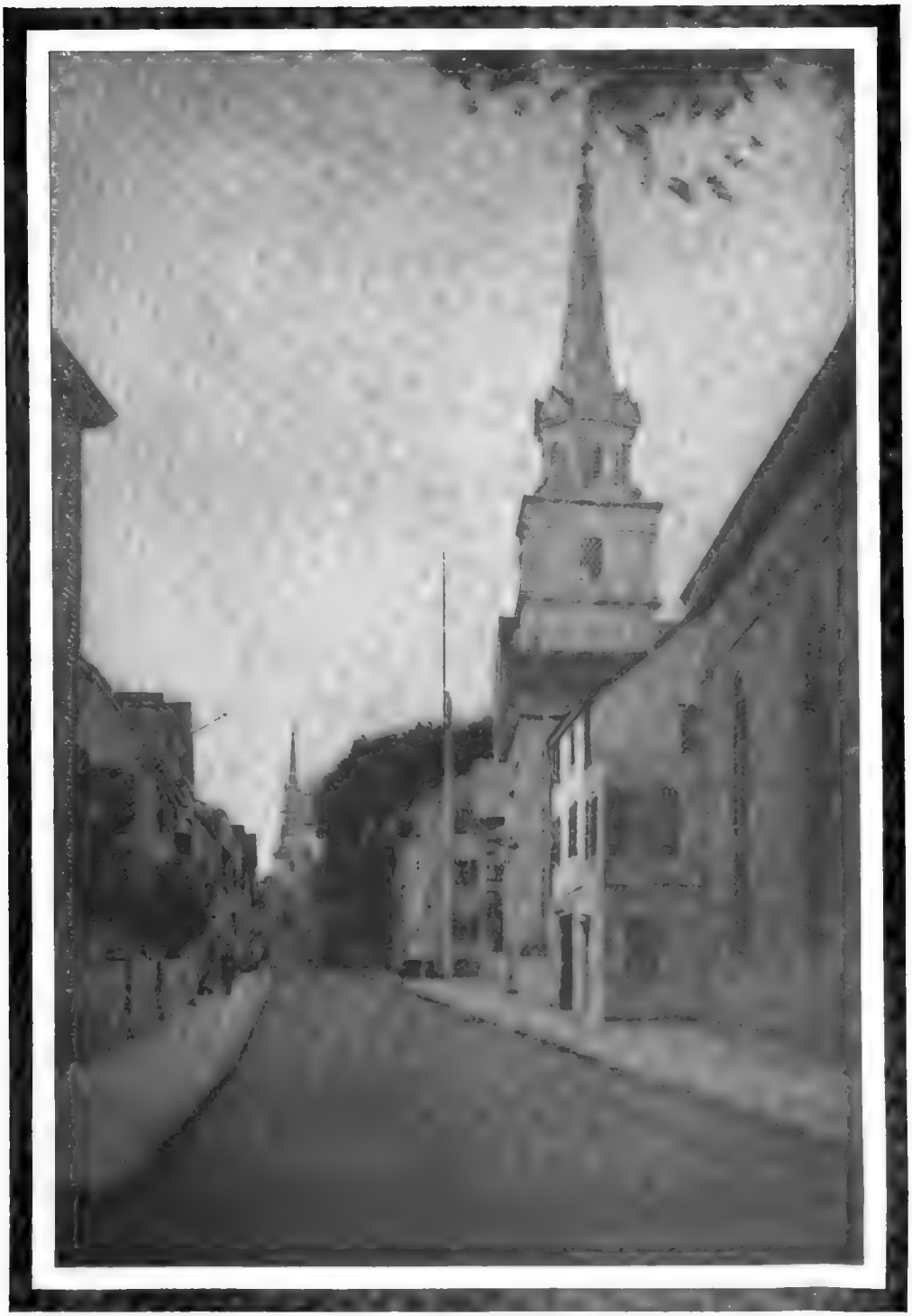

A LITTLE HILLSIDE CITY OF WEATHER-GRAY AND SNOW-WHITE BUILDINGS AND MANY WHITE STEEPLES WITH GILT WEATHER-VANES.

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EVEN THAT MOUNTAIN OF BRICK HAS TO THE EYE THE SPLENDOR OF TRANSCENDENT SIZE AND YOU ADMIRE THE MIGHTY MASS OF IT UPON ITS FOUNDATION OF UNDULATING ROCK.

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THE READING-ROOM—A VERY OLD-FASHIONED CLUB. ITS CUSTOMS NEVER CHANGE; NOR IS IT TOUCHED BY THE NEWEST THING IN FASHION OR THE NEWEST LUXURY.

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A BIG HOUSE ON A SMALL LOT IS A RIDICULOUS SIGHT IN MANY PARTS OF THIS IMMATURE UNION; BUT NOT IN NEWPORT.

and good manners. Though modern and up-to-date machines, they seem to belong to the old school of things, slow-moving and noiseless. While they wait they face a border of mint, from which now and then a barkeeper makes careful selections with a pair of bright scissors.

The older gentlemen are a pleasant and balancing element in Newport life. They have found their level, and know just where they stand: one on the heights of wealth, the next in the valleys. They know just what is expected of them, and just what to expect from others. And whether their lives have been wise or worthless, they have about them, for the most part, a dignified and pleasant way, a great readiness to be kind and to be amused. You will see among them an assortment of picturesque old beaux, dressed with overwhelming smartness in the fashions of fifteen years ago; and a few of these are as apt as not to begin an anecdote in pure English and finish it in pure French. You cannot help feeling that you have fallen among distinguished people; the neatness of the individual, his well-bred voice, well-chosen terms, and general politeness are enough to make you feel so; but these things backed by names that, for better or worse, you have heard spoken all your life, tend, I suppose, to round out the feeling and make it complete.

There is, too, a something finely positive about the older gentlemen in their Reading-Room. They have passed the leading age, and are fixed in their habits. They are closed to persuasion. A few of them drink pretty hard, a few of them play pretty high; and these will not change, any more than those who do not drink at all will change, or those who like a quiet rubber, carefully and slowly played for penny points. One habit they have in common, those who have been models of propriety and those who haven't—a piping of the eye and a mischievously knowing ex-

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pression when the conversation hits upon women for its topic. But this is so among older gentlemen the world over, and always was. Did not Homer's old gentlemen nudge one another in the ribs when Helen of Troy passed by?

III

THE CASINO

THE Casino, celebrated for so many years as the scene of the National Lawn Tennis championships and other brilliant spectacles, is another great point of meeting and departure. It is only a short walk from the Reading-Room, past Truro Park, which contains the famous stone tower where the skeleton in armor is supposed to have lived before he went into the forest drear and fell upon his spear, and found death exceedingly gratifying. In life he was a Norseman bold, and of a very inventive turn, it seems, for he supplied his pretty tower with a fireplace of a kind that nobody else used till several hundred years later; and I'm afraid he was a Norseman of English descent, with a name that belonged subsequently to a notable traitor, and that he built his little tower to grind meal in. Anyway, it's one of the best-looking and oldest antiques in America, and it's shaded by wonderful old trees that aren't half so old as it is.

The entrance to the Casino is a big archway that opens between shops, and leads you abruptly from an ordinary American street scene to an oval of green turf, bounded on three sides by the vine-covered walls of the Casino Club, and on the fourth, that which is opposite as you enter, by a long crescent pergola, covered with vines and raised a few steps from the general level. Another archway at one end of this pergola brings you to a great level space of lovely green turf; it is so big that the dozen tennis-courts marked upon it in white look very small, and it is so level that it doesn't matter in what part of it the courts are laid. Indeed, as the turf becomes worse, their positions are radically changed from time to time, new turf taking the wear and tear, and the poundings and the slippings and the heavy falls, while the worn turf is given a needed rest and all the first aid to the injured: seedings, manurings, and rollings. This stretch of turf has been a good part of the life-work of a man whose hair is now turning from gray to white, but who still, armed only with an empty soda-bottle, can play a better game of lawn tennis than you and I can, using regulation bats. Yes, even if we practised for six weeks, and drank ammonia during the match.

On these courts the national championship is (I was going to say contested, but I won't) decided every August. The same old umpire sits in the same old step-ladder chair and calls the score 15-40 when it is 40-15. There is

THE HOUSES ON BELLEVUE AVENUE AND VICINITY ARE ALLURINGLY HIDDEN AWAY.

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THAT GREEN AND FLOWERY PLACE, HINTING AT EDEN AND THE PARADISIAL.

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the same number of promising players who have developed one strong point and no more (and never will develop any more); there is the same unsportsmanlike dropping out at the last moment of really good players; the same old disappointments; the man of champion caliber who turns petulant, and is put out by the man of no caliber at all, etc., etc. No, it's not quite the same; it used to be better. Mr. Larned, who won last year, will tell you so if you ask him; and he ought to know, because he's played a higher average of lawn tennis for a greater number of years than any man in the world. And this year he is playing better and more reliably than he ever played before.

The other great annual event, with the Casino and the whole of society for a background, is the horse show. This lasts three days, and so does the equinoctial storm during which it takes place. It is a sorry business. In the first place, a lovely oval of green turf is beaten into whipped mud before your eyes. Thus the lover of nature is slapped in the face; and then, as at all horse shows, the lover of horses. The blue ribbon goes to a silly fool of a horse that steps too high for his own good, and the red ribbon goes to a horse that is worth two of him, but does not make quite such a fool of himself; but the yellow ribbon is bestowed with justice: it is awarded to the only other horse in the contest. A glance at the program now informs you that the three horses that have just taken ribbons, and are the only three entries in this particular class, all belong to the same rich man. Next event, three very expensive horses, all belonging to another very rich man. And among them the ribbons are distributed amid clapping of hands. Next event, four horses, two belonging to each of the aforementioned rich men. First R. M. receives blue ribbon, second R. M. receives red and yellow. In the next event the entries are from the stables of the same gentlemen, two from each; but the decisions are reversed, the blue ribbon going this time to the second R. M., and the red and yellow to the first. At the end of the equinoctial storm, it is found that the most of the ribbons have been impartially divided between the two R. M. Both are delighted, naturally, with the good showing made by their stables, and subscribe heavily toward the next show. There is more truth than fiction in this.

However, Newport recovers from this annual daymare; the rain holds up; out pops the sun; Mr. Petit's myrmidons begin to resod the trampled ring for next year's tennis; and society comes to its senses. And gentlemen who have been rained on cruel, and have caught colds, stand five deep before the bar of the Casino Club and take something for it. But some have had the good sense to remain in the card-rooms during the entire function, applying the leads, finesses, and inferences of Messrs. Elwell and Foster. Not that one holds card play to be altogether sensible, but that one holds horse shows to be altogether the opposite.

IV

RETICENT HOUSES

Cynics declare that the most interesting pages of magazines are those containing the advertisements. Editors agree with these cynics; but authors don't. There is, however, one exception, namely, the *Country Life* that is published in England. Of this the many, many pages of houses, castles, and hunting-lodges, with pictures, for rent or sale, at prices to make us high-priced Americans water at the mouth, are simply fascinating. Residential Newport is like a number of these pages come to life—especially newer Newport. Like the advertisements in *Country Life*, for one house in bad taste, there are ten with which no one but a quibbler could find fault.

There is a good place for everybody in this world, including the variously afflicted: the deaf can have seats at the opera and talk to their heart's content; the blind can attend the ballet and listen to the music. But the man with sound eyes should inhabit Newport. If there is no pleasure for him in the great spaces, changes, and coloring of the sky and the ocean, he should find joy in looking his fill upon this great house or that; if not, let him deny, if he can, that the planting of hydrangeas in great masses is a scheme borrowed directly from the Garden of Eden.

The hydrangea, so usually seen in miserable, scrawny, and treasured isolation, is the keynote of Newport gardening. The place and the plant seem to be madly in love with each other. To one great head of bluish blossoms that it bears elsewhere, the shrub here nobly flourishes a dozen; it clothes itself with them from head to foot; now and then you will see it in such splendid, ordered mass and riot that it does not seem small and insignifi-

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cant even against the ocean itself that rolls in bluer splendor beyond.

Of necessity, the grounds about the Newport houses are small—a few acres at the most. And people are prone to sneer and say how ridiculous to build a million-dollar palace on a two-acre lot. Now you will see just this sort of thing in the towns inhabited by the people who make the remark, but you will see precious little of it in Newport. A big house on a small lot gives an impression of cheap publicity and a desire to show off, and is a well-known and ridiculous sight in many parts of this immature Union; but not in Newport.

I can name but one example of it there: that is a brick structure with battlements and towers, about as big as Windsor Castle It covers every inch of its own grounds, has no vegetation about it or on it, and is a perfectly dreadful perpetration—but even that mountain of brick, suffering from neglect and mumps, has to recommend it to the eye the splendor of transcendent size; indeed, in a half-light, when the whitish smears on the brick, and the cold, curtainless windows are not too much in evidence, and while you are still laboring under the delusion that it is a state asylum for the criminally insane, and not a house, you admire the mighty mass of it upon its foundation of undulating rock against its noble background of sea and sky. But this shameless, naked, and monstrous house seems to have frightened all the other houses into secret retreats. Some of the little two-acre places are so artfully planted and arranged, with hedges and leafy perspectives, that they have about them an effect of great English parks; and of the house that you have been told to regard as ostentatiously and brazenly exposed, there is, perhaps, no more than a glimpse of chimneys, a flashing detail of porticoes, or among the greenest of trees a smear of red roof.

The well-bred American who is also rich is a retiring animal by nature; irritatingly so, if he has employed a high order of talent to design his house. I was very eager to see more of some of the houses whose owners' names, even, I did not know; and often I crept in at side gates like a poacher, and zigzagged among trees and shrubs, and across little emerald bowls of lawn, fearing exposure and expulsion, if not actual arrest, so that I could look my fill. Usually I wanted to steal everything I saw, from the house to the trees and shrubs, and the sun-dial in the family garden. But I held my immoral tendencies in a strong grip, and came away the richer only by so many lovely visions that were not meant for me. Sometimes, with thumping heart, I encountered a forbidding-looking gardener, upon whose mercies I threw myself, and who, when I told him that I had never seen such good planting, so many lovely trees, clean of the least dead twig, always beamed and took me in tow deeper into the umbrageous and sun-dappled secrets of the two acres. And sometimes actually refused money.

It is, for the most part, the houses of Bellevue Avenue and its vicinity that are so alluringly hidden away. Hedges, or stone walls or brick, velvety green with ampelopsis and English ivy, bound the little properties, and above them the heavy tops of elms and oaks and beeches—trees that have not just been stuck into holes and left to shift for themselves, but have received the care of delicate plants in gardens: protection against winter storms, scientific pruning of dead wood and water-sprouts, spraying against insects and disease, and at least one good, honest, square meal a year. And all the newer houses that begin where Bellevue Avenue ends, and follow for miles the bold curves of the ocean drive, are rapidly going into the same kind of exquisite retirement. In a few years the casual visitor to Newport will see nothing of its palaces, save a hint here and there, far away among trees.

Even those houses that have between them and the ocean a walk always open to the public are fighting the winter winds and the barren soil. These, too, are inching out of sight behind the new leaves of successive springs. Certain owners, not content to wait upon mulching, manure, and the seasons, have, to be the sooner private, counter-sunk the shore path, where it crosses their land, so that even from their upper windows they cannot see those who go strolling along in it, nor be seen by them. This is a fair arrangement. The shore path, or cliff walk, or whatever it is called, represents the vested right of the humblest citizen of Newport in the Atlantic Ocean, but was not intended to carry with it the privilege of viewing Mrs. Adam Smith at her hair-curling, nor the first chaste salute to pass between Miss Euphorina Smith and Count Nippunwormski in the billiard-room. And, on the other hand, the Smiths, who bought the property not because of the cliff walk, but in spite of it, do not lose one bucketful of the ocean view that alone inspired them to buy.

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If the great houses keep their secrets in the broad and pleasant light of day, by moonlight or starlight they exist only as ghosts and phantoms. I have tucked away, for constant and delightful reference, the memory of gliding about Newport by moonlight, slowly, in a car that moved without noise. Newport had dined, and was talking and sipping liquors, and playing the last rubber of bridge, before going to a certain dance. The streets were deserted; there was no sound; and, although there was a rare salt freshness from the ocean, no breeze was stirring. There had been rain in the morning; and whatever grew sweet in the gardens mingled its sweetness with the delicious ocean air. We passed the house where the dance was to be—a path of red velvet from the street and up the front steps and in through the open door; a hint of a great hall beyond brightly lighted; and upon the steps of the house and just within, many footmen in livery, motionless and silent. All this we caught upon the instant and between the trees.

I remember, too, how we came suddenly upon a thirty-foot gate of wrought iron, and far away at the end of a long vista a shadowy and vast Tudor gable, having in its midst a great, intricate rose-window of carved stone, palely lighted; and again, as suddenly come and as suddenly gone, a path that ran silver between clipped box and evergreens, and was continued onward across the whole ocean by the silver path of the moon. And now we glided into a spot whose every atom of air smelled heavily and deliciously of honeysuckle, and out of that into a breath of roses. And again, just when I was sure that the whole thing was a phantom, and that there was nothing real in the world but ghosts and illusions and heavenly odors, a live Greek god looked me suddenly in the face from among beech leaves, and I heard a sparrow twitter in the ivy upon a wall.

V

BAILEY'S BEACH

BAILEY'S BEACH, where society swims, dives, palavers, and rides the surf in canoes, is crescent-shaped and white, too white for the eyes' comfort, and too crescent-shaped for the seaweed that drifts into it to drift out. For fifty or sixty feet the water is a kind of thick gruel: seaweed, floating sand, and seawater; but beyond it is clear, lively, and swimmable. Long, low bath-houses, not so unsightly as is usual, shut off from the public any near-by view of the bathers, and upon the doors of many of the dressing-rooms are printed names of at least newspaper fame.

I had expected to find the bathing-suit a great leveler. But fashion is artful. The smart women managed to look smart still, and the dowdy—dowdy. And certain men of newspaper fame, whom one had always supposed to be limp, useless stuffs, turned out to be cleanly built, powerful specimens, who swam like dolphins. A foreigner or two gave the conventional comic touch to the picture; but one's own countrymen, especially of the younger generation, it is pleasant to see, are better muscled than Greek statues, if not so gracefully, and have serviceable and expressive, if not vapidly handsome, faces.

If the sand were not so white and glary, I can think of nothing pleasanter than to put on a borrowed bathing-suit and sit in the sun (the water is too cold for anybody but the hardy rich), and observe the bathers and the bathing at Bailey's Beach. One could stand the cold water long enough to get wet, and then one could sit and dry saltily and drowse, and dig idly with liberated toes. Many truths come home to one thus engaged: the baleful influence of the shoe upon the male foot; the fact that the colors of expensive socks are not always fast; the resemblance between the distinguished foreigner, as he runs and skips and festively sports, and the sandpiper turned loose on a good feeding-ground; that the girl whom you saw at tennis in filmy, floating white things, and thought as slender and graceful as Canova's Psyche, has legs like the columns of Hercules (and doesn't care); that the walk which was dignified in the Reading-Room is a waddle on the beach; and that every man over thirty years of age, no matter how thin of arm and leg and chest and neck, looks as if he had swallowed one melon—whole.

Bailey's Beach is the nearest that society will ever get to trial marriage. It does not, of course, furnish complete proofs of compatibility; but it gives considerable to go on. The possibility of hitching one's star to a cork leg or a cloven hoof is done away with. The man who continuously leaps into the air and enters the water stomach first is pretty sure to be good-natured; the woman who doesn't mind getting her hair wet will put up with greater trials; and those who literally bask in that frigid water, hour after hour, can of course stand anything. Think well, too,

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of that woman who is the quickest to change from land to sea clothes, and vice versa. She will occasionally be on time.

There are women who go every day to Bailey's Beach to sit on kitchen chairs and look on and palaver; and there are men who do likewise. It is among these, perhaps, that matrimonial candidates should look for cloven hoofs—at the least this audience has against it the fact that for the time and place it is overdressed. Pearls at Bailey's Beach should be rolling in the undertow, and not strung about sophisticated necks; and clothes that look as if, in case of dire necessity, they could be gotten out of, should be worn.

Oh, these simple morning gowns! these twelve, noon, hats and baubles, gathered at Bailey's Beach, and displayed upon kitchen chairs! Absurd? Yes. And out of time and out of place—and I suppose ostentatious and vulgar. But of this I am not sure. If it is vulgar to have money upon the back, why is it not vulgar to have it in the pocket? Why not in the bank? If I were a woman, I would rather wear pearls at breakfast than never wear them at all. It is so easy for sheep to cry "wolf." And we who are sheep, and rather fancy ourselves (it being our own fault or that of our ancestors), haven't the slightest idea how we would behave if we were suddenly changed into wolves. I should like to try. I would put up with no end of shocking bad taste (on my own part) to be a wolf. And how much more must the possibilities of wolfhood appeal to the average woman!

In this connection it is good to forget such words as bad taste and vulgar; and to remember only that lovely colors, and lovely fabrics, and lovely jewels are lovely things, and that merely to have a sight of them at any time, and in any place, is always and forever a privilege.

And here and there among these laces and gems imagine clear, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and lovely faces. . . . Not many, but enough to make the joys of seeing worth the pains.

VI

PERSONALITIES

THE society columns of newspapers and special articles by persons who either have not the eyes to see the truth or the desire to tell it, are responsible for the bitterly envious contempt in which the Newport set is held by the majority of its fellow countrymen. We are given the impression of a number of people upon whose hands time hangs so heavily that they are ready to snatch at any straw of amusement, ridiculous or depraved, that will free them for one moment from boredom. We are given to understand that our rich leisure class is entirely composed of fools, imbeciles, and cocktail-drinkers of both sexes, in whom is no virtue and no breeding. Why is this? And what are the facts?

The facts, of course, are that the rich leisure class contains, perhaps, as large a percentage of honest fathers, good mothers, and well-brought-up, dutiful children as the poor working class, or the poor leisure class; that it has, as have all societies, its sprinkling of bad characters: its foolish wives, and its unfaithful husbands. Why, then, is it so constantly and maliciously misrepresented? Probably because as a class it is so well-bred and decent that it wishes to mind its own business.

Now, if there is one thing that the American people can not and will not (if they can help it) stand, it is the person who endeavors to live his own life in his own way, and mind his own business. This, perhaps, is the last dying ember (or the last bit of ice to melt) of the old New England Puritan spirit—to which, thank God, we have owed other and better things. The American considers those who differ from him in life, means, and point of view not merely inferior, but immoral, characters.

It would be the part of envy and uncharitableness to fling stones at the greater Newport set, from whose ranks issue many young men who make a success of business, or become prominent in games, and many pretty girls, with charming, unspoiled, simple manners, and level heads, who after a time fall head over ears in love, and become splendid wives and mothers. But there is, to be honest, a little inner set, or rather an outer set, that has managed to poison the report and repute of the whole. If this set were *Newport*, there would be very few agreeable things to say about the place. A band of monkeys were more amusing, and less pathetic, perhaps.

But, happily, they are no more Newport than the painted, bedizened inhabitants of the Tenderloin are New York. Let us forget them, for in these days of scale and disease few apples go to market that do not contain somewhere dots where the worms have tried

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to enter. And in forgetting them let us remember these others, against whom no charge may be brought more serious than that they are pretty much like the rest of us: a little richer, as a whole, a little better dressed, a little more careless of the morrow; but just as eager to be kind, and just as able; just as eager to be let alone, but not quite so able.

And when you are working very hard in your little drug-store, or very hard in your little dressmaking establishment, and making heavy weather of it, and your mind begins to harp bitterly on the rich young man who works only at games, or on the rich young woman—remember that to be skilful at games is almost as hard work, mentally and physically, as to become skilful in business (sometimes harder).

It has yet to be demonstrated that the possession of wealth is a good thing, or a bad thing. But it is incontrovertible that extravagance and the flinging about of large sums of money for an idea, sane or whimsical, are—if, being poor, one can keep one's temper—highly picturesque and diverting to contemplate. But I was not able to bring away many impressions of great expenditure from Newport. Last summer, indeed, the very rich, many of them, were feeling very poor. The Powers had fallen upon the many, and punished them for the misdeeds of the few. And there were retrenchments, almost in evidence, all along the line. Even a lop-sided prince with immense, flapping ears failed to loose purse-strings, and received but casual and neighborly entertainment. And but one lowly female, whose name I do not know, was provided for and cared for on the scale of an Arabian Nights tale. Her station in life was that of a wet-nurse, with differences, for she was not a plain, every-day woman, but a plain, every-day cow. And her business in life was to supply wholesome milk for a little baby boy, who differs from other baby boys in this: that he has a quantity of relatives, all of whom are rich, and most of whom are dead.

Like many other fortunate cows, she enjoys to herself an acre or so of rich pasture with fine shade-trees about it; and her manners and behavior, like theirs, are of the most engaging simplicity and gentleness. To look at her, even to stroke her nose and ears across the fence, you would not guess that she knows what a privileged cow she is. *Does* she know that her shady pasture is one of the few remaining building sites on Bellevue Avenue? Does she know that her sweet and toothsome pleasure-ground could be sold for seventy-five thousand dollars, and that the wholesome milk which she gives so thoughtlessly and freely is worth about thirty dollars a quart? No, she is as ignorant of her exalted station as is the baby whom she feeds of his; and she makes friends across the fence with the most humble persons, and minds her own business; just as the wealthy baby coos and gurgles, and laughs and cries, and praises and scolds, and minds his.

For many years now the newspapers have taught us to think evil of Newport, its people, its ways, habits, and tastes. I do not speak of those decent journals that take but a passing interest in gossip, and that have the whimsical and eccentric habit of telling the truth; but of those dailies that, conducted by greed, make their appeal, like blatant demagogues, not to the minds of men, but to their passions, and disseminate hysteria.

As well, I suppose, at this time attempt to extinguish a conflagration with one drop of water as to foist upon the inflamed masses an opinion that the rich, too, are worthy of kind consideration—and are a decent, well-behaved, generous class of people. The poison has been at work too long. The lying scandal is listened to and believed, while agreeable truths are not even listened to. The old days of spread-eagleism were better; then we praised all our ways, classes, and institutions, with as little logic as now we shout them down. But praise, however undeserved, is a food, too sweet, perhaps, but still palatable and nourishing; whereas undeserved, indiscriminate blame is a rank poison.

To many it would seem a kind of millennium if so American, so ably managed, so beautifully inspired and cared for, so thoroughly beneficent, orderly, and well-bred a colony as Newport should go out like a blown candle, and that green and flowery place, hinting at Eden and the paradisial, should become once more a barren rock, washed by salt waves and beat upon by ocean winds.

But some hope that it will go on forever, increasing in loveliness: a proof that the spirit of Greece still flickers in the human breast, and that the human mind can still turn upward from the counting-house to dream in terms of marble and flowers.

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"AN' ALL THE TIME THE KING WAS WATCHIN' US AS A CAT WATCHES A MOUSE."

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"FAAUMA"

By GILBERT WATSON

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

THE little tramp steamer slipped through the oily seas. It was close on midnight. The Pacific—a dark and deep-blue mystery—shone dimly in the light of myriad stars, and the reflection of stars. The air, warm as a caress, was insufficient to stir the captain's washing—which festooned the rigging—into more than a partial animation. No sound came to the ears save the muffled throb of the engine, and the leisurely thrash of the propeller as it churned the phosphorus into milky waves that left a track behind us, bright as the tail of a comet.

"See yon?" exclaimed my companion, the mate, in a hoarse undertone.

By the light of the binnacle lantern I made out his horny hand pointing over the starboard bow.

"Yon's one o' the Society group. If the coal holds out, we'll be in Papeete the morn.

"Marquesas, Samoa, the Marshalls, the Societies, the Gilberts—I ken them all as weel as 'Logie's Lane,' the close I was born in. Although"—he wagged his head mournfully—"I've no' set eyes on the wee Kingdom o' Fife for a matter o' five years."

"They'll think you're lost if you never go home," I suggested.

"Lost! *Me* lost!" he chuckled. "No fear. Ma wife has an insurance on ma life. I send her money home every month, too. I hear that ma Jock's a stone-mason, and the wee girlies have gone out to service—God bless them!"

He turned away and spat with some emotion into the sea.

"It's queer, you sayin' that," he said abruptly after a pause.

"What?"

"That about bein' lost."

He peered into my face in the darkness. Then, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder—

"Laddie, ye put me in mind o' a queer thing that happened in yon very island three year back."

He jerked his disengaged thumb toward the dark line of blue that showed dimly above the benighted sea.

"Let's have it," I suggested, scenting a yarn.

"Weel"—he scratched his grizzled beard—"I dinna mind if I do.

"I was captain o' a schooner in those days. A better job than bein' the mate o' a tramp steamer, I'm tellin' ye. The Saucy Jean, she was, a matter o' two hundred tons by Lloyd's measurement—as smart a wee boatie as ye'll find oot of the Clyde. I was tradin' for copra, just sailin' here and there, ye understand, among the islands."

He squared his shoulders, stuck a quid into the back of his jaw, and continued: "Weel, we got intil a squall sou'west o' the Marquesas, that drove us toward the Paumotu group. A bonnie upstandin' lot o' islands they are, wi' their coral reefs, an' wavin' palm-trees, an' braw waterfalls tumblin' doon the hillsides; but, for all that, too dangerous to be pleasant

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for a bit schooner wi' a squall astern, an' a surf under her bows that's roarin' fit to deave ye wi' its clamor.

"We'd an excitin' time, I'm tellin' ye, gettin' to a safe berth, for the fairway was no bigger than maybe double the vessel's beam, an' the horses' heads—as we call the lumps o' coral—were stickin' oot o' the water all round us, each one fit to send every mither's son of us to the Seat o' Judgment. We got in at the last, an' doon went the anchor in as bonnie a lagoon as ever I set eyes on. It was amazin' sheltered. Ye could hear the squall blusterin' overhead, an' the surge roarin' like thunder on the reef; but, where we were, it was quieter nor a lochside in auld Scotland. There were hills all round covered thick wi' forest—green, ye understand, wi' just a sprinkle o' silver wherever there was palms. There was a keen smell o' the sea; aye, an' more nor that, every wee whilie a whiff came off the land, very pleasant, o' wild lime and vanilla, and ither growin' things.

"I canna say I hold wi' the folk o' the Societies much; they're bonnie, there's no denyin' it, but, och! ye'll find no more morality among the whole ging-bang than ye'll find among a flock o' sheep. Yet I must admit that when I saw the black heads o' near a dozen wee misguided bairns, as they came swimmin' oot to meet us, ma heart warmed to them. The lassies on shore were sonsie, too, some in tapa o' wonderful bright colors, some wi' no more on than a titi o' leaves, an' red flowers stuck into their black hair. They were dancin' an' carryin' on, up and down the sands, thinkin' no more shame o' themselves than if they had been sittin' full dressed in black, listenin' to the meenister—which was what they ought to have been doin', the day bein' the Sabbath.

"When we had made all shipshape, and had had a sup o' breakfast, I called the crew aft and gave them a sermon. We had eleven hands—a mixed lot: a Scotch mate, two Danes, a German, four Kanakas, a couple o' beach-combers—shipped, for want o' better, at Samoa—and a Chinaman. But, heathen and Christian, we were all brethren in the sight o' the Lord—especially on the Sabbath.

"I mind I had got to the 'thirdly,' or thereabouts, when a black head cocked itself unexpectedly above the taffrail, and said in the native dialect that the king wanted to speak to me. 'I'll come when I've finished, an' no sooner,' says I; so the cannibal came on board an' joined the congregation.

"We had a hymn, I beatin' time, all joinin' in; the bairns that had swum out sang the loudest, but the tune was queer, owin' to the Chinaman skirlin' like the pipes wi' too little wind in them; and to tell the truth, I was glad when it came to an end. Then I went on shore.

"His majesty was sittin' on a fine mat in a straw wigwam, as God made him, savin' for a grass fringe about his middle and a flower garland on his head. Oh, aye, an' I mind a thing that I thought queer like at the time—he had a neckerchief o' Stewart tartan, no less, twisted about his bull neck. He was a big, powerful man, but too fat; there were layers o' fat above the grass girdle, and the skin o' him was coarse in grain as the hide o' an elephant. He'd big ears an' a broad nose, and wee eyes that glared at ye wi' more cruelty than I can mind to have seen in any eyes before. When he spoke, he fair astonished me; for he had a voice shrill as a sea-bird's. It was uncanny to listen to that wild, thin voice comin' oot o' that bloated body.

"Weel, we had a palaver; for some reason or anither he was mighty ceevil. 'Sit down,' says he in English, 'sit down. You come schoona. I velly glad you come. I 'peak my people take you wata', suckin' pig, yam, plenty good eat, all go you cheep. To-night you come back, see dance, drink kava, see me pamily, me daughter Faauma—he good girl, you like too much.'

"Ye ken the queer way they talk—just like a lot o' bairns. But what puzzled me was to hear the auld deevil so pleasant like, for his talk didna go wi' his face. Yet he was as good as his word, for by noon all the stores were sent on board, aye, and paid for, too, in good cloth an' beads, an' what not. The rest o' the day I wandered about the place. There was a tin kirk, a store, and a mission house, but no signs o' a white man. '*Maké*' (dead), say they, when I asked them for a trader who used to live there; and more than that they wouldna tell.

"I didna let the crew come on shore—not that I trusted them much, but I trusted the natives less, and I wasn't going to leave ma Saucy Jean to the chance of a raid. I went for a walk by masel' along the beach. It was fine scenery—it near came up to Scotland; though queer, you understand, bein' in the tropics. The lagoon lay idle as a loch, wi' the wee waves flappin' the shore. It was sparklin' in the sun, bright blue in the shal-

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lows, and dark green in under the wooded hills. Every now an' then there was a flicker o' white where the fish were jumpin'. Man! it made me sorry I'd no' brought me rod, for it was a grand place for the fish. The cocoa-palms and bananas grew down to the water's edge, an' in under them there was a tangle o' what they call mummy-apples. The butterflies were amazin', both for color an' size; I could have caught the beasties wi' both hands. The place was quiet; nothin' movin'; but all the time the noise o' the surf shook the air, an' when I turned ma eyes seaward, I could see the foam on the reef leapin' madly high in the sunlight.

"Comin' round a bend o' the coast, I stopped on the shred o' yellow sand among a lot o' painted shells. The hills rose on the landward side like a big wall, green to the summit; yet not quite, for there was one naked hill that towered above all the ithers. The clouds, driven by the wind, climbed up the hillside, clung there a wee whilie, nestling in among the trees, then were blown to white rags in the back o' the sky. There was a waterfall, too, glintin' in the sun. I could see it away up, like a streak o' silver, then I lost and found it among the woods near a dozen times, till at the last it came leapin' by in a wee burn at ma feet.

"It was all so bonnie that I felt uplifted; and somehow, wi'oot intendin' it, I started singin'. 'All people wha on earth do dwell,' sings I, an' it seemed to me that the echoes in the hills and the surf on the reef sang, too.

"I was still at the grand auld psalm, when I spied the remains of a fire by the water's edge, under a big palm. It had blackened the stem near to six feet from the ground. I walked up to it. As I did so, ma foot kicked against somethin' lyin' half buried in the ground. It was a human skull. I picked it up: it was bleached white, and on the top o' the head there was a ragged hole where the bone had been knocked in. There was nothin' in the sight o' a skull to wonder at—I've seen hundreds o' them in some o' the island 'speak-houses,' set all round the interior at the end o' the roof-beams—but this one made me gasp, for there was a scrap o' hair on it, not black like native hair, but reddish-brown like a white man's. Steppin' softly, I poked about among the ashes. Aye, it was what I thought. There were a lot o' human bones scattered about the place. I came upon a brass button wi' an anchor on it, lyin' in the grass near by.

"That took all the singin' oot o' me. I keeked about, but there was nobody to be seen—only the empty strip o' sand quiverin' in the heat, an' the lonely woods climbin' up the hillsides. I sat down on a stone an' looked at the button in ma hand, and the skull lyin' at ma feet. Thinks I, 'Puir deevil, you were walkin' about here no' so lang syne—just like me—an' now the very maggots have deserted ye.' I called to mind the empty tin kirk, an' the lonely mission house, an' the Stewart tartan neckerchief twisted about the neck o' the king, an' ma heart misgave me. 'The sooner,' says I to maself aloud, 'the sooner I get oot o' this island, the better.'

"Ye can imagine I got back to the Saucy Jean double quick; I believe I ran most o' the way, till I caught sight o' her. I'd have liked fine to put to sea at once, but I had promised to go back an' see Faauma, and I kenned weel it wouldna do to break ma word.

"The sun had set when I went on shore again. The beach, the lagoon, and the woods were all gray like; you could see nothin' clear. But away above ma head, the one big peak was pink against a yellow sky.

"When the boat left me on the beach, I told Rob, the mate, to have everything ready to put to sea the very minute I came back.

"'Tug her oot wi' the dingey,' says I, 'an' then ye coom back in it an' bide for me at the end o' the pass,' for ye see, there was no wind in the lagoon to speak of, except a catspaw now and then on the water.

"'Make yer mind easy,' says he; 'I ken fine what to do.'

"'When will ye get back?' says I.

"He peered at his watch.

"'By eleven,' says he. 'It wants five minutes of nine the now. It'll be high tide in half an hour. We'll wait for ye in this wee creek here. Give way, lads.' An' they pulled away.

"It was a hot night; just sweatin'. The bush was all black; but through the blackness ye could see a lot o' fireflies, an' the shiny marks the Kanakas call witches' feet. It was quiet, savin' for the sound o' the surf on the reef. An eerie thing it was to give ear to the burstin' o' the big seas, an' the roarin', oot there in the darkness o' the night.

II

"When I got to the king's house, I found him still sittin' there on the mat, just the same as if he'd never stirred. But I noticed the

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flowers on his head were different. There was a lot o' folk in the clearin' outside—men and women an' lassies; aye, an' bairns too, all dressed in their best. I could see them fine, for many o' them carried torches. The flickerin' yellow light shone on a great banyan tree wi' branchin' roots, an' in an' oot o' the blackness under the leaves came flyin' foxes and big fruit-eatin' bats. The beasties were scared by the light and didna ken what they were doin'. One o' them slapped me on the face as I stooped to enter the door.

"The inside o' the wigwam was stiflin' and on the crawl wi' flies. There was a lot o' mats in one corner, an' a litter o' dirty pans and dishes, an' weapons hangin' up on the walls, but no furniture to speak of. Several women and one lassie were standin' behind the king.

"'Me wives and daughter,' says he, wi' a wave o' his hand.

"The women giggled and didna budge, but the lassie came forward and took me by the hand. She was aboot as tall as ma shoulder, young an' plump and round. Her hair was frizzed oot wi' flowers and a red ribbon in it. Round her neck she wore a chain o' bonnie shells. Her dress was naethin' but grasses an' flowers and bits o' silk—awfu' scandalous. I was fair ashamed to look at her. I canna deny that she was bonnie, for she had big black eyes wi' a dancin' glint in them, a straight, wee nose, and a mouth wi' full red lips that smiled so that you could see her teeth. She carried a fan made o' cane plaited in circles, an' painted wi' bright colors. She stood holdin' ma hand and lookin' up at me an' smilin'—an' all the time the king was watchin' us as a cat watches a mouse.

"'What you name?' says she, half shy, half bold, bitin' the edge o' the fan wi' her strong white teeth.

"'Jock Simpson,' says I, 'captain o' the Saucy Jean.'

"She had a try at repeatin' it, but ma own mither wouldna have kenned it the way she said it.

"'Me Faauma,' says she; then wi' a squeeze o' ma hand, 'Me like sailormans.'

"'Oh, ye do, do ye?' says I. 'Weel, Faauma, when you're quite finished wi' ma hand, I'll be obliged to ye.'

"She took the hint, but was in no way abashed, for when we all went oot to see the dancin', she sat beside me on the same square o' tapa cloth, familiar-like, as if she had kenned me for twenty year. The auld king sat on ma ither side, and when the lassie wasna speakin', he would lean over and whisper:

"'You like me daughter; he good girl, make plenty nice wifie, belong you all-ee-same pig. You stop here, I make you big chief—you give me schoona.'

"'Havers!' growls I, for I was gettin' bothered, 'I would have ye ken that I'm a married man wi' a family.'

"He chuckled—the auld sinner; says he:

"'Ho! ho! no matter. You pamily too far off; no good. I like you too much. Plenty better you stop here.'

"He'd no time for mair o' this silly talk, for the dancin' began. Ye ken the godless, senseless flingin' and jumpin' an' carryin' on to the beatin' o' a tom-tom. It was a big dance. A lot o' chiefs an' natives had come over for it from the ither islands, and competeetion was keen. There was one nigger that I couldna help noticin', for whenever I seed him, he was lookin' hard at me. He was a big chap, a chief, by his get-up; but he didna ken the dance, for he was always makin' mistakes. It was his eyes that bothered me. They had a scared look in them, as though somebody had put the fear o' death on him. Heathen though he was, I felt sorry for him.

"'Who's yon, king?' says I, pointin' him oot wi' ma finger.

"The auld reprobate seemed embarrassed, for he laughed in a silly sort o' way.

"'He big chief,' says he, in his queer, thin voice. 'He big chief; he come other island, make dance.'

"'What's he frightened of?'

"'He no frightened. He drink too much.'

"But I kenned better. It wasna the drink that put that look in his black face. Drink! Ma word! Fancy his tryin' to teach me, a Scotchman, the effects o' drink! The conceit o' the man!

"It was a queer scene. The bush was all about us, matted and wild, but wi' wee paths runnin' here and there into the darkness. The night was fine, and when I looked up I could see the stars keekin' down from between the big leaves o' the banyan. In under the trees on the ither side o' the clearing were rows upon rows o' natives all sittin' wi' their legs doubled up under them. In the middle were the dancers, twirlin', and gruntin', and reekin', and brandishin' their spears—they put me in mind o' deevils I'd seen once in a pantomime in Dundee. The torches sent

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"THINKS I, 'PUIR DEEVIL, YOU WERE WALKIN' ABOUT HERE NO' SO LANG SYNE—JUST LIKE ME.'"

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their yellow light on the black, shiny bodies, near naked exceptin' for grass girdles; and what wi' the quick, feverish beat o' the tom-toms, and the thick cries o' hundreds o' spectators, it was like a witches' Sabbath or a nightmare.

"Faauma was as excited as the rest. She clapped her wee brown hands and screamed to them at the top o' her voice; and as for the king, he rolled to and fro in his fat, till his wreath fell off and he forgot to think o' me as a son-in-law.

"'Make kava!' shouts he in native, when the dance was over. At that a lot o' lassies came runnin' oot o' the crowd. Faauma up and joined them, an' they all started chewin' the kava-root an' spittin' it into bowls o' water. Dod! it near turned me sick, for I kenned fine I would be expected to drink it.

"The king was busy talkin' to a woman, so I crept away into the bush at his back. Thinks I—'I'll bide here a wee, and maybe they'll drink it up wi'out me.' By this time the moon was sailin' above the palm-trees, so it wasna very dark, though the shadows were black. It shone on a bed o' sensitive-plant, as high as yer knees. I mind I was thinkin' how bonnie it looked, for the wee, feathery leaves were all frosted wi' silver light, when all at once it moved. The bush is an eerie place, as ye doubtless ken, full o' all sorts o' unaccountable noises, and things ye can't explain away, so I wasna what ye may call surprised. 'It'll be a wildcat,' thinks I, and at that I gripped the shaft o' a thick stick I was carryin'. But I was wrong that time, for, in a minute, it was no cat that I saw, but a man's head risin' oot o' the leaves, an' starin' at me like as if it couldn't see me enough.

"'What are ye doin' there?' says I in native. 'Come oot o' that.'

"He crawled oot on all fours, an' I saw he was the chief wi' the frightened eyes. He was no less frightened then, for he was shakin' all over, an' stoppin' to listen an' peer through the trees that grew between us an' the clearing. Wi' mony a precaution he crawled up to me and looked me long in the face.

"'Are you Jock Simpson?' says he.

"He spoke in gude Scots; not the clipped talk o' the native, but straight and firm like a white man.

"'Yes,' says I, dazed like.

"He gave a queer gasp—a sort o' dry sob, an' held oot a hand.

"'Who in Providence are you?' whispered I, rubbin' ma fingers, for his grip was like a vise.

"'I'm Duff,' says he. 'Ye'll mind Tam Duff?'

"'Duff o' Boarhills?' says I, incredulous.

"'Just that,' says he, and choked.

"I sat dumb an' stared at him. His lips were tremblin' in the moonlight—he was as near greetin' as I've often seen a mon.

"The tom-toms were still beatin', an' from the clearin' came the sound o' singin' and laughin'. As for me, I was clean dumfoundered. To see this black heathen, covered all over wi' tattoo marks, cowerin' in the grass beside me, an' claimin' to be Tam Duff, made me feel silly. He was gazin' at me wi' anxious eyes; but I pursed ma lips.

"'Na, na,' says I; 'ye talk the Scotch right enough; I've never heard a Kanaka talk it like ye before—I canna think how ye do it. But, all the same, you're not Duff. Duff had a red beard. I mind him weel enough. He was a fair man, while you—you're black.'

"He laid his dirty fist on ma arm; I could feel him shakin' wi' earnestness.

"'As sure as death, I'm Duff,' he whispered hoarsely. 'Jock, ye *must* believe me. Man, they've shaved me, an' painted me, an' dressed me up like this—*this!*" he cried in disgust, clutchin' at his grass girdle. 'Here,' he went on, losing some o' his terror, 'I'll make you believe me—d'ye mind the last time we met in the wee bar of the Far an' Sure? I stood ye a drink; an' you borrowed a saxpence of me.'

"'I canna say I mind the saxpence,' says I, for I saw it was Duff, right enough, 'but I s'pose you're Tam. Ye've been lost a matter o' five year,' I went on, lowerin' ma voice, 'and there's some talk o' your widdy marryin' McPhee.'

"'The plumber?' cries he, sittin' up wi' a jerk.

"'The same,' says I. 'I hear he's enlarged his premises; it's time he took a wife.'

"'But not mine!' says he, wi' feelin'.

"'Weel, Tam, ye've got yersel' to blame—ye ought to have come back. Besides, what are ye doin' here at all—undressed like that! It's unworthy o' ye, it is, indeed.'

"Then he told me his story. Dod! it fair took the breath oot o' me. It appeared he'd shipped at Sydney before the mast in a brig, meanin' to work his passage home. He fell overboard one dark night, got picked up by a canoe, taken to shore, and brought before the king.

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"'He was very kind to me at the first,' says he, 'he couldna do enough for me; he was aye wantin' me to be his son-in-law.'

"'*Son-in-law*, Tam!' gasps I, wi' a sudden chill at ma heart.

"'Aye, Jock; to marry his daughter, ye ken.'

"'Faauma?'

"'Na, na, his ither daughter—Kokua, they call her. Of course it was oot o' the question, an' I told him so, me bein' a married man. He pretended to agree with me, but he had me watched. The lassie an' me were very friendly. She was an affectionate wee thing, an' bonnie.'

"'Aye, aye,' says I sympathetically, thinkin' o' Faauma.

"'All went well, Jock, till one night in the bush she axed me to kiss her; it—it was a temptation.'

"'But no' to a married man,' says I, wi' severity.

"He coughed.

"'Weel, Jock, I did it, anyhow; an' the auld king was keekin' at us all the time, an' I had to marry the lassie the next day.'

"'Bigamy!' I gasps.

"Tam nodded his black head till the flowers shook.

"'That's the color o' it,' says he, awful depressed. 'It's on ma conscience. He made me chief o' an island, an' I come over here for the dancin'—ye saw me at it the night—but, oh, man, Jock! I hanker after Boarhills somethin' terrible!'

"He meant it. The moon shone on his painted face; I could see the tears in his eyes.

"'Now,' says I, 'they're busy; they'll never heed us. Come on. Let's run for the boat.'

"At that the fear came back on him.

"'No, no,' says he, pleadin' like, 'I daren't. I tried to escape once, wi' a sailor lad who was shipwrecked in these parts. They—they caught us.'

"'Weel?' says I, for he paused and shook.

"'God!' he burst out, 'they tied me to a tree an' I had to look on while they killed and ate him. He screamed awful. The horror o' it—oh, the horror o' it!'

"He hid his face in his hands. He was clean unnerved; no more use than a rag wi' all the starch oot o' it. I could only look at him, an' pity.

"We sat still after that for a wee while. There were queer noises all round us, just as if something was movin' in the bush, though what it was I couldna tell—just a wheeze, an' a crack, an' a rustle, an' once the cry o' some cat-like beastie deep in the forest.

"All at once, Tam held up his hand.

"'Listen!' says he, tremblin'.

"There were shouts from the clearin'. I could hear ma name repeated many times—Faauma's voice shrill above the rest.

"'They're cryin' on ye,' whispered Tam in ma ear. 'You an' me mustn't be seen together. I'll help ye if I can; be sure o' that. Good-by, Jock. Beware o' the lassie; and if ye get back, never let on ye've seen me. It's better so. Mary had better marry McPhee; he'll make a home for her an' the bairns. I'm as dead here as if I was in ma grave. Good-by.'

"He wrung me hard by the hand, an' glided away into the bushes.

III

"When I got back to the group most o' the natives had disappeared, singin' an' laughin', along the paths that led to the village. But the auld king an' about half a dozen o' the chiefs stopped for a palaver. I kenned fine they were talkin' about me, for I saw them lookin' every now and then, an' sometimes one would point in ma direction, an' sometimes anither.

"'No' very polite to a guest,' thinks I. 'Maybe I'd better be goin'.'

"I looked at ma watch. The moon was at the full, as clear as day, so I saw the time easy. It wanted five minutes o' eleven. Rob, the mate, came into ma mind, an' I thought o' him waitin' for me wi' the boat, an' the Saucy Jean ridin' at her anchor where the lagoon opened to the sea. I was just goin' to say good-by, when the lassie, who had been talkin' wi' her faither, comes up to me an' takes me by the hand.

"'Come, sailormans,' said she, pullin' me gently toward the bush.

"'Here! where are you pullin' me to?' growls I, an' I tried to take ma hand from her; but she held tight.

"'You come little walk,' says she coaxin' like.

"'I'm goin' to ma ship,' says I. 'I've no time for silliness, nor inclination, neether—so that's tellin' ye.'

"But she wouldna be denied. I couldna get ma fingers free, that is wi'oot usin' force; an' her bein' a lassie, I couldna do that. So we kept walkin' on—me hangin' back, she pullin' forward.

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"There were deep shadows, an' bits o' lights all round us, like wee pools left by the tide. A smell o' trees an' flowers was in the air, an' now and then a whiff o' breadfruit cookin' came wanderin' up the path that led to the village. It was quiet, but we could hear the chiefs talkin' behind us, an' away in the distance the roll o' the seas on the reef.

"We were oot o' sight o' the ithers by this time, in a sort o' glade, lonesome like, but not dark; for the moon was keekin' over the tops o' the palm-trees, an' turnin' all the leaves and stems to silver.

"As we walked, I felt angry at masel' for bein' so weak; but I couldna feel angry at the lassie—she was that bonnie. She was a pictur'! The red flowers on her hair an' shoulders were glintin' oot, her wee feet were naked, an' her skin was shinin' in warm brown lights, wi' a sort o' polish on it. When she looked back at me, her eyes were like stars, an' her teeth two rows o' seed pearls between her smilin' lips. She put me in mind o' the Song o' Solomon. Ye'll agree it was a queer poseetion for a married man.

"We were in the shadow o' a wild cocoa—

"'SHOVE HER OOT,' ROARS I, RACIN' TOWARD HIM."

I kenned it by its berries—when doon she sits, and drags me after her wi' a laugh.

"'Me you flend,' says she, cuddlin' close an' squeezin' ma hand.

"'Hoots! I wouldna go so far as to say that,' says I, edgin' away. But she followed me up.

"'I like you too much,' cooes she in ma ear.

"'So it would appear,' says I.

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"That puzzled her. I could see fine she didna ken how to take me.

"'Me no common Kanaka,' says she wi' a pretty pride, touchin' her young breast, 'me princess. I think you marry me—I like too much.'

"It made me fair ashamed to hear her talk like that. She was gazin' up at me, an' I could see her eyes shinin' in the dim light. A scent came from her, very pleasant, but distractin'. I couldna tell if it was the flowers in her hair, or somethin' sweet-smellin' she had put on her skin.

"'You love me?' whispers she breathless like; an' at that she lays her nosegay head on ma shoulder.

"'Sit up,' says I, uneasy. 'That's no way to behave.'

"For answer she flung her bare arms round ma neck.

"I confess to ye, I was troubled. No' so much at the wickedness o' it—though that bothered me, too—but at the danger. I kept thinkin' o' Tam, an' the warnin' he gave me. I glowered at all the trees, an' it seemed to me that I could see the auld king keekin' from behind every one of them. The lassie puzzled me, too. She was that bonnie that I didna like to think she would lend hersel' to a put-up job. I'm no' exactly what ye would call an ill-lookin' man, an' it came upon me as just possible that she had taken a fancy to me.

"'Faauma,' says I, puttin' her from me as gentle as I could, 'Faauma, you're young and silly. See here, dearie, ye mustna think o' me like that. I'm auld—forty next month—an' no fit mate for a bonnie young princess like you. Besides, I'm married already. I've a good wife an' three bairns in a land far away over the sea. I've but the one wish, dear, an' that is to get back to them.'

"She listened to me in silence, though I could tell by her breathin' that she was moved. We sat there side by side wi'oot talkin', then all at once she put her hand in mine again.

"'You good man,' says she.

"There was no talk o' love-makin' after that, though I still held the lassie's hand. For a while we sat, each thinkin' our own thoughts. The noise from the clearin' had died away. It was quieter than ever. The bush all about us was sleepin'; bright an' dark, wi' moonlight and shadow.

"All at once there was a queer creakin' in the undergrowth right behind us. Faauma started. I felt her wee hand clutchin' mine.

"'It's nothin',' says I, to soothe her.

"'It is,' says she, all excited. 'You no savvy. Oh, me much too bad girl!'

"She was shakin' all over, an' starin' round wi' eyes like saucers. Then in a whisper, an' quick, she told me we were bein' watched, that the king had set her on to trap me, an' that if I wouldna marry her, I was to be killed. Dod, it fair took ma breath away! Aye, an' more than that, it set ma back up. A fine way to behave, that! an' a dirty trick to set an innocent lassie to.

"'By gosh!' says I, 'let me get at him—I'll learn him,' an' I made as if to get up, but she gripped me tight.

"'No, no,' cries she, 'they bad men; they kill you. I too much 'shamed; belong all ma fault. Oh, what can do? What can do?' an' she wrung her hands in an agony o' remorse.

"'You go back,' says I, 'an' leave me to——'

"But at that she clapped her hand to ma mouth.

"'S-h-h!' says she, 'you listen,' an' she told me what she was thinkin'. Dod! she was a rare one, was Faauma; it was easy seen she was a princess.

"Followin' her advice, we got up an' walked slow away, like as if we were keepin' company, me wi' ma arm around her waist. The path turned at right angles in the direction o' the sea about forty yards from where we were sittin'. When we came to the turnin', we dropped the play-actin' an' took to our heels. Ma word! she could run—that wee lassie. I was hard put to it to keep up wi' her. We'd made near half-way, when there was a shout behind us.

"'Stop,' pants I. 'You bide here. I'll manage fine now.'

"She was for refusin', but I gripped her by the shoulders, an' she gave in.

"'Faauma,' says I, quick an' breathless, 'I'll no' forget what you have done for me the night. Good-by, dear. God bless ye.'

"I stooped an' kissed her, an' thought no shame o' it.

"She clung to me a moment, an' I felt her tears wet on ma face. As we stood there, there came a nearin' shout, an' a patter o' racin' feet in the darkness. Wi' one shove I shot her safe into the bush—then I bolted.

IV

"I WAS forty then, as I said before, an' somewhat inclined to be stout, as you can

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see, an' runnin' didna suit me, but I ran that night as I hadna run since I was a laddie at the school. The path was narrow, just a cuttin' through the trees, an' a tangle o' lianas drippin' an' tufted wi' orchids, tree ferns, great arums, an' hundreds o' bananas. It smelt like a big hothouse. I couldna see the things very weel, it bein' dark, an' me tearin' along at the top o' ma speed, but when it was over, it all came back to me, and whiles even now I have fearsome dreams o' bein' hunted through all the reekin' forests o' the tropics.

"At the first it went ill wi' me. I was stung as high as the elbow wi' the stingin'-plant; a rope o' liana caught me on the neck an' sent me flyin', an' when I scrambled to ma feet, doon I went again over a rotten trunk. At any ither time I'd have felt ma way through that bush, slow and gropin' wi' ma two hands stretched oot to guard ma face, but wi' sudden death at ma heels I took it at the run. Ma word! it was black in parts; an' the worst o' it was that I couldna tell if the blackness before me was firm ground or a pit to break ma neck.

"I suppose it was because I was terrible oot o' condition, but I hadna gone very far before I was gaspin' for breath, an' ma heart goin' till I thought it would throttle me. As I ran I kept an ear for the deevils behind me; but I couldna hear them. They were close enough when I parted from the lassie, but for some reason or anither there was a stoppage. If it hadna been for that, there is no doubt they'd have caught me up.

"I thought I would never come to the end o' that path, but at the last the blackness in front cleared, there came a breath o' wind fresh and salt in ma face, an' the sea sang loud in ma ears. The sea an' the wind are bonnie things, but they were bonnier to me at that moment than they've ever been before or since. Staggerin' wi' exhaustion, I left the bush behind me an' panted doon to the creek. Ma eyes swept it from end to end. Ma God! it lay empty, wi' the sea silverin' in the moonlight. I tell ye, I've had one or two cruel shocks in ma time, but never anythin' to beat the black despair o' that moment. I stood there gaspin'; a deserted man in terrible danger, wi' no human soul to help. To ma shame be it said, I cursed Rob aloud in words ill suited to a Christian, aye, an' even shook ma fist at the laughin' wee waves that rippled to ma feet.

"Then, all at once, a sudden thought set me starin' wi' ma mouth open. There was somethin' about the place that struck me as odd. It had a clump o' palms at one end that I couldna mind to have seen before. I stared an' stared; an' then—'Eediot!' thinks I, 'ye've come to the wrong creek.' It was a fact. There was no time to lose. The cannibals might be on me at any moment. Faster than it takes to tell ye, I was back in the wood, lyin' at full length under a bush.

"I was just in time. Oot they came—the whole ging-bang o' them—savin' the auld fat king, who waddled up later, pantin' worse than me wi' the exertion. They all started runnin' about, shakin' their spears an' jabberin' like a lot o' monkeys. I could see Tam among them, for he was bigger nor they were. They were fair nonplused. Some were for goin' this way, an' some for goin' that. The moon shone on their naked bodies, an' from where I lay I could see their black faces half daft wi' excitement. They were all jabberin', but the queer, shrill voice o' the king piped loud above the ithers. Still pantin', I watched them through the leaves; when they sheered off, I breathed free, an' when they came near, I crouched doon wi' ma heart in ma mouth.

"Sudden there was a cry. One o' the deevils had seen ma footsteps in the sand; the ithers all came crowdin' around him. Step by step they tracked me doon to the sea, then back toward the bush. 'It's all up wi' me now,' thinks I, an' at that I gripped ma stick and waited wi' clenched teeth.

"They came nearer, an' I heard them beatin' about the bush. One o' them stumbled past ma hidin'-place, that near that if I had stretched oot ma hand I could have touched his black hide. They were a blur o' misty figures disappearin' into the shadows, and comin' into sight again in the bits o' moonlight. You may take your oath I lay as still as a log, never darin' to breathe; flat on ma back, starin' up to where the roof o' foliage was pierced by wee shafts o' light. I could hear them pantin' an' swearin', an' jabbin' into likely places wi' their spears; an' every now an' then came a yell or a howl o' pain, when one o' their naked feet chanced upon a thorn.

"Right beside me a voice made a joke about the taste o' human flesh, at which a laugh went cacklin' through the bush.

"At last they drew off. I took a long breath, an', raisin' masel' on ma elbow, keeked oot to see where they had gone. That

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movement was near bein' the death o' me, for a branch that screened me was whipped on one side an' I found masel' starin' straight into the black face o' a savage. It was too dark for me to see him clear, but I could tell from his start that he had heard me move.

"'I'll kill this one at all events,' thinks I, an' I shortened the grip on ma stick.

"'Is that you, Jock?' whispers he.

"Ma word! the Scotch accent was like music in ma ears.

"'It is,' says I. 'For God's sake, Tam, take them away.'

"'I'll do ma best,' says he. 'You bide here; an', if ye value yer life, dinna budge.'

"He disappeared, an' I heard him talkin' loud to the ithers. Then I heard no more.

"I lay still for about half a century, then I couldna stand the uncertainty any longer; so oot I crawls on all fours. The place was quiet as a kirkyard. I peered over a clump o' mummy-apple, an' saw them all stringin' off along the moonlit sands. They appeared to be shapin' their course for the palms that tufted the end o' the bay.

"'Look away, ye black swine,' chuckles I. 'If ye'd any sense, ye'd have gone the ither road.' For, as I judged, the ither direction was the one that would lead me to the right creek. Without more ado I set off at a run. One o' them must have looked back, for I hadna gone above ten yards when there was a skirl. Just one at the first, but ithers joined in, an' I knew fine they were after me again.

"Much I cared! I had the long start o' them, the sand was firm, an' ma breath had come back. Roundin' the bay, I saw the creek I was in search o', an' the boat half pulled up on the beach. Rob was sittin' near by, smokin' his pipe.

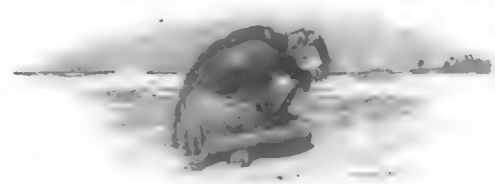
"'Shove her oot,' roars I, racin' toward him. He jumped to his feet, stared a moment like one dumfoundered, then I heard him cursin' the crew for not bein' quick enough. Before I got there, the dingey was floatin' some three yards from the shore. The savages at ma back saw that, too, an' set up a yell o' rage. Plungin' waist-deep into the water, I gripped the stern wi' both hands. It was jerked forward as the wee boat sprang to the oars. I was pulled after her like a cork at the end o' a string.

"I canna exactly tell what happened next. I was sore exhausted, an' dazed wi' all I'd gone through. I mind Rob pullin' me aboard, then I think I must have missed ma footin', for I found masel' lyin' gaspin' at the feet o' the men. When I sat up, Rob pointed oot half a dozen black heads in the water astern, where some o' them had started to swim after us. On the beach was a crowd, misty in the moonlight, wi' a long line o' palms glistenin' at their backs. That was the last I saw o' them.

"There's little more to tell ye. We reached the Saucy Jean wi'oot any interference; an', you bet, I got under way at once. I mind leanin' over the stern, watchin' the last o' the place, for in half an hour the palms dipped behind the sea. The whirling snow of our wake eddyin' oot into the blue blackness was awful bonnie. Fine, too, it was to see the leanin' spars as steady as a flag-post, an' to hear the ripple o' water, an' the warm wind buzzin' among our canvas. Ma soul swelled, I'm tellin' ye; an' I thanked the Lord wi' a humble an' a grateful heart.

"It was deefficult to believe it all true. Me, Jock Simpson, was real enough; but the king, Tam Duff, and Faauma? No! I've an ambeetion to be thought a truthful man, an' between you an' me, I was glad that Tam had made me promise to keep it dark when I got back. The one thing that bothered me was Tam's wife. She bothers me still. What will ma conscience be sayin' if I find she's gone an' committed bigamy?"

The mate scratched his head, sighed deeply, then, remarking that "a matter o' forty winks" would suit his complaint, disappeared down the hatchway.



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LA GUAYRA, THE PORT OF CARACAS.

CASTRO: TYRANT OR LIBERATOR?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our diplomatic relations with Venezuela have been terminated. Senator Cullom of the Committee on Foreign Affairs says that "President Castro needs a spanking." Rumor declares that the next job of our navy will be to administer this discipline.

Who and what is Castro? A monster, a greedy tyrant, as his opponents assert? Or, as his supporters contend, the liberator of a people? Before the world he is our protégé. But for the Monroe doctrine he must long since have faced the guns of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy. Citizens of those countries, and of our own, too, allege that Castro has deprived them of treaty rights, repudiated contracts, confiscated property, imperiled their lives and liberty, and turned the Venezuelan courts into a farce wherein is no justice.

On the other hand, Castro calls the foreigners thieves and liars. He says that they have tried to swindle Venezuela out of her best natural resources, refused to obey the laws or recognize the courts, and not only aided and abetted revolution, but actually organized rebellion.

There are, then, two definite sides to the story; both are set forth here. George W. Crichfield, who, by friend and foe alike, is pronounced honest and sincere, and who, during fifteen years' residence in Venezuela, endured many injuries at Castro's hands, presents the argument for the prosecution; while Colvin B. Brown brings to his defense of the president not only the authority of long residence in the country, but also a close and careful study of its affairs.

Castro the Tyrant

By George W. Crichfield

SOON after the termination of the English-German-Italian blockade of Venezuela in 1903, I witnessed an incident at Fort San Carlos, at the entrance to

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Lake Maracaybo, that made a deep impression on my mind. Our ship was lying near the fort, awaiting permission to pass, when it was approached by a small boat containing a number of men. In the center, lying in a heap, was an old man, a prisoner who had just been released. As he was carried to the deck, it became evident that he was a man of respectability. His sons were waiting to receive him. Fine, stalwart young men they were, but at sight of him they burst into tears. And well they might. The old man had been in the dungeon of San Carlos for only four months, but disease and terrorism had placed upon him the mark of certain death. A mere breathing skeleton, he was trembling like an aspen, his countenance ashen, his eyes lusterless. Marks of instruments of torture were on his limbs; great ulcers covered his body.

I personally know hundreds of Venezuelans; scores of them would trust me with their most sacred confidences, with secrets that, if known, would cause their instant imprisonment or assassination by the dictator.

"What had this man done?" I asked some of these friends. "How did he incur the enmity of Castro?" Of course I knew the main facts—that there had been no court trial, no judicial proceedings, no opportunity for defense, because in Venezuela they don't do things that way. And to a certainty the man had been seized without warning, probably in the dead of night, by armed and lawless ruffians, under the order of Castro's generals —because this was Venezuela. But why? Had he opposed Castro politically?

My informant answered no, that the man had kept clear of politics, and had said nothing either for or against the ruling despot. But the man had a daughter, a beautiful, virtuous girl, and one of Castro's generals wanted her. That explained it. (Bear in mind that this was not a case of proposed marriage, but a desire to gratify lust under the odious system of La Querida). A trumped-up charge of revolutionary sympathies was made against the old man, and the result was before me.

"But how did he get out?" I asked.

"*Quién sabe*—who knows?" was my informant's only reply.

Thousands of the very best citizens of Venezuela have been imprisoned, tortured, and terrorized by the present Venezuelan despot. The motives are various. Frequently Castro, or some one of his coterie, wants a man's property. Often the victim has failed to join the band of maudlin man-worshipers who fawn upon the vainglorious dictator with extravagant and disgusting sycophancy, and this is construed into hostility. Or, the victim may have spoken in reprobation of some of the unnumbered outrages committed by the military adherents of Castro. But hundreds of the best citizens of Venezuela have been imprisoned for no known cause at all; at

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

NATIVE SOLDIERS ON DRILL IN CARACAS, VENEZUELA

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one time it was stated that more than fifteen hundred of these unfortunates were incarcerated in various dungeons throughout the country.

I have no intention of shocking and horrifying my readers by trying to describe Venezuelan prisons. But you should hear something about them. The filth is utterly horrible, without sewage or the commonest sanitary provisions. The walls are a slimy paste of bacteria, damp and dark. I do not give you hearsay testimony on this point, because I have inspected more than one of these places and have talked with reputable men who have been inmates of others. Prisoners are crowded into cells worse than any department of a slaughter-house. *Grillos*, invented by Satan and manufactured by the Spaniards, are used for shackling together the inmates. Rivets of iron, and chains, are pressed upon their flesh. Starvation, thirst, and infectious diseases, including leprosy, are among their daily horrors.

The man in whose name and by whose authority are committed these outrages upon his fellow citizens, is at this moment the most conspicuous protégé of the United States before the world, under the Monroe doctrine. He is held up by our government as the president of a sister republic. About how he became president, however, little is said. Our state department talks of elections, and the bulletins of the bureau of American republics read as if the Latin-American ruler were selected by the voters, as our presidents are. Let us have the whole story of how Castro was elected president of Venezuela.

He was elected by the machete. Now, a machete is a knife about two feet long, kept sharp and trusty, and in Venezuela this instrument takes the place of the Australian ballot-box. Every Venezuelan knows how to use a machete, women as well as men. I have seen a peon cut down a small tree at one or two strokes. So you see it is small wonder that there are many heads and limbs lost in an election in Venezuela.

Cipriano Castro was a cattleman in the Tachira district (known as the eternal slaughter-house of Venezuela), and he was a specialist in his occupation. His business consisted in getting up revolutions in some section on the border line between Venezuela and Colombia, and then running other people's cattle from that section into the adjoining country, where he would sell them.

Having succeeded mightily in these dealings, and surrounded himself with a cruel and mercenary set of adventurers, with whom in the olden days, it is stated, he divided pretty fairly, the redoubtable Castro became ambitious to conquer new worlds. Andrés Mata, who is wholly devoted to the dictator, writes:

"Year 1886. Location—a city of the Occident at the foot of the Mother Cordilleras. The afternoon fell over the mountain city, and an animated group of political personages conversed familiarly in the office of the *comandante* of arms. One of them, the *comandante's* son, of Caracas, accentuated the interest of the dialogue in terms which piqued the Andean pride. 'I observe,' said he, 'that the principal regions of the country have invaded Caracas martially and impressed upon the federal capitol the most distinguished of their chieftains. All the principal regions can record one or more eruptions toward the capitol except the Andean provinces.'

"'I will be the one that will invade it,' answered arrogantly a youth of lustrous and pallid countenance.'" This was Castro, this the beginning and the cause of his revolution. He now "crossed the San Antonio as Caesar the Rubicon," and from peak to peak and from combat to combat, "opened with the edge of his sword the doors of Caracas, and ascended with pomp the grand stairway of the federal capitol, surrounded by a group of heroes."

As a matter of fact, his "heroes" were a body of bushwhackers, blacklegs, and renegades, including a large number of females who likewise wielded the machete and who had marched from Tachira to Caracas with the "army."

Andrade, the constitutional president, was a gentleman. Therefore the constitutional army looked upon him with disdain and rushed to the "army" of Castro. A few battles and quite a number of skirmishes were fought, the peaceful inhabitants were looted, "forced loans" were levied upon foreigners and business men who had funds, and after anarchy had ruled for a time throughout Venezuela, President Andrade found himself deserted by his army, and was glad to make good his escape to La Guayra, and thence into exile.

Ever since the moment when the usurper, at the head of his licentious "army," overthrew the constituted authority and seized the reins of power, a saturnalia of graft and

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CIPRIANO CASTRO.

diabolism has prevailed throughout Venezuela. One may judge of its horrors from the fact that the regular "army" is still a savage aggregation made up of unlettered peons, a mixed breed, in which Indian and negro blood predominate. When a man assassinates another in Venezuela he is not hanged nor imprisoned, but is given a Mauser and a machete and put into the army, where he becomes a pillar to support the ruling power.

Let us leave aside for the moment the atrocities committed upon respectable Venezuelans. The outrages on foreigners, who constitute an unimportant element numerically, were sufficient by the year 1903 to arouse the indignation of the combined civilized powers. I have before me a record of hundreds of such cases, involving all nationalities, and will mention a few for illustrative purposes.

Two Germans near Carupano were "assaulted, robbed, bound to a post, threatened with death, and thrown into a house infected with smallpox in order to extort money from them." These were the acts of a body of soldiers claiming to be revolutionary. But as these troops operate intermittently on either

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side, as suits their convenience, and as all liability for acts of revolutionists is denied by the government, the probabilities are that the outrage was committed by government troops.

A prominent Dutch gentleman was stripped stark naked by the police of La Guayra, who held their commissions by Castro's authority, and was exposed to public view on one of the principal streets of the town.

Government officials under Castro made a requisition for merchandise on M. Maninat, a French citizen, and he requested that the requisition be made in writing, so that he could present evidence of the value of the goods. For having made this request, he was assaulted, taken to headquarters, and "his face was laid open from forehead to ear" with a saber.

In April, 1901, the English sloop Maria Theresa was burned and plundered by a Venezuelan gunboat, and her crew was shamefully maltreated. At about the same time the British vessel Sea Horse was assaulted and its crew maltreated by a Venezuelan *guardacostas*. The British vessel In Time was destroyed in April or May, 1902, at Pedernales, by the Venezuelan gunboat General Crespo. Outrages of the most revolting character were also perpetrated upon British subjects at the same place.

THE COURT OF CASTRO'S RESIDENCE IN CARACAS.

This was the sort of thing that caused the blockade of 1903. It was not, as has been generally supposed in the United States, inaugurated for the purpose of collecting debts, most of which resulted from freedom of contract and many of which were of doubtful validity.

When the atrocities became unendurable, when prayers, entreaties, and protests had proved of no avail, an array of foreign battle-ships reared their grim turrets in the blue waters off La Guayra, Puerto Cabello, and the Gulf of Maracaybo. A blockade was declared.

Then Cipriano Castro did a thing that showed the caliber of the man. He issued a decree to his generals to arrest and imprison every Englishman, German, and Italian in Venezuela, to seize and confiscate their property, and, in the event of any mortality resulting from the blockade, to assassinate every one of these prisoners. Scenes of the wildest disorder ensued. Seizures were made of all the resident citizens of the three nations mentioned, and under escort of a lawless soldiery, surrounded by jeering, frenzied mobs, respectable business men of the highest standing were thrown like common felons into the hideous dungeons.

The State Department at Washington should receive due credit for having acted once in its history decisively and with promptness. John Hay, Secretary of State, gave the American minister and consuls in Venezuela peremptory orders by cable to take under their protection the citizens of the three powers named, to raise Old Glory over their stores, warehouses, and residences, and in stern and positive terms to inform Castro, his generals, governors, and local officials that any murder of English, German, or Italian citizens would call for condign punishment at the hands of the United States. Thunders of artillery from the war-ships in the harbors also had a salutary effect on the military rabble. When a German war-ship stood at sea beyond the range of vision and, after a few preliminary shots, knocked Fort San Carlos into smithereens, the awestruck Venezuelans cried "*Caramba!*" and fled.

As illustrative of the character of our ally and protégé at this period, an incident narrated by Stephen Bonsal will bear repe-

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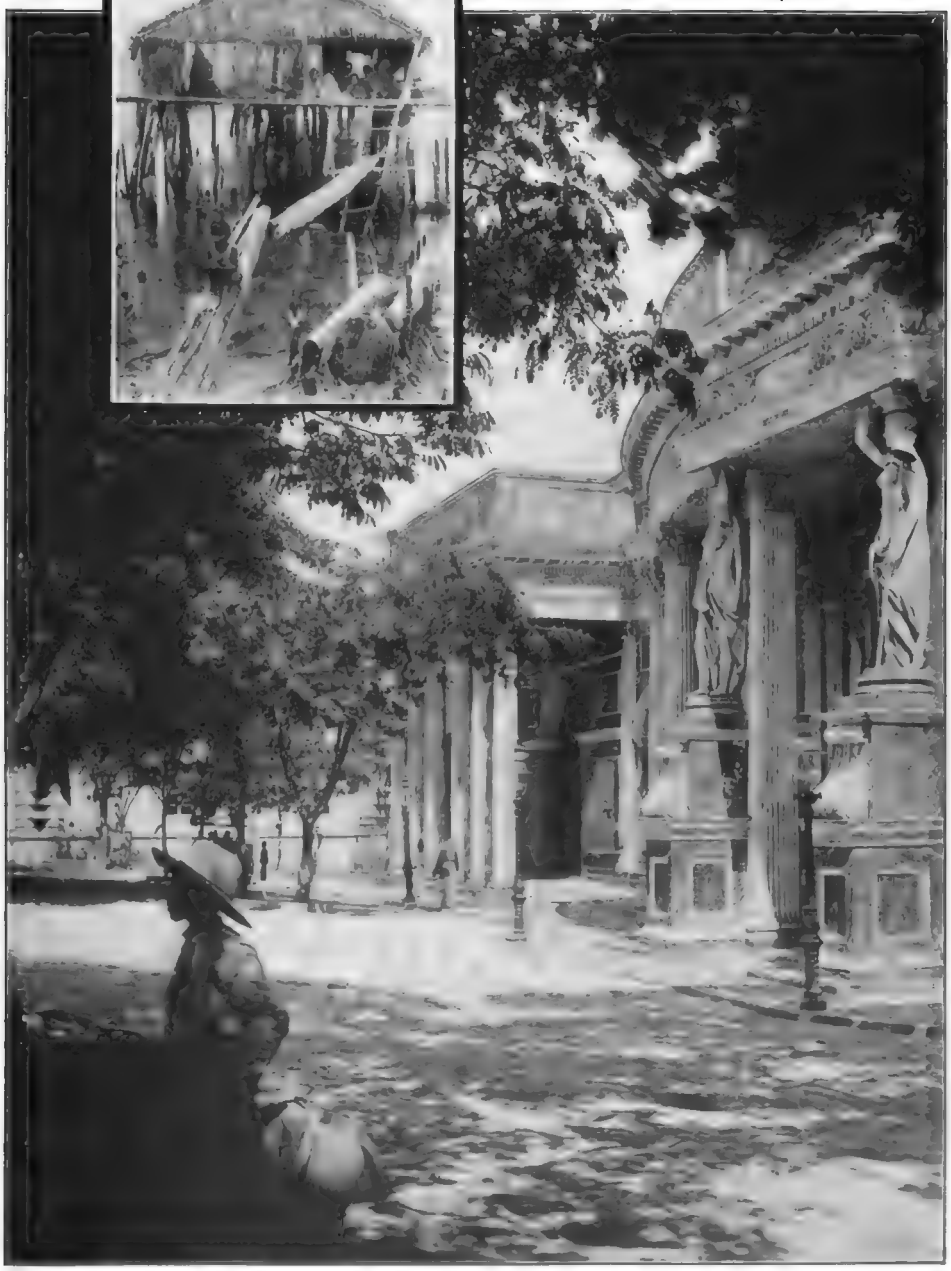
A NATIVE VENEZUELAN'S HOME.



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THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN CARACAS.

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tition. "After years of patient diplomacy," says Mr. Bonsal, "finding all their efforts to obtain justice and reparation for the injuries done their nations of no avail, when I reached Venezuela stern measures of coercion had been adopted by three of the leading world powers. The coast was blockaded, and in the port towns fifty per cent. of the improvident population was already face to face with starvation. In Caracas, generally so opulent, there was also suffering. Not only was the capital cut off from the outside world by the foreign squadrons, but the rich back country, whence provisions are drawn in ordinary times, was

CASTRO'S PALACE BODYGUARD.

in the hands of the revolutionaries. 'Where is Castro?' I asked.

"Well, he was away on a picnic, I learned, at La Victoria. I followed the trail of the dictator down to the orange groves on the border of the Tierra Calienta. There I found him, guarded by his soldiers, surrounded by the 'Yellow House' gang, composed of debauched and dishonored men and outcast women, his only willing associates. It was a sharp transition. I had come from where thousands were starving, to a camp where champagne was flowing like water, where the extravagant saturnalia continued day and night, though only a short distance away lay the unburied bodies of the stolid, ignorant Andinos who had died but a short time before to keep the dictator on his throne."

How the United States aided to keep him there is a well-known matter of history. At the time of the blockade, the revolution of Matos was practically triumphant. It controlled vast sections of Venezuela and had the sympathy of every decent man. Had the blockade continued for a short period, the success of the revolution and the reasonable prospect of good government would have been assured. But through the mediation of the United States, the power that Castro had insulted and now defies, the European nations were induced to withdraw their fleets, and Castro once more became firmly seated in power.

Another way in which the United States was used to further Castro's ends appears in an incident reported, about the time of the blockade, from Ciudad Bolivar on the Orinoco River. General Matos had held this city

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and adjacent territory and had governed it for about a year. Castro had attacked Matos several times and each time had been severely defeated. The wily dictator now decided to use "diplomacy." One fine morning a war-ship, under Castro's orders, steamed up the Orinoco flying the Stars and Stripes. The band was playing American national airs. The populace, not only men, but women and children also, streamed out along the water's edge to greet *el tio* Samuel. Without a moment's warning, Castro's ship hauled down the American flag and opened a broadside of artillery and small arms into the crowd on shore. Hundreds of innocent spectators were murdered. A general engagement followed, and it is said that about fifteen hundred persons lost their lives.

What did the United States do about this insult to the flag?

Nothing.

And the reign of plunder and cruelty went on unchecked.

Among Castro's first acts as dictator was the abolishment of the constitution. A few months afterward, he promulgated a new one, but that did not suit him, so he abolished it, and has since devised two or three others.

One of his next acts was to show the judiciary that abject, blind obedience to the slightest whim of the usurper was the price of its personal safety. For instance: The chief justice of the high federal court, having read Castro's decree that constitutional government had been ushered in, visited the prisons and found a shocking condition of affairs, hundreds of notorious criminals having been turned loose by executive order, and other hundreds of innocent men having been incarcerated without judicial process. When, in view of these facts, he called public attention to the requirements of the constitution, he was seized by General Castro's personal orders, and immured in the dungeon of which he had complained.

As early as February 22, 1901, our minister at that time, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, in a confidential report to the state department at Washington, said:

"Since my residence here I have seen a majority of the members of the Supreme Court arrested, imprisoned, and finally removed from office for intimating that they would not decide a case in the manner desired by the chief executive."

As a free press is not consistent with a reign of graft and tyranny, the military usurper seized the luckless editor who had printed the brief and reserved report of the chief justice referred to, threw him into the same dungeon, and suppressed his publication. More than one Venezuelan editor has since met a similar fate.

It became clear that the terrors of Russian despotism, increased many fold, were to deaden the hearts and stifle the aspirations of all decent men and hold visions of horror before the eyes of all respectable women in this sister "republic" of ours; this land in whose behalf on more than one occasion we have been on the verge of war with all Christendom. *Hundreds of thousands of men and women of high character now lie as helpless under the heel of the dictator as were the reconcentrados in Cuba in the days of "Bloody Weyler."* The streets of Caracas and of every other town within the domains of the "republic" are filled with thousands of pathetic outcasts of humanity, trembling with starvation and disease, bowed down with the weight of injustice; many of them, young as well as old, apparently only living skeletons.

No phase of life is free from surveillance. All telegrams and cablegrams are censored, with a representative of the dictator in charge of every line of communication. All letters are liable to be opened by government officials. A thoughtless word in a private epistle may be carried to Castro with exaggerated importance, and another victim thereby be added to those that have gone before. Even the diplomatic correspondence of the representatives of foreign governments is tampered with by Castro's representatives in the post-office, and every foreign minister in Caracas knows that he must send his communications to his government in his own mail-pouch, carried by his own private messenger to a mail-ship, or they will be placed before the dictator for his perusal.

To enter Venezuela one needs a passport, sealed, with certifications and stamps; to move from one place to another more passports, more consultations with military *jefes;* to board a ship, permission from the local *resguardo*, from the *jefe civil*, and perhaps other functionaries. Everywhere one goes, one is held up by policemen and soldiers and compelled to give an account of oneself. On a dozen different occasions, when I have been walking the streets of Caracas, Valencia, Puerto Cabello, or Maracaybo, my thoughts concentrated on some subject far from the bedevilment of Venezuela, I have been

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brought to my senses by the shout of "*Quién viva?*" and had a Mauser leveled at me. Boston professors, the anti-imperialists, and Mr. J. W. Foster may like this sort of thing, and I may be unduly sensitive, but I must confess that these conditions of uneasiness and this shouting of "*Quién viva?*" finally got on my nerves like the whir of a rattlesnake.

Having thus taken a bird's-eye view of the present conditions in Venezuela and their historical perspective, it will be of interest for us to ascertain to what extent the United States is represented there. A judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in conversation recently with a friend of the writer, stated in a casual way that he supposed there must be at least 25,000 Americans in Venezuela. The truth is that there are not more than twenty-five. To-day there is scarcely a vestige of American interests in the whole country. And in any part except the capital and one or two coast towns an American would be regarded as a curiosity, especially if he were out of jail. The few Americans who now reside there are merely custodians of the remains of destroyed property. It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article adequately to indicate the methods by which this deplorable result has been brought about. As to American investments, Secretary of State Root, in his report to the President published on page 559 of senate document 413, says:

"Notwithstanding the long and unbroken friendship manifested by the United States for Venezuela; notwithstanding the repeated occasions upon which the United States has intervened as a friend in need, to relieve Venezuela from disagreeable and dangerous complications with other foreign powers, . . . the government of Venezuela has within the past few years practically confiscated or destroyed all the substantial property interests of Americans in that country. This has been done sometimes in accordance with the forms of the law and contrary to the spirit of the law; sometimes without even form of law, by one device or another, with the action of the government always hostile to American interests, until of the many millions of dollars invested by American citizens in that country, practically nothing remains."

To-day Castro is a millionaire—the only millionaire in Venezuela.

As a fair illustration of his methods with foreign corporations, the case of the United States & Venezuela Company may be cited. This American concern invested six hundred thousand dollars, gold, in a railroad and other works, on the faith of a contract, every word and syllable of which had been carefully examined by Castro several times and signed by his minister of public works, on his orders, after full and free discussion in his cabinet. When this company's money had given employment to thousands of Venezuelans, made a great river navigable, and opened up a vast and trackless wilderness to settlement, Castro declared invalid the contract that he himself had made, on the ground that it had not the approval of his alleged congress. *Every member of this congress had been appointed by himself, every member of it would have faced imprisonment upon refusal to obey his slightest wish.*

The United States government then called Castro's attention to the following facts: that he was supreme military dictator at the time the contract was signed; that he had been recognized by the United States as the government of Venezuela in virtue of his position at the head of a successful revolution; that for the period during which he was styled "*Jefe Supremo,*" or provisional president, the so-called congress appointed by him had passed a general act of amnesty, or resolution, approving all his actions as such provisional president; and that this general approval included the contract of the United States & Venezuela Company.

To this the dictator replied by claiming that the said contract was unconstitutional. *Yet the constitution had been dictated by himself subsequent to the date of the contract in question.* He then invited the company to test the constitutional question before one of his own tribunals, *every judge of which has been appointed by himself and is under the merciless control of his military.*

As to the record of this company in Venezuela, Mr. W. J. Calhoun, President Roosevelt's special commissioner, reported:

"In Venezuela I heard this company spoken of in the highest terms. There is no scandal and no charge of bad faith in its record. It is an instance where a concession was accepted in good faith and its obligations were fully performed. The contract required that the work contemplated should be commenced within six months and completed within a year. The undertaking was one of such magnitude that no time could be lost; the work was promptly entered upon and com-

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pleted. The company relied upon the fact that the power of the national executive extended over and dominated every department of government, including both legislative and judicial, and it confidently expected the protection of such executive in the maintenance of its contract rights.

"The story told of the construction of this road is a thrilling one. It was built through forests, swamps, and almost impenetrable jungles. The company's representatives spent months in these jungles fighting against malarial fevers, snakes, wild Indians, and overcoming almost insuperable difficulties of one kind and another. It is a story of American courage, indomitable will, and triumphant success. I was also informed upon the most reliable authority that the enterprise proved to be a great help to the section of the country in which it was located. The company employed hundreds of poor people, paid them good wages, established schools, and otherwise contributed to the development and progress of the country. The management kept clear of politics, and although revolutionary forces often invaded the property, the management refused to pay tribute, furnish supplies, or otherwise contribute thereto."

To-day the railroad of this company and its other property, seized on pretexts that Secretary Root in an official report declares to be absurd and flimsy, lie in utter ruin and abandonment. This spoliation is paralleled by the complete destruction of the French railroad extending from the south end of Maracaybo Lake into the coffee district, a distance of more than sixty kilometers. It, too, lies in utter ruin, the property having been seized by Castro for military purposes, the manager shot, the corporation bankrupted, and all reparation denied.

I have in my possession definite data concerning the spoliation of hundreds of foreign citizens and companies by Castro and his creatures, the amount of such confiscations and seizures running into tens of millions of dollars. For this vast and almost unbelievable destruction of foreign property by Castro or the revolutionary chiefs immediately preceding or succeeding him, there has been little or nothing in the way of restitution.

Before the several international commissions that met after the blockade there were presented claims for such restitution in substantially the following number:—American 55, British 76, Belgian 4, French 261, German 73, Italian 377, the Netherlands 30, Spanish 183, besides a considerable number from other foreign countries. Only a fraction of the claims were awarded, and the Venezuelan dictator learned that no risk attached to the seizure or destruction of foreign property or its conversion to his own use. The United States stands between him and punishment.

To look at Castro, one would regard him as the last man in the world to occupy the center of the international stage. In stature he is short. In personal appearance there is little or nothing to suggest the type of man he really is. He left the Andean province that was his home with scarcely the rudiments of an education. He has never been outside of the limits of Venezuela, except on one trip to Curaçao, a little Dutch island off the Venezuelan coast. To him, Caracas was a wonderful revelation, and the change from his mountain hut to the seat of power in the "Yellow House" was one well calculated to make him dizzy. The hordes of camp followers, flatterers, and sycophants that greet every upstart military chief whose star seems to be in the ascendent, soon turned his head.

As he had absolutely no knowledge of the world, his diplomatic dealings with foreign governments assumed much the same tone that he would use with his mule-drivers. He believed, and still believes, that his band of *macheteros* could whip the United States and all civilization. His wife, an estimable person, highly respected by the better class of people in Venezuela, has never attempted to exercise any control over him nor in any wise to concern herself with his doings. In Venezuela, a wife is not supposed to interfere in the affairs of her husband. It was reported, however, *sub rosa*, that Castro's wife on one occasion resented his attentions to other women to such an extent that she shot at him, the ball taking effect in his arm.

At Miraflores, where Castro resides, the visitor will find soldiers everywhere, troops on guard, troops lining the streets leading to the executive mansion, troops in the parlors, the reception rooms, in the patio, and at the dictator's side. As to whether Castro is personally a coward, as were Lopez and Francia, of Paraguay, there are differences of opinion. When there was an earthquake in Caracas, he was so frightened that he ran and jumped from a veranda on the second story, breaking his arm in the fall. He forgot all about his wife and the other members of the household, leaving them to take care of themselves.

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Those who do not belong to the Castro worshipers cite this as an example of personal cowardice, and they also call attention to the fact that he obviously fears assassination, for no one can get into his presence without securing every kind of guarantee from those immediately in his confidence, and running the gauntlet of a long line of soldiery. It may be said for him, however, that in battle he has successfully led his soldiers, so that even though a moral, he probably is not a physical, coward.

Why does not the great mass of the Venezuelan people rise and throw off the yoke? This is a question easy to ask and hard to answer. The same thing might have been asked with reference to Nero, Caligula, Lopez, Rosas of Argentina, and to every tyrant of history. To begin with, local conditions must be understood. For the purpose of analyzing this situation, we may regard Venezuela as being composed of two groups, one comprising the army, together with Castro's political adherents in civil life; and the second composed of the greater part of the population, who at the present time are passive under the despotism.

This second group contains many thousands of excellent families of a high type, native Venezuelans, most of them of pure, or nearly pure, Spanish blood; together with the great mass comprised in the classification of peons. The former division of this group dreads revolutions. It has witnessed scenes of brigandage, it fears the atrocities to be committed on wives and daughters, and it particularly fears to incur the enmity of the reigning dictator and his generals, well knowing the dire consequences and its own utter helplessness.

Those in the second division of this group, the non-criminal portion of the peon class, comprising fishermen, small farmers, and the like, dread military service as they would a pestilence. They never go to war except when seized by the regular soldiers and impressed into service by what are known as the *reclutas*. While the military of Venezuela is well armed and well equipped, the non-military portion is utterly without arms, without organization, devoid of public spirit, and averse to anything in the nature of a revolution. To organize such elements into an effective fighting force, sufficiently strong to overcome the troops of Castro, would be a task difficult, if not impossible.

The foreigners and the respectable citizens of Venezuela can't save themselves; we won't save them; and we warn the rest of the world to keep hands off. *Quién viva?*

Castro the Liberator

By Colvin B. Brown

IT is no easy task that the president of Venezuela is called upon to perform. The rules laid down by governments in other countries cannot be altogether applied here. To understand this one must know something of the country and the people.

Topographically, this South American republic consists of a land area of about 600,000 square miles, drained by more than a thousand rivers. It is an unusually productive and fertile land—a land of the pineapple, banana, cocoanut, and sugar-cane, of coffee and cacao, and the cereals known to the north and south temperate zones. Here are millions of acres of ungrazed pasture-land and other millions of acres of unexplored forest containing the most valuable hard woods, and mines of precious metals awaiting development.

The people who possess this land are endowed with none of the adventurous spirit of the pioneer. They are content with the living that comes with little effort. In the settlements they are, for the most part, of mixed Spanish, Indian, and negro blood. Mulattos, mestizos, and whites mix freely at all social functions, except in the most exclusive society. Simon Bolivar, in his most famous message to the people, said: "There must be no caste on this continent. There is no blood less noble than other blood. All is the same in the sight of God."

It is not to be wondered at that a country so

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rich, possessed by a people so unenterprising, as we Americans understand the term, should offer a constant temptation to the adventurous of other lands. Let us take one or two instances.

Close to the northern coast line of Venezuela are two islands, Trinidad and Curaçao, the one a possession of Great Britain, the other of Holland. Port of Spain, in Trinidad, and Willemstad, in Curaçao, are practically free ports. Every week more cargoes are unloaded at these ports than would be consumed by the inhabitants of the two islands in a year. What becomes of it all? What means this great import of goods so vastly in excess of any possible local demand? Every one there knows the answer. The busy little fleets one sees loading goods at these ports are smugglers. Venezuela has had no money to build and maintain a fleet of sufficient size to patrol her two thousand miles of coast line. As a result, she loses fully one half of her duties on imports.

Some years ago German capitalists obtained a concession to build a railroad from Caracas to Valencia. Venezuela very much wanted this road built, and guaranteed six per cent. on the cost. The construction cost of the road was so great that it is doubtful if it would pay even if built through the heart of Pennsylvania. The Germans declare that a bargain is a bargain, and demand of the Venezuelans that they live up to their contract and pay interest as agreed, no matter how great the hardship. The Venezuelans claim that the cost of the road was enormously in excess of what it should have been, and that this cost was purposely increased in order to get the six per cent., which the German considers a very good rental for his money.

As a result of this sort of thing, the Venezuelan's idea of a foreigner is that he is a spoilsman; that he comes with the single purpose of getting the last centavo out of any enterprise in which he may engage; that he has no respect for the laws or customs of the country, and that he will stop at nothing to gain his ends, even at fomenting and aiding revolution.

And it must be borne in mind that revolutions have checked progress in Venezuela even more than the lassitude of the people, smuggling fleets, monopolistic concessions, or grafting presidents. In seventy years there have been seventy-six revolutions. For sixty of these years two armies were almost continuously in the field, contending for the supremacy of ambitious leaders and the control, through them, of the government. The death rate has been enormous—at times far in excess of the birth rate. For this reason Venezuela shows a decrease in population during the past fifty years. It must be evident, therefore, that Venezuela can never prosper until the permanency of peace is assured, and that her one great need has been a ruler who could give her this assurance. The ethics, culture, ancestry of the man are of little moment.

With this essential in mind, let us consider the president now governing Venezuela.

Cipriano Castro is the first mountaineer president the Venezuelans have ever had, and it is natural that he would be misunderstood at Caracas. His father was an Indian, and the father's physical characteristics have been impressed upon the son, most noticeably in the straight black hair and the swarthy skin. All his years he has lived in the open. He rides a horse like a Western cowboy. He is forceful, aggressive, stubborn, quick to anger, and of unquestioned courage. In 1897, while serving as a member of the Venezuelan legislature, Castro was of great assistance to Andrade in securing the presidency, and for this expected to be rewarded with some high office. Instead, he was completely ignored. Whereupon he declared that he would return to Caracas at the head of an army and be made president. Two years later, in the fall of 1899, he fulfilled his promise.

The president of Venezuela has always been supreme ruler, and Castro is no exception. He realizes that the prosperity of his country depends on peace as the very first and most important requisite, and when the Matos rebellion broke out he threw himself into the fight like a demon, destroying the rebellion root and branch. Since then there have been no revolutions, for political agitators and would-be presidents have learned to fear the man.

Castro's firmness of character is indicated in a recent incident. When he was lying sick almost unto death, word was brought to him that General Paredo had landed with the intention of starting a revolution. Castro gave orders to General Zapato to proceed at once to the capture of the rebel and his followers. A few days later, Doctor Ravenga, secretary general, walked into Castro's bedchamber and reported that Paredo and sixteen officers, two of whom were Americans, had been apprehended. Without turning his head upon the pillow, the sick

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man gave the order to have the prisoners shot.

Dr. Ravenga feared to carry out this order, but he also feared Castro, notwithstanding they were close friends. In this quandary he went to Castro's wife, Doña Zuila. Castro's official family always go to her when they want a deviation from the president's orders. They never try to bend the iron will of the man by a request, nor even a suggestion, conveyed personally. Ravenga explained to Doña Zuila that there were two Americans in the group of officers her husband had ordered shot, and that the American minister had entered a protest; that as Castro was lying dangerously ill, it would be almost suicidal to perform an act that might give his enemies an opening. Doña Zuila carried the message, and the president dictated the following reply: "Tell Ravenga to wire immediately as instructed and to bring me a reply telegram from Zapato stating that my orders have been carried out. We will explain afterward." The orders were carried out.

These men who were shot had been caught with arms in their hands. They had been seeking to foment a revolution with a view to overthrowing the government, and Castro wanted to make an example that would be a warning to all like offenders. The people of Venezuela are masters at intrigue and diplomacy, and Castro realizes that there are hundreds of men within the country and other hundreds on the islands of Curaçao and Trinidad who are constantly plotting for his overthrow. He also understands that only punishment by death will serve as a warning for such as these.

But there is a softer side to Castro's character. Not long since, during a presidential reception, one of the president's aides consented to introduce the daughters of a man who was in prison for plotting against the government. The two young women came along in line, and were about to be passed on with the others when the aide whispered their names to the president, and said that they would like a few words with him. Castro at once asked what they wished, and in reply they said that their mother was ill and their father in jail, and begged that he might be liberated. The father was known to Castro to be one of the most dangerous men in the republic, but without hesitation he seized a sheet of paper and wrote and signed an order of release.

Castro's model is President Diaz of Mexico. He often refers to what the American newspapers had to say against Diaz when he rose to power in Mexico, twenty-five years ago. and quotes his own as a parallel case. He considers his problem harder than that which Diaz had to solve, for the reason that his people are more apt at intrigue than the Mexicans, more skilled in politics and diplomacy, and fonder of power.

Many of those who believe themselves familiar with the details of what are known as the Venezuelan claims express surprise that this country ever gave them serious consideration. Take, for instance, the claim of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company. This company owned very rich asphalt deposits at Carupano, in the state of Bermudez. They had built a railroad from the pitch lake to the sea and were shipping as high as twenty-five hundred tons of asphalt monthly. After Castro had suppressed the Matos rebellion he turned his attention to those who had aided and abetted it. He charged the asphalt company with being one of these. He asked for and obtained the appointment of a commission to sit in the United States and take testimony. The commission met in New York, and during the course of the investigation General Green, president of the company, admitted on the witness stand that he had outfitted the steamer Ben Rye with munitions of war and dispatched it to Fort de France, Martinique, where the cannon were taken out of the hold, and mounted on deck. When the English crew found that the ship was a privateer they deserted, and a battle crew of two hundred Martinique negroes was engaged and sent into Venezuelan waters to help the revolutionists. It is believed by many that had the English crew remained with the ship, the Matos revolution might have been a success.

Upon the information received in the taking of testimony in the American Court of Commission, Castro brought suit in the courts of Venezuela, and obtained judgment for damages in the sum of $5,000,000. Castro does not consider this fine excessive in view of the fact that this company was convicted of financing a revolution that cost many lives and large sums of money, and was directed against a government from which the company was enjoying valuable special privileges. The fine has not been paid, but when it is the asphalt company can enter into and take possession of its property. In the meantime the Venezuelan government is working the mines, and the price of asphalt has come down one half.

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What the asphalt company hopes for is that the United States will interfere and make the government of Venezuela restore the property and pay damages for its seizure. In this connection it may be well to state that, as far as Venezuela is concerned, the asphalt case is closed unless the fine is paid. Any interference on the part of this country would mean war; and war with Venezuela might not result in such a quick and easy victory as almost every one here seems to think. Castro is the strongest man in South America to-day. His defiance of foreign powers has made his name a household word throughout the southern continent. War with the United States would probably mean a coalition with Venezuela of several of her sister republics; for there is a general feeling that the United States has designs—though more or less uncertain and undefined—upon these republics. A blow struck at Venezuela might kindle the flame of war throughout more than half the continent.

Another case: A man named Jaurett, who claims to be an American citizen but who is said by the Venezuelans to be a Frenchman, was expelled from the country by Castro, with an insufficient allowance of time in which to arrange his affairs. For this he wants damages. When Jaurett was arrested, papers were found in his possession indicating very pointedly that he was acting as agent in the fomenting of a revolution. It was also found that Mr. Jaurett was editor and proprietor of an English newspaper in Caracas and that he had acted as Caracas correspondent for several New York and London newspapers, regardless of a Venezuelan law which says that "Resident and transient foreigners who edit newspapers or write about the exterior or interior politics of the country in any newspaper shall be immediately expelled from the territory of the republic." Had Jaurett been caught with arms he would have been shot; but he was found to be merely an intriguer, and so he was told to get out of the country "immediately," in accordance with the wording of the law in the case, and to stay out. He wants the government of the United States to help him collect damages.

Lack of ready money has greatly hampered Castro in carrying out the many internal improvements he has planned; but notwithstanding this his term of office has been far from barren of results. Peace has been established; roads have been built in many parts of the republic; lepers have been concentrated in an asylum in La Guayra. A national theatre has been erected at the capital. There has been an entire reorganization of the civil service, into which Castro has injected his energetic personality. Telegraph lines have been built throughout the republic, and every day at noon Castro receives a telegram from the governor of every state. A military academy that would be a credit to any state in the United States has been built at Caracas; Venezuelan youths are also being sent to West Point; forts at La Guayra have been equipped with modern guns. For the first time the men of the army and the navy are well armed and clothed; a coast patrol has been established that bids fair to do away with smuggling and thereby restore to Venezuela her customs revenues; all transshipping must now be done at Puerto Cabello or Pampatar on the Venezuelan coast, and no schooners are allowed to land from Willemstad or Port of Spain. (This applies even to the Red D line of American steamers, which has so long carried on trade between the United States and Venezuela.) Finally, Caracas is said to have become one of the best-policed cities in the world.

Cipriano Castro has been a much-maligned man. It is his ambition to rule his country well, according to his lights, to keep it free from internal turmoil, to open it up to foreign investors when it is thoroughly pacified, and to pass it on to a strong successor when the time comes. In this work he has been sorely hampered by the powerful enemies he has made at home and abroad by reason of his iron rule, a rule that the circumstances have fully warranted. It is the opinion of the writer that the greatest harm that could come to Venezuela would be a revolution that would overthrow Castro before his work is finished. This opinion is shared by leading citizens of Venezuela, who believe that this half-breed Indian cares more for the welfare of his country than he does for worldly pelf, and that if he is allowed to carry out his ideas Venezuela will become the first power in Spanish America, with a chance of rivaling the Argentine.

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THE THIEF

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

Author of "An April Princess," "For Heart o' Gold," etc.

Illustrations by Franklin Booth

THE afternoon sunlight filtered between the tops of the opposite houses, and sent one or two wandering beams into a fourth-story room in a dispirited attempt to brighten it. It was a typical London office; a drab-colored wall-paper on which sprawled pink flowers of an unknown genus was the only attempt at decoration. The mantel-piece supported a row of ledgers. Black tin boxes lined the recesses. Tables and desk were piled with files of papers, from which the desk-telephone rose like a miniature lighthouse.

Its occupant was as unattractive as the room. He had been sitting at the desk for some time, occupied and heavy. In spite of his achievements, Joshua Chubb was not an imposing person. His indeterminate mustache and scanty hair gave him a mild, inoffensive look that was completed by his washed-out coloring and the bowed shoulders, evidence of a sedentary life. The casual observer might miss the dogged force that showed in brow and jaw. One does not rise from retailing hardware goods to the proud position of a merchant prince, commanding factories, without that quality.

There was a compression of the pasty lips now that bespoke determination, as Joshua Chubb sat and brooded. He had the habit of achieving his ambitions, however impossibly remote they seemed. Yet there are some things that may be beyond the most determined man's power of capture; one of these is a girl's fancy.

Joshua Chubb had had no time for romance in his industrious youth. Perhaps that was why his surrender was so sudden and preposterous in middle age. A girl's face had come between him and his account books, and for its possession he had deliberately set on one side the duties of his provincial citizenship, had struck his tent, and carried his ardent self to London to begin at the bottom of the climbers' ladder. It was a long ladder that led from Councilor Joshua Chubb to the Honorable Phyllis Chisholm, as long as the distance between the Birmingham Council-House and the Covent Garden Opera foyer, where the pure child-face, surmounted by its coronal of golden hair, had first drifted across his bewildered vision. He discovered who she was before he left the opera-house; the discovery did not deter him from pursuit. Other men, as awkward and unversed in the ways of society as himself, had pushed into the rarefied air where Miss Phyllis Chisholm and her kind disported. With infinite resolution Joshua started to push, too.

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A year's incessant toiling had brought him gradually nearer to the goal of his desire. After haunting Miss Chisholm's presence with a pertinacity that was unconscious of rebuff, he had tracked her down at the most expensive charity fête of the season, and by dint of spending prodigally had won favor at the flower-stall at which Miss Chisholm was the prettiest feature. The smiles that the afternoon had gained for him emboldened him to approach her that night when they met at another equally imposing function. Infinite ingenuity had contrived a tête-à-tête with her. He had utilized it promptly by proposing. Miss Chisholm's emphatic refusal had been permeated with a contempt that even now set his sluggish blood tingling.

And yet Joshua Chubb was not deterred one iota from his purpose. Miss Chisholm was poor, as society counts "poor"; she was as yet the property of no other man. Wherefore Joshua Chubb sat before his desk, and spun vain imaginings. He had not done a stroke of work since lunch.

That he held his dreams important was shown by the start of irritation he gave when the door opened. He had turned, indeed, with sharp reproof upon his lips, reproof that died voiceless as he sat staring at the card that the clerk had placed upon his desk.

For he had neared his goal by another step —rather, a bewildering, mighty leap, the unexpectedness and magnitude of which almost overpowered him. Miss Chisholm's name looked up at him.

"I told her you saw people only by appointment, sir, but she said you would see her."

"Show her in."

The clerk withdrew. Chubb was left to collect his dizzied faculties. Miss Chisholm would be with him in a moment. Not only would they be alone together—a fact of sufficient significance in itself—but she had sought him out. She had left the flower-filled parks and squares and had adventured into the sordid City with its never-ending roar and traffic. She had sought him, Joshua Chubb: she, the intangible will-o'-the-wisp whom he had pursued so hopelessly this weary year. He had controlled himself by the time the door reopened, and rose to meet her with a matter-of-fact stolidity. She came forward with a somewhat embarrassed air in spite of her natural self-possession.

"I hope you aren't very busy, Mr. Chubb. I won't keep you long. It—it was urgently important that I should see you."

Chubb returned to the desk, watching her with ever-fresh amazement at her subtle elegance. Every movement was a revelation: the poise of her well-tournured head, the slope of her hat, the indescribable froth of filmy frills that showed when she crossed one silk-clad foot over the other and held her parasol across her knee in an assumption of business-like composure.

And her face! Exquisite as a wild-rose petal, it tilted toward him with its proud curve from ear to chin, its fine small nose, and softly molded mouth.

There were many girls as pretty as Phyllis Chisholm, many prettier than she; thousands as carefully attired; but to Joshua Chubb the mere attributes of her clan were a distinguishing hall-mark, setting her apart from other women.

Though Miss Chisholm's business was so important, she did not seem in a hurry to state it. Her hands played uneasily with the parasol; her gaze wandered round the room as if in search of an object of distraction.

"How busy this room looks! You are sure you aren't too rushed to spare a little time?"

"The whole afternoon's at your disposal if you wish it."

"Oh, no, I shall have to go at once, almost at once." The words came feverishly; the girl's face was flushed. Her bosom rose and fell in patent agitation. A noise was humming through her ears, a dull, monotonous murmur that was in some way connected with the difficulty she experienced in breathing. She forced herself to look at the man fronting her. His unspeakably commonplace appearance made her task at once more easy—and more hateful. If she looked at him much longer, she could not do it.

She had conquered her pride and prejudices sufficiently to come to his office. Now she was here, it was absurd to hesitate. There came a hardening of the delicate features. When one is deliberately committing suicide, it is best to take the plunge with the loss of as little time as possible. She forced the words from her parched lips:

"You asked me to marry you, last week."

The words reverberated through the silence. She could not look at his dull face. Her eyes were nearly closed. Now that her intention stood revealed in all its glaring nakedness, her spirit failed her. Oh, lamentably it failed her. If only an earthquake would have sent a friendly shock and engulfed

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her, or a fire burst out and consumed her, there, that moment, before the dreaded provincial burr could answer!

Nature, however, is sparing with her cataclysms. Nothing happened. The answer for which she waited came.

If it were slow in coming, it must be remembered that great joy is as paralyzing as great horror. Now that Miss Chisholm was within his reach she seemed more unattainable than even on that first night when she had sat a thousand miles away from him—though only a few yards separated his seat in the balcony from her box. But there she was part of a social structure that might be surmounted. Here she was herself, of transcendental fairyness, immeasurably aloof from earth's sordidity.

But the fact that she was here could mean only the one stupendous fact. She needed him in some way, needed him so desperately that she could not wait to summon him to her presence. She had come to offer—herself!

Was there ever such a perversion of all that was fit and natural!

"Yes, Miss Chisholm. The offer still stands."

Fortunately for himself, his voice gave no evidence of his emotion. Its composed accents helped the girl. He treated her errand as a matter of business. She must view it in the same light.

"I will accept it."

Miss Chisholm had not such a training in repression for her aid. In spite of herself her accents faltered, somewhat faintly. But she had spoken the words.

There was a terrible little silence. A gleam of fire had leaped into the man's eyes; an unbecoming flush suffused his face. He was an imaginative man for all his grayness, and he was realizing what her words meant. His instinct, however, was very sensitive; he knew he must not frighten her. He spoke with intuition:

"That's very good of you. You know how grateful I shall be."

The girl was standing. Her gown floated diaphanously about her. A plumy hat of feathery lightness shaded the spun-gold hair and rose-leaf face, now pale and tense. She threw her head back with a sudden jerk and blurted out what she had come for:

"If I were in trouble—you—you would help me, wouldn't you?"

A rush of pity struck at the man's heart. She was in sore need. It was written in her intensity. And she had come to him!

"Of course."

"I knew you would. I want one hundred pounds—now—this moment."

He had guessed she wanted money; but he could give it her. There lay his glory and his triumph. She had come to him in her despair; she would come to him again and again, certain always of his generosity. No other man should give as he would give.

Never in his life had Joshua Chubb felt such pride in his millions. They could purchase him his heart's desire. Spent recklessly, extravagantly, goldenly, they should in time win her gratitude and her absolute dependence on him. . . . Who knows! her love might come.

He drew his check-book toward him as a wizard might draw his talisman. She had come for money! That was the one thing he could give her—and in what abundance! A hundred! It was nothing. There was the pity of it. It was so small a sum.

"Made payable to yourself?"

"No! Not a check! There isn't time."

Her tone caught his ear; he held his pen

HE STRUCK HIS TENT AND CARRIED HIS ARDENT SELF TO LONDON.

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arrested in mid-air. She felt the change of atmosphere. She spoke with feverish haste:

"The banks close at four. It's ten minutes to, now. I can't possibly get down in time to change it. I must have it in cash. Gold —silver—lots of silver—and some coppers—not many, but a few. And one or two five-pound notes. I think there were three."

She had put her hand to her forehead, pressing it in desperate pursuit of memory, so did not see suspicion creeping like a cold gray snake into the eyes of the man who watched her. This was a strange debt she wished to pay!

"Why do you want it in cash?"

She was losing her self-control.

"That doesn't matter."

The caution that had helped in the winning of his millions showed itself; also the obstinacy his opponents had encountered.

"Excuse me. It matters so much that I don't send to the bank without knowing the reason!"

"It will be too late!" The girl's eyes were fixed upon the clock. Its ticking mocked her. Every tick meant a second nearer to—discovery!

The man's phlegm increased proportionately to the girl's agitation. He sat still in his chair; his gray eyes fixed on her, his pale face heavy and judicial in expression. Something was wrong, very badly wrong. There was fear in Miss Chisholm's countenance.

"I have told you I will give it you if you will tell me your reason."

When it is a question of a bitter draft or immediate dissolution, one does not hesitate. Miss Chisholm was very white, but her enunciation was singularly distinct:

"The bazaar committee meets at five. I have to pay it back to them."

The receiver of the telephone was off, Mr. Chubb was giving directions. Miss Chisholm heard them as in a dream. She was conscious of a sense of infinite relief, which was yet overpressed with an insufferable horror. She had bought relief with a double price.

"It will be here in ten minutes."

She woke to the perception that Chubb was addressing her. It was necessary to say something: thanks, explanation.

Her voice had lost its confidence. "I don't know how I can thank you. I only knew today that it was to come up at committee. No one's told me a word. It shows up one's friends, doesn't it? I overheard at my club, quite by accident; of course it's a woman who's doing it all. I don't know how I could have been so stupid! I simply can't think."

She clasped her hands together with an anguished little gesture. She looked more childish than ever, as she sat there in her fragile, expensive prettiness. She had to justify herself for the sake of her own pride; she could not bear to think of the common creature opposite judging her. Besides, it was a relief to speak. It stopped thought.

"I had lost a lot to her at bridge. I'm sure she cheats. No one could have the luck that she has! I could have paid, if she would have been decent enough to wait; but she's a perfect fiend. She's always been jealous of me because of Re—my cousin. She thought she could show me up before him. Oh, she is *low*. And she's on the bazaar committee. I've paid her, and she couldn't attack me any more about the bridge debt; so this is her revenge. Oh, how could I have done it; how could I! I must have been mad."

"You took a hundred?"

The girl winced.

"N — no, at least — every one's awfully careless at bazaars. I didn't mean to take it. I'd stuffed a heap into that little bag I carried; it hung to my belt, and when I paid in I never thought of it. I found it when I got home. I suppose I ought to have sent it up to Mrs. Capper—I know I ought—but there was another letter waiting from that woman and the money was staring from the table; and I'd paid in—no one had said anything—why couldn't Mrs. Capper have said it was too little at the time? But she thanked me; no one would have suspected if I hadn't paid my debt straight off. Oh, I was a *fool!*"

"You say the bazaar committee meets today? To consider the matter?"

"No. It's a meeting to receive the accounts, but this woman was going to bring the question up. Now I shall spike her guns; I'll send down the bag to Mrs. Capper, and say my maid's just found it. Thank God! Oh, I'm so grateful. If you hadn't given it——"

She closed her eyes, and swayed slightly, shuddering. "But you have! You have! No one will ever know. Oh, I am grateful, I am grateful! I will keep my word. I'll tell people I'm engaged to you. You can send it to the papers. I'll live with you—in Birmingham. You won't find—that I sha'n't keep my word."

And yet the horror of the prospect was so apparent that the most insensitive man could

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WHERE THE PURE CHILD-FACE HAD FIRST DRIFTED ACROSS HIS BEWILDERED VISION.

not have heard her promises with satisfaction. Chubb was keenly sensitive.

Feeling seldom penetrated the outside crust of clumsiness with which nature had surrounded a strong and honorable soul. Even now, in his surpassing bitterness, his voice was blunt and flectionless:

"There's one thing I can't understand. You show pretty plainly what you think of me—or rather what you feel toward me. I've nothing to do with you. I know you've heaps of friends—moneyed friends—to whom a hundred would be a mere fleabite. There's the aunt you live with——"

"She'd—talk!"

Again Miss Chisholm's face had blanched with terror at the thought. Her words came with difficulty:

"I couldn't trust her."

Suspicion reared its head, uglily. There was some reason lurking behind her appeal to him. The more he looked upon her loveliness, the more bitterly he realized that there must be a hundred men of her own class—her friends and intimates—who would have been only too glad to lend her the paltry sum required. Why had she chosen so to immolate herself—to come and beg from him, a man whom she despised and shuddered from? The glory of the triumph was departing. Somehow he did not feel it was a triumph now. Only an ugly mystery that he must unravel.

"But there are others—other men."

"They all know Rex."

Miss Chisholm was only twenty, and was not yet versed in the arts of concealment. The shame of her downfall swept over her in waves, submerging prudence. There was only one thought dominating her whole heart: Rex must not know! For that reason she had come for help to this queer stray from a far-off world. He would carry her away and bury her in the morass of his dull provincial city, away from all the gleam and radiance of life, away from all the warmth and love and joy in which for two short seasons she had radiantly disported. But better that than——

Anger seized her at the man's stupidity that could not realize how inevitable her step had been. Did he not understand his remoteness from her world? The sureness of burial—burial of her and all her sins—with him? We have said that Miss Chisholm was not practised in diplomacy. She was young; and youth seldom realizes that other people can feel, too. Its own emotions are so poignant; its egotism is so all-embracing.

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The girl was eaten up with shame; the whole world held nothing but her tragedy. And this man who must play a part in it sat still in stupid incomprehension of the inevitableness of the climax.

"Oh, *can't* you understand!" She thumped a small, clenched hand upon the desk-top, unconscious in her misery. "You're not in our world. You don't know us; you come from *Birmingham!* Of course I've friends who'd lend it me, but they all know the woman; they'd guess at once. And if I confessed and made them promise—well, they wouldn't mean to tell, but temptation would surround them. Things like that get out so easily. I couldn't be *sure.*"

"But you say people are talking?"

"Yes. But it's only gossip now. Rex wouldn't believe gossip. He loves me—loves me—loves me! He'll be furious with the scandalmongers. He'll be furious with the woman. And oh, he'll still believe me. That's all I care about. He would have lent it me—why, we were to have been married in the autumn—but he would have known. I couldn't bear that. I'd rather lose him than his belief. Oh, it's worth marrying—even you!"

"Was there no one else?"

The cynicism in the man's voice did not strike her. She was too tragically in earnest.

"No. There was no other way. I'd thought of making an end to myself. But it would have made the scandal so much worse; more definite. I think Rex would have minded that much more than this. It's quite respectable to marry you. He'll just think me faithless. Heaps of women are that. He'll be angry, but it won't hurt him—you don't think it will hurt him as much? I can't think. My brain's tired. I've cried so."

Her pride had vanished, swept away in the desolation that consumed her. The pasty-faced man who sat and stared at her was only a puppet, something that belonged to the *mise en scène* around her. Tears were streaming down her cheeks; she wept with utter abandon, oblivious of everything but her grief.

She had to renounce all she loved; to immolate herself; to step from paradise into ugliness and horror; to give herself to Joshua Chubb.

Pasty-faced nonentities have feelings, too, however; feelings that ravage their dull bodies fiercely. A fire of jealousy rushed over Chubb, lit by his pride and his love alike. For all his insignificant appearance he was a man, and a man of force and power. The poorest weakling cannot help but wince at the scorn of the woman he has set his puny heart upon; when a man of Joshua Chubb's caliber is made light of, woe be to the woman who shows she holds him of so small account.

His manhood rose up in revolt. It was stronger than his passion. How could such worship as his had been satisfy itself with the mere gratification of desire? He had built a temple of his every ideal, to shelter and do honor to the object of his passion; and behold, his idol had proved false, and the ideals had collapsed and crumbled in her presence. Yet from their ruin she still dared to mock at him and scorn his worship, she who had proved false!

The brute instinct that lies in all men who are men leaped up within the heart of Joshua Chubb, the instinct that cried to him to prove his might and turn and rend the prey that flouted him.

Something rose up in his throat, making his accents husky. His hand was trembling on the desk.

"One moment. You're doing all the talking. I've something to say. It may be worth your while to marry—even me; but what about me? Suppose I've a prejudice in favor of an honest woman for my wife? Suppose I jib—as any of your fine friends would—as your cousin would—at a thief?"

"A thief!"

The girl was standing staring at him. He had forced himself upon her plane of vision. She stared at him as at some monstrous object that had suddenly obtruded itself to the obscuring of all else.

"A thief! A woman who takes the thanks of the public and its charity, and pinches her friends' money to pay her gambling debts. My five-pound note wasn't too dirty for your dainty fingers. And you come and offer yourself to me as if you still conferred an honor! Oh, it's all right, I'll pay the money; but I pay it as the price of my escape."

Hard words; but they were dealing with hard facts. There are certain bare, elemental situations in which society's refinements slip away and polished cruelty meets its match in the coarse outburst of an anguished brute:

"You won't—take—me?"

"Take you! You——"

The door had opened. The word stopped

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—fortunately stopped—on the man's lips. There are certain things no woman could forget. Joshua Chubb was spared the bitterness of remembrance that might have been his portion had his clerk not entered at that moment.

He bore the money sent up from the bank and laid it on Chubb's desk; then withdrew, closing the door behind him.

The moment's interval gave the man a chance to recover his self-control. He picked up the bag of money and half threw it across the table toward the girl.

"There you are. Take it and go."

"I can't—now——!"

The girl stood motionless, still staring at him wide-eyed, white-lipped, helpless.

"What d'yer mean?"

He spoke with savage roughness. The sight of her struck to his heart.

"Why, just that. That I can't take it. You say you don't want me. So I've nothing—to give you—in exchange!"

"But the scandal?"

"I must face it."

Phyllis Chisholm's father had died in action. She looked oddly like him as she fumbled rather falteringly for her parasol. The childish eyes were wide with a sick fear, and yet unalterable resignation lit them. She must face the fire.

"Wait. Wait. Your cousin will know!"

"Yes."

"There's the money. I promised it to you."

"Yes; when you thought me fit to be your wife. What do you call it? False pretenses. I've stolen once, but I'm not a thief. I should be stealing your promise if I did not give it back to you. It was only that I didn't think—I didn't understand."

With a little sob she turned toward the door, groping for the handle.

Suddenly her way was barred. Joshua Chubb stood against the door.

"Steady on!"

His voice was husky still, but he was not ridiculous. Thank God, there are moments when humanity breaks forth alive and palpitating, and man-made conventions shrivel up and show themselves for the poor ashes that they are. In those moments, God gives all men dignity.

"You'll take that money. You owe it me to take it. You owe it me."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. Look here. You and your set think of me as an aspiring bounder, if you ever think at all. I am not that. I'm only a man—in love. I fell in love with you on sight. I saw you at the opera, the first time I ever went there. I'd come up to London on a business trip and I thought I'd see what it was like; and I saw you. There's nothing to say except that I fell in love—as any young fool might have done—as

"SUPPOSE I LIE—AS ANY OF YOUR FINE FRIENDS WOULD—AT A THIEF?"

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lots have, I make no doubt! Only I'm used to going for what I want, and getting it. There I was, a rich man, a councilor, a governor of the General Hospital, one of Birmingham's leading men; and as far removed from you and your world as if I'd been a crossing-sweeper. But I'd money. Money had helped other people to get near such as you. It helped me. I worked hard. Charities—politics—grease for titled palms—there

"Me? Why, you're *pitying* me That's something to go back with. I didn't tell you for that. I didn't hope for that. I only wanted to make it possible for you to let me help you. I thought you'd despise me more. Now . . . you're pitying me. Go while I can remember that look in your eyes. Don't stop—to realize again how far I am from you."

The man went a step forward, past her, as if he would remove his ungainly body from

"I'LL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU ALL MY LIFE."

was nothing I didn't stoop to. But I got in! Within speaking distance of you. Taking it all in all, I reckon the last year's cost me something like fifty thousand pounds—oh, more than that—a good deal more; and what have I got for it? I've climbed from your indifference to your contempt. That's all. Now—in return for all I've spent to get near you—in return for all I've given up—you take this paltry hundred pounds, and let me feel I've been of service to you. I don't want anything else——"

"I will marry you, if you want me."

"Oh, Lord, Lord! If I want you? Want you! But I want you to be happy first. Take it. Stop their chattering tongues. Don't stop to argue!"

"Yes, but what of you?"

Youth had realized at last; the woman in her realized. With a little anguished cry, she turned to him, clasping her hands in pity of his love.

her sight. He was recalled by the touch of a hot little hand, clasping his.

"I will take it. I'll be grateful to you all my life. How can you forgive me for being so small and blind? Oh, please let me say thank you."

Chubb took up the bag and placed it in her hands. His emotion was under control, but his new dignity was still around him.

"Take it, my dear," said he, "or you'll be late! And be happy!"

"A thief—happy?"

"You aren't a thief. You're only a child who was driven into a corner and stretched a hand out blindly in self-defense—as you said—not realizing. When you realized, you acted straight enough. You came to buy the money with yourself. I was a brute to you. I can't forgive myself——"

He broke off suddenly. The tear-washed little face would have softened a harder heart than Joshua Chubb's.

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"I was a brute," he repeated hoarsely. "But when one's underneath the lash one strikes out, not knowing, nor caring . . . There . . . You came to bury yourself. Bury your mistake. Leave it with me. You can trust it to me, can't you? Leave it and go free, back to your world and the cousin who loves you—loves you—loves you. Don't tell him yet; he's only a boy. Wait till you've lived together and he knows you. Promise me that to show that you've forgiven me!"

"I have nothing to forgive. I deserved everything you said. Only you do understand I didn't *mean* to steal?" she asked.

Joshua Chubb nodded. He could not trust himself to speak.

Soon—very soon—the door had closed and she was gone.

He stood for a little space in the room from which the sunlight had long since departed; then he returned to his old seat and drew his neglected letters to him.

It was difficult to bring his thoughts to bear on them. His desire had been within his grasp. Yet sometimes one gains more in losing than in keeping.

From the Housetop

By ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

THE sullen city smoulders like a torch,
White-hot the listless streets while man and brute
Plod wearily their destined round of toil.
The lips of "Jocund Day" are dry and mute.
But ah, the Night! At set of burning sun
The cool stars steal forth softly, one by one.

Across the housetops from the cool gray seas
A wind of comfort thrills the tired town.
Pale mothers, with their babies on their knees,
Lean on the rusty roof-tops, looking down
On little faces, fragile, pinched, and white,
Yet kissed to slumber by the lips of Night.

Sordid and ugly, dull, prosaic, drear,
The summer days drag heavily and slow
In city places: where the brook runs clear
In magic woodlands, where lone rivers flow,
There lurks the heart of Beauty and Delight!
But still we city-dwellers have our Night!

Not even yellow sands, where flings the tide,
Nor stately, velvet-mantled mountain crest
May wear the robe of Beauty with more pride
Than does Manhattan in her hours of rest.
Beneath her stars, her bridges lined in light,
Sovereign of Seas, she's throned and crowned by Night!

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The Law of the Killed and Wounded*

By WILLIAM HARD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On broadly human lines this article should interest every citizen. On economic lines it should interest every employer of labor. It is not intended to arraign a class, nor to array one set of our people against another. It is rather to demonstrate where a great, heartbreaking waste can be minimized to the physical and financial benefit of all. Congress and the President have failed, so far, in their efforts to safeguard the man who works, and the companies for whom men work, and, above all, the women and children who are dependent. But earnest men will continue to fight, with the certainty that when the evil and the remedy both are known, all classes will rally in support of the remedy. Mr. Hard points the way, clearly, and without prejudice.

FOR the agony of the crushed arm, for the torment of the scorched body, for the delirium of terror in the fall through endless hollow squares of steel beams down to the death-delaying construction planks of the rising skyscraper, for the thirst in the night in the hospital, for the sinking qualms of the march to the operating-table, for the perpetual ghostly consciousness of the missing limb—for these things and for the whole hideous host of things like them, following upon the half million accidents that happen to American workmen every year, there can be no compensation.

Nor can there be compensation for what follows the telling of the tale by some fellow-workman at the door of his stricken comrade's home. There can be no compensation for the stretching out of a woman's hand, in search of support, against the door's swinging edge. That gesture cannot be paid for. And payment is beyond human power for the emptiness of a father's chair while the girl that was a baby is growing up to be a young woman among young men.

When we speak of "workmen's compensation for accidents," when we say that it has become one of the most important of all public questions in every civilized country in the world, we are confining ourselves to just one department of the subject.

For practical purposes we are obliged so to confine ourselves. We cannot translate into dollars and cents the infinite torture, physical and mental, of America's 500,000 annual industrial accidents. We cannot capitalize the anguished leap of the workman's nerves under boiling metal. We cannot set a price upon the horror in the widow's heart when she carries to burial an oblong block of cold iron.

All that is left to us, all that remains to be the object of our frustrated sense of justice, is the bare commercial value of a son to his mother, of a husband to his wife, of a father to his children. The utmost possibility still open to the captain of industry or to the statesman is to concern himself with the small financial fraction of the big flesh-and-blood, pain-racked total through which American industry is, year by year, driven onward.

Accidents must happen. In the European countries which have the best laws for the safeguarding of machinery and for the preventing of carelessness among employees, there still are accidents, hundreds of thousands of them, every year.

Society never has advanced, and, so far as we can now see, it never will advance, without blood. When our ancestors made war their principal business, there was blood.

* This article concerns itself only with accidents happening to employees while serving their employers. It does not concern itself with accidents happening to "third persons," that is, to the public. For instance, a locomotive engineer, killed in a railway accident while performing the duties of his employment, would come within the scope of this article, while a passenger killed in the same accident would not. The law of the killed passenger is different from the law of the killed engineer, and is not here discussed.

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And when we, their descendants, make industry our principal business, when we devote ourselves to manufacture and commerce, when we invent and operate complicated, gigantic machinery, there still is blood. We may diminish the volume of that red torrent, but we cannot stop its flow. The accident is an inevitable incident of business.

Shall the workman who bears it in his body bear it also in his purse, or shall not at least the financial fraction of this burden be borne by the society to which his work is necessary?

INDUSTRY'S INEVITABLE ACCIDENTS

The laborer is worthy of his hire. If in the course of his labor he loses an arm, shall not the value of that arm be included in the cost of his hire? Shall he really donate that arm to us, or shall not we, refusing to live on lost arms, return to him, through the person either of his employer or of the state, the mere, but exact, commercial value of the loss he has sustained?

It is the most we can do. Do we do it?

Let us take a typical accident.

On the 18th of February, 1901, John Zolnowski, in company with a fellow workman named Behrens, was relining a big open-hearth furnace in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company in South Chicago. The vast interior of the furnace was dark, and the men were guided to their gloomy task by the indistinct flare of a torch. Suddenly, without warning, without conscious fault on the part of the men, without conscious fault on the part of the company, a column of inflammable gas, released by some hand never yet discovered and for some purpose never yet understood, was shot into the steep-sided cavity in which the men were wielding their crowbars and hammers. Escape was impossible. The column of gas rushed at the torch and exploded into flame. In an instant a long, thick finger of fire was playing on the bodies of the men. Behrens was at once burned to death. Zolnowski, more—or less—fortunate, was hideously disfigured and permanently disabled.

What does the law say to Zolnowski? It says to him that he is an admirable example of the Doctrine of Assumed Risk. It says to him that though he was not in any way to blame for the accident, still neither was his employer in any way to blame for it. It says to him that the accident was unforeseen, practically unpreventable, practically inevitable. And it says to him that therefore he must bear the whole burden of it. He assumed the risk of such accidents when, because he needed food and clothing, he took a job in the steel industry in South Chicago. He has nothing coming to him.*

Most accidents are like Zolnowski's. They just happen. They are not due, legally speaking, to the carelessness of the employer. They are not due, legally speaking, to the carelessness of the employee. They just happen. And if an accident just happens, the Doctrine of Assumed Risk, which is the cardinal doctrine of the American Law of Accidents, places the whole financial burden of it on the shoulders of the employee.

It does not place that burden, the burden of inevitable agony, of inevitable sorrow, of inevitable financial loss, on the industry which cannot be operated without such happenings. The steel industry pays for its inevitable iron ore. It pays for its inevitable coke. It pays for its inevitable limestone. But it does not pay for its inevitable accidents. Under the Doctrine of Assumed Risk the burden of inevitable accidents is thrown upon the employee.

And the Doctrine of Assumed Risk, a marvelously comprehensive doctrine, does not stop even at this point.

RISKS ASSUMED BY WORKMEN

About ten years ago the Boston & Maine Railroad was sued by an employee named Victor Leazott. Victor Leazott had been injured in an accident due entirely to a defective brake-rod. Victor Leazott was not at all to blame. The whole blame lay on the brake-rod. The company had not inspected that brake-rod. It had not performed the obvious duties necessary in order to prevent the accident. Its negligence in that respect was admitted.

But the brake-rod was affixed to a car which did not belong to the Boston & Maine. It belonged to another company. It was a "foreign" car. And the Boston & Maine was in the habit of *never* inspecting the brake-rods on "foreign" cars. Its negligence was clear, but it was *habitual*. Leazott had overlooked that point.

When Leazott's case got to the law term of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire,

* Illinois Appellate Court, vol. cxix, p. 209, February 10, 1905.

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his error was made clear. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire held that he had no claim against the Boston & Maine.

"An employee," said the court, "assumes the risk arising from all the ordinary dangers of his employment, and this includes the risk arising from the negligent performance of the employer's duties, *if the employee knows of this danger.*" *

In other words, if the employer is habitually careless and if this fact is known to the employee, the burden of the accidents resulting from that carelessness must be borne by the employee. This is the Doctrine of Assumed Risk.

What remedy is open to the employee? It is one of the ideals of the law that there is no wrong without a remedy. "*Nulla injuria sine remedio.*" And what, in a case like Victor Leazott's, is the remedy of the employee? It is this: *He can insist upon a change in the accustomed method of conducting the business in which he is employed.*

This remedy was clearly outlined in a recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. A man named Gillin, a brakeman, had been injured because the space between a certain rail and a certain guard-rail on the railway on which he worked had not been properly "blocked" or filled up. There was a cavity left between the two rails, and because of this cavity Gillin had been injured.

The negligence of the railway was admitted. The cavity between the rail and the guard-rail was dangerous. It was a pit of death for the feet of all employees. This point was not disputed.

THE EMPLOYEE'S SOLE REMEDY

"But," said the court, "if a brakeman, under such circumstances, continues to work without *requiring* the frogs and guard-rails to be filled or blocked, he must be held to have waived the right and to have *assumed the risk* of injury from stepping into them." †

Gillin ought to have gone to the president of the railway and told him to block and fill those frogs and guard-rails. He ought to have *required* it. He ought to have insisted on it. And if the president consigned him to the world to come and meanwhile struck his name from the pay-roll, what matter? Gillin was at liberty to go out and start a bank or float a trust. If he continued to be a brakeman, he *assumed all the risks* arising from his employer's known and habitual carelessness. And if he was injured he had no claim to compensation.

CHOICE BETWEEN INJURY AND LOSS OF JOB

The Doctrine of Assumed Risk gives the employee his choice between getting injured and losing his job.

This agreeable dilemma was clearly and bluntly offered to the employee in the case of Dougherty *versus* the West Superior Iron and Steel Company in Wisconsin.

Dougherty was ordered by his foreman to leave a machine driven by hand-power and to begin working at a machine driven by steam. Dougherty was afraid. He objected. But he was threatened with discharge. In consequence of this threat, he withdrew his objection and started to work. Within two hours after changing from the machine driven by hand-power to the machine driven by steam, Dougherty saw his forearm caught in a rapidly revolving spindle and he felt the bones of his forearm crack.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, an absolutely incorruptible court, and one of the most learned courts in America, considering this case, said:

"If an employee, of full age and ordinary intelligence, upon being required by his employer to perform duties more dangerous or complicated than those of his original hiring, undertakes the same, knowing their dangerous character, although unwillingly, from fear of losing his employment, and is injured by reason of his ignorance and inexperience, he cannot maintain an action therefor against his employer." *

I am not attacking the courts. I am not attacking their interpretation of the law of accidents. I am going farther. I am attacking that law itself.

A young woman named Sarah Knisley once sued a manufacturer named Pascal P. Pratt, in the state of New York. Mr. Pratt was operating a hardware factory. Sarah Knisley was operating a punching machine in Mr. Pratt's factory.

There was a law in the state of New York requiring Mr. Pratt as a manufacturer to safeguard all cog-wheels in his factory. He had not safeguarded them. He was guilty

* *Atlantic Reporter*, vol. xlv, p. 1084, July 28, 1899.
† *Atlantic Reporter*, vol. xliv, p. 361, June 2, 1899.

* Supreme Court of Wisconsin, vol. lxxxviii. p. 341, October 2, 1804.

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of constant, daily violation of the law. Sarah Knisley got her hand caught in a set of unguarded cog-wheels connecting two shafts, and her whole left arm had to be amputated. She sued Mr. Pratt for damages.

When the case reached the highest court of the state of New York, the judges admitted that Miss Knisley's accident was due to Mr. Pratt's violation of the law, but they pointed out to Miss Knisley that when she entered Mr. Pratt's employ she thereby assumed all the consequences of this violation. Miss Knisley did not know this at the time, but the court explained it to her. Listen to the court: *

A MIRAGE OF LIBERTY

"In order to give judgment in favor of the plaintiff (Miss Knisley) it would be necessary to hold that where the statutes impose a duty on the employer it is not possible for the employee to waive the protection of the statutes under the Common Law Doctrine of Obvious Risks. . . . There is no rule of public policy which prevents an employee from deciding, in view of the difficulties of securing other employment, that it may not be wise to accept employment subject to the Rule of Obvious Risks."

Therefore, Miss Knisley, a poor, powerless young working-woman, unable to get another job, and unwilling to starve, decided to work in danger rather than starve in safety. And, with that end in view, she absolved Mr. Pratt from his obligation to obey the laws of New York so far as any consequences to herself were concerned!

"The statute does indeed protect a certain class of employees, but it does not deprive them of their right to manage their own affairs."

In other words, Miss Knisley, driven, as the court intimates, by lack of other employment into Mr. Pratt's factory and there obliged, by fear of discharge, to operate cog-wheels unlawfully left unguarded, was exercising her inalienable right to manage her own affairs and was still a free woman, *and a mangled cripple*, in spite of the statutes!

It is surprising how little gratitude people like Miss Knisley show toward the courts for such splendid vindications of their personal liberty. Miss Knisley wanted the right to work in safety. The courts gave her the right to work in danger. She wanted an oasis of practical security. The courts gave her a mirage of theoretical liberty. She was *not* grateful for the exchange.

If any employer wants to know why his employees show such scanty respect for the law, he can find a considerable part of the explanation in what the law has said, and is saying, about compensation for accidents.

Roscoe Pound, of the University of Nebraska Law School, is not a workman. He is not a trade-union leader. He is not an agitator. But he is a professor of law, an editor of a law review, and a scholar. He has studied the subject. In a recent article in the *Columbia Law Review* he painted the situation in words that deserve the consideration of every man who hopes for the perpetuation of the reign of law in this country.

This is what he said:

"When Henry the Second put bounds to the jurisdiction of the church, when the barons with drawn swords declared '*nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*,' when Coke for the judges of England told James the First that he ruled *sub Deo et Lege*, the common law side was the national and the popular side. But to-day, the popular side is not that of the individual but of society. *To-day, for the first time, the common law finds itself arrayed against the people; for the first time, instead of securing for them what they most prize, they know it chiefly as something that continually stands between them and what they desire.*" *

These are the words of a cautious, conscientious man, of a man who loves the common law, of a man who wishes to see the common law revived to the needs and restored to the affections of the common people. In that same spirit this article is written.

THE DOCTRINE OF FELLOW SERVANT

The Doctrine of Assumed Risk has a kind of cousin-in-law called the Doctrine of Fellow Servant.

When a cinder-snapper enters the employ of the United States Steel Corporation, he not only assumes—under the Doctrine of Assumed Risk—all the consequences of all the gigantic, incalculable caprices of the blast furnace near which he labors, but he likewise assumes—under the Doctrine of Fellow Servant—all the consequences of all the acts of careless-

* New York Court of Appeals, vol. cxlviii, p. 374, February 4, 1896.

* *Columbia Law Review*, vol. v, p. 344.

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ness and stupidity of which his fellow workmen may be capable.

When these two doctrines combine their forces, the workman is successfully saddled on the one side with all the inevitable imperfections of average machinery and on the other side with all the inevitable imperfections of average human beings.

There was once a man named Coffey who worked for the United States Steel Corporation in South Chicago. And there was also a man named Swick who worked for that same corporation in that same place.

Swick worked only during the day. Coffey worked only during the night. When Coffey came on, Swick went home.

THE DOCTRINE APPLIED

One day Swick plugged up an open-hearth furnace carelessly and imperfectly. Coffey did not know about this. He could not prevent it. He was asleep. Swick did his careless, imperfect work and went home.

That same night, December 29, 1899, in consequence of what Swick had done, there was an outburst of several tons of white-hot metal. Coffey was terribly burned, and his hearing was permanently impaired.

Now Swick was just eighteen years old. He had held his job for just one week. He and Coffey had spoken to each other just once. When, after four years, Coffey's case reached the Illinois Supreme Court, the judges decided that Coffey and Swick were fellow servants and that therefore Coffey had no legal claim for compensation for his accident.

"These men," said the court, "the safety of each of whom depended so much upon the care and diligence of the other, had ample opportunity to exercise upon each other an influence promotive of care and prudence in the matter of the performing of their work." *

Coffey ought to have foreseen that Swick was going to plug up a furnace carelessly and he ought to have told him not to.

But now, forget for a moment the case of Coffey and look at the case of Chauncey A. Dixon.

Chauncey A. Dixon was a fireman for the Northern Pacific. On Christmas Eve, 1899, he was stoking the engine of extra freight train No. 162. On that same road, on that same night, there was another extra freight train, No. 159, traveling in the opposite direction. And finally, on that same road, on that same night, there was a telegraph operator who was fast asleep at his key.

Dixon's train boomed through the yards, and the telegraph operator, in his little office, of which Dixon may possibly have seen the outside walls, was fast asleep. Dixon, throwing coal into the grate of his engine, was not thinking of telegraph operators and was not meditating on the Doctrine of Fellow Servant. Otherwise he would have left his cab at each station and waked up every Northern Pacific employee who happened to be asleep.

Dixon did not do this. He shoveled coal. And the telegraph operator at Bonita, Montana, continued to be asleep.

Because of his being asleep, extra freight train 162 and extra freight train 159 met, head-on. Dixon had nothing at all to do with the accident. Except in one respect. He was killed.

Four and a half years later, on May 16, 1904, Dixon's case reached the United States Supreme Court. The judges of that court decided that he had no legally valid claim against the Northern Pacific. He and the telegraph operator at Bonita were fellow servants. Dixon was killed by reason of a fault committed by a fellow servant, and therefore Dixon's family had forfeited their right to compensation.

RISKS FROM HUMAN CARELESSNESS

This case corrects any misapprehension created by the Coffey case. Under the Coffey case it might have been supposed that an employee was merely responsible for all fellow employees in immediate proximity to him. Under the Coffey case an employee could easily evade the Doctrine of Fellow Servant. All he had to do was to be careful in selecting the workmen who worked side by side with him. If any of these workmen looked as if he would some day drop a crowbar on his feet, all he had to do was to tell the boss to discharge him.

But the Dixon case, which is typical of a large number of cases, puts a new face on the matter. A fireman cannot inspect and estimate the capacity for somnolence of every telegraph operator on his railroad. It is not possible for him to interview every telegraph operator on his railroad and ask him not to kill him.

* Illinois Supreme Court, vol. ccv, p. 206, October 26, 1903.

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The Dixon case is the real case. The Doctrine of Fellow Servant is not based originally on the idea that an employee can select his fellow employees, which is an absurd idea. It is based really on the idea that the average carelessness of fellow employees is part of the average risk of the trade. When a workman gets a job he assumes the average carelessness of human beings just as he assumes the average imperfections of machinery.

"CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE"

One more doctrine remains to be considered. It is the Doctrine of Contributory Negligence.

This doctrine is dramatized, once for all, in the case of Smith of Seligman.

Smith, an engineer for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, started out from Seligman, Arizona, one afternoon in the year 1903, about four o'clock. He had a long run and did not pull into Winslow, Arizona, till a quarter-past seven the next morning.

Having then been on duty for more than fifteen hours, he started off to get some sleep. He was called back by the master mechanic. There was a train of oranges that had to be hauled to Pinto. Smith objected. He said he felt unable to manage an engine. The master mechanic insisted. It was an urgent case. Smith climbed back on his engine.

Smith reached Pinto at three o'clock that afternoon. At half past eight in the evening he was on his way back to Winslow. It was then that he committed his act of contributory negligence. He got into a collision. He had been on duty thirty hours and thirty minutes. He fell into a doze. He forgot just where he was. He ought to have run his train at that point off the main track on to a side track. He didn't. He forgot about it. And in the midst of his contributory negligence another train ran into him.

Smith's right hand was badly crushed, and its subsequent use for the purposes of his trade was rendered impossible. He had made the mistake of dropping off to sleep after more than thirty hours of continuous work.

The Court of Appeals of Texas did not condone Smith's offense. The court admitted that in Arizona, where the accident happened, there was a law forbidding railway companies to work their employees more than sixteen hours at a stretch. Under that law, when a man had worked sixteen hours, he was entitled to enjoy nine hours' rest.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé had kept Smith at work for almost twice the legal length of time. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé was a lawbreaker.

But Smith was a contributorily negligent and hopelessly careless person. His real character was exposed by the court.

"The allegation," said the court,* "that the laws of Arizona prohibit railway companies from working their employees for more than sixteen consecutive hours does not excuse the contributory negligence of the appellant (Smith) which arose from his working such a length of time that he was unfitted for business. *He knew his physical condition far better than the railroad company could have known it, and he cannot excuse his carelessness in falling asleep on his engine.* The petition presents a clear case of appellant (Smith) having been hurt *through his own negligence* in stopping his engine on the main line instead of taking a siding as he should have done."

By this time the reader may have concluded that most accidents have to be borne financially, as well as physically, by the workman. And such a conclusion would be completely justified by the facts.

Professor Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, who is a lifelong student of the subject, and who is regarded as an authority on all matters relating to accidents, says, in his unpublished book on "Industrial Insurance in America," that out of every one hundred American industrial accidents there are only from ten to fifteen that entitle the victim to compensation in the courts.

NO DAMAGES FOR NINETY PER CENT. OF ACCIDENTS

Professor Henderson's scholarly conclusion is corroborated by the practical conclusion of Mr. Harrison F. Jones, attorney for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. Mr. Jones has handled accident cases for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois for many years. He is a man of experience. In addressing the City Club of Chicago last year he said:

"*In perhaps eighty or ninety per cent. of the accidents resulting in personal injury neither the employer nor the employee is at fault. The law says there is no remedy for that class of accidents.*

"*In about eighty per cent. of accidents resulting in personal injury, therefore, no lia-*

* *Southwestern Reporter*, vol. lxxxvii, p 1052, May 17, 1905.

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bility is thrown upon the employer. In another ten per cent., while the employer may be to blame, the employee cannot make his case good in court. Perhaps in the remaining ten per cent. of accidents there is a recovery of damages."

But if the injured employee cannot recover damages except in ten cases out of a hundred, why all these claim departments? Why all these damage suits clogging the progress of the courts and impeding the execution of justice? Why all these employer's liability companies? Why all these expensive lawyers hired to defend the employer against the personal injury claims of his employees?

I will give part of the answer in a story.

There was once a man named Olste, who, like Zolnowski, worked for the Illinois Steel Company. The accident that happened to Zolnowski while relining a furnace has already been told.

Olste was more fortunate than Zolnowski. He got his arm crushed in a slide of ore from the top of a little ore mountain in the company's plant. The company, that is, the company's workmen, had allowed the top of the mountain to overhang.

The cause of the accident which happened to Olste was therefore more obvious than the cause of the accident which happened to Zolnowski, and the Illinois Supreme Court decided that it was "negligence" for an employer to allow his employees to allow a mountain of ore to overhang. And so Olste got $7,000.*

Olste probably had to give his lawyer at least $3,000 of his $7,000. But he got $7,000 from the Illinois Steel Company.

THE LEGAL LOTTERY

Now neither Zolnowski nor Olste was guilty of any fault. And in each case the Illinois Steel Company was guilty of no conscious negligence. It treated both men alike. Yet in one case it paid nothing and in the other case it paid $7,000.

Here is the first reason, and the big reason, why, although few workmen recover damages in the courts, thousands of workmen begin suits in the courts. The ultimate event is doubtful.

The betting is ten to one in favor of the employer, but there are so many technicalities, there are so many quirks in the common law, there are so many catches in the constitutions of the states and of the United States, there are so many different kinds of judges and of jurors, that the lawyer for the injured workman is constantly tempted to believe that after all, with good luck, he may possibly draw a prize number in the lottery. And so he goes ahead and takes a chance and begins suit.

INEQUALITIES IN THE LAW OF ACCIDENTS

The common law is an ancient thing, but when cases like Olste's are contrasted with cases like Zolnowski's, the common law seems to be deprived of all claim to any more ancient date than that at which Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote down the lines of "The Mikado":

> "See how the fates their gifts allot.
> 'A' is happy, 'B' is not.
> Yet 'B' is worthy, I dare say,
> Of more prosperity than 'A.'"

Mr. Gilbert, it may be incidentally noted, was a lawyer.

Under the Law of Accidents Olste is happy. Zolnowski is not. Equal in their real merits, they are worlds asunder in their technical claims.

And the Law of Accidents, year by year, encourages thousands of workmen who were injured in accidents like Zolnowski's to sue their employers in the one-to-ten hope that, after all, their accidents may possibly be decreed to have been like Olste's. They themselves cannot tell the difference, and quite frequently neither can the judges till they have read a hundred previous decisions and have taken a fortnight to think it over.

A workman is wise if, like Olste, he gets himself injured in an accident the cause of which is intelligible to judge and jurors. He is also wise if he gets himself injured in a commonwealth which happens to have local laws favorable to his particular kind of case.

A man named Dean, working for the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, was injured by the act of a foreman who dropped a toolbox on his feet. Under the laws of Texas the foreman was a superior servant. He was *not* a fellow servant. The Fellow Servant Doctrine did not apply. Dean got $3,000.*

But a man named Molkoff, working for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, who was

* Illinois Supreme Court, vol. ccxiv, p. 181, February 21, 1905.

* Texas Court of Civil Appeals, October 11, 1905.

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likewise injured by the act of a foreman, had a different experience. Under the laws of Oklahoma, the foreman was *not* a superior servant. He hired Molkoff and he had the right to discharge him, but he was not a superior servant. He was a fellow servant. The Doctrine of Fellow Servant *did* apply. Molkoff got nothing.*

Dean was happy. Molkoff was not.

Ten articles could be filled with examples of local legal variations of this kind. And ten other articles could be crowded to the brim with technical points inconsistently decided, or else left totally undecided, by almost any given court in almost any given jurisdiction in the United States.

Uncertainty is bad for honest people. It is good for dishonest people. The uncertainty of the American Law of Accidents raises up a pestilential brood of unscrupulous litigants to plague American employers.

FIGHTING FRAUDULENT CLAIMS

About ten years ago the Illinois Steel Company was presented with a claim on behalf of one Nick Halic, a Croatian laborer.

Halic was alleged to have been injured by the breaking of a defective plank in the mills operated by the Illinois Steel Company in South Chicago. He wanted $25,000. And he looked as if ten times that amount would be insufficient to compensate him for what he had suffered. Bodily, he had been transformed into a monster; and, mentally, he had been cast into the first stages of idiotic helplessness.

The company, calloused by previous experiences, was not touched in any sensitive spot by the spectacle of Nick Halic. It put its whole secret service machinery immediately into motion, and the foreign settlements of Pittsburg were searched, while the post-office boxes of Anaconda, Montana, were being shadowed. No Croatian colony in the whole United States was left unexplored.

Finally, through a detective who remembered the maxim, "*Cherchez la femme*," an attractive Croatian woman who kept a boarding-house in South Chicago was induced to separate herself from a hint. Following this hint, William P. Sidley, a Chicago lawyer, crossed the Atlantic and adventured himself into the fastnesses of the Carnic Alps in the southwestern section of Austria-Hungary. There he found the real Nick Halic.

The real Nick Halic had truly been injured in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company during a temporary sojourn in America. But he had recovered. He was doing very well, thank you. In fact, he was doing *so* well that his place had been taken by an imitation Nick Halic, a congenital cripple and idiot, exported at vast expense from Austria to Illinois for the express purpose of impersonating the real Nick Halic and of defrauding the Illinois Steel Company.

The Illinois Steel Company did not give the imitation Nick Halic $25,000. It defeated his claim. But it had to spend a considerable fraction of $25,000 in order to defeat it. And every large company has experiences similar, if not equal, to the Nick Halic case every year.

But eliminate fraud. The bona-fide cases in themselves are enough to terrify almost any employer whose resources are merely finite. Few accidents ever reach the jury. They may poke their way up into the courts, but they get nipped off before time for a verdict. They get settled or they get discouraged. But when they do reach the jury, the verdict is usually of such proportions as to strengthen the employer in his determination to fight every accident claim ever thereafter presented to him.

Jurors seem to believe that the one successful litigant in every ten accident cases is entitled to have all the money that ought to have been divided among all the ten victims. Zolnowski got nothing. Olste got $7,000.

If every man with a crushed arm got $7,000, the country would be bankrupt. There is a limit to the amount of new wealth which can be produced in the United States in any one year. And therefore there is a limit to the amount of compensation which can be granted in any one year to injured workmen.

EMPLOYERS' NEEDLESS EXPENSES

Jurors, naturally, do not grasp this fact. They simply know that most injured workmen are legally entitled to nothing, and so when they find an injured workman who is legally entitled to something, they give him all they can.

Under our present laws every damage suit brought by an injured workman is a gamble. Nine cases get nothing. The tenth gets all the money

**Pacific Reporter*, vol. lxxxii, p. 733, September 6, 1905.

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Now look at this from the employer's side. If he should allow every case to go to the jury, he would be in the hands of a receiver at the end of twelve months. So he fights and equivocates and procrastinates over practically every case as it comes along. And he often spends more money in *fighting* accident claims than he does in *settling* them.

Professor Charles R. Henderson, writing in the *Chronicle*, says:

"It remains to make clear to our business men that they are squandering millions of dollars annually to protect themselves against artificial risks created by an antiquated liability law, millions sufficient to protect their employees if wisely administered under sensible legislation. Here and there an employer has taken time to discover that most of the money he now spends goes to burden the courts, to embitter his employees against him, and to turn the wounded and bereaved over to humiliating and degrading charity."

LEGAL RIGHTS AND STARVATION

It cannot be too much, nor too often, emphasized that *the deep-down vice of our present system of awarding compensation for accidents is that it depends on litigation*, on the employment of lawyers, on an appeal to the courts, on the prosecution of a lawsuit.

What a gigantic mockery it all is!

When a cinder-snapper, employed by the United States Steel Corporation, loses his arm, we do not say to him: "You lost your arm in an accident. You did not try to lose your arm. The United States Steel Corporation did not try to deprive you of your arm. You just lost it. It was an accident. Your arm is part of the cost of producing steel this year. You shall be paid for it just as you are paid for all the rest of your labor."

We do not say this. We do not admit that the accident which happened to the cinder-snapper was an inevitable feature of the manufacture of steel. We assume that, in case it has any legal bearing at all, it was a "wrong" committed by the United States Steel Corporation against the cinder-snapper.

And so we go to the bedside of the injured cinder-snapper and, with his wife asking how about to-morrow's dinner, we say to him:

"You have been injured. Your remedy is simple. Go ahead and sue the United States Steel Corporation. The courts are open to you, just as they are open to the United States Steel Corporation. You are at perfect liberty to employ lawyers competent to meet the lawyers of the United States Steel Corporation. You are at perfect liberty to stay in the courts as long as the United States Steel Corporation stays in the courts. You may appeal from court to court till you reach the highest court just as the United States Steel Corporation will so appeal. You are at liberty to try to starve out the United States Steel Corporation just as the United States Steel Corporation is at liberty to try to starve you out, before the two or three or four years elapse which must, in all probability, precede the final decision of the judges of the court of final resort. In every respect you are on terms of perfect legal equality with the United States Steel Corporation. Just go ahead and begin suit."

This may sound reasonable, to a lawyer. It does not sound reasonable to a cinder-snapper who wants to feed his wife.

Litigation is expensive. It is uncertain. And, above all, it is tedious.

In Illinois, which is an average state, in Chicago, which is an average city, a suit takes one or two years to get through the Circuit or Superior Court, six months to get through the Appellate Court, and six months more to get through the Supreme Court. This is the most optimistic calculation possible.

What chance has a cinder-snapper in a game of this kind? He and his wife are hungry, and the law says to him that in two and a half years he may possibly find out whether anything is coming to him or not. Litigation is a rich man's game, like automobiling or yachting.

THE LAW'S DELAYS

And hundreds of cases go far beyond the optimistic time allowance I have made.

Peter Myreen, for instance, was injured in Chicago, while helping to erect a high office building, in the year 1902. Late in 1903 he got to the lowest court. Result: "New trial."

In consequence of this decision, Peter Myreen went to the foot of the docket and did not again reach the lowest court till two years later, in 1905. The result, this time, was an appeal to the Appellate Court and another decision saying: "New trial."

In consequence of this second decision Peter Myreen reached the lowest court once

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more in the year 1907. Result: a disagreement of the jury. Result of that result: "New trial."

In 1909, for the fourth time, Peter Myreen, injured but uncompensated, will reach the lowest Chicago court and in 1909 will once more plead his cause.

And, after that, there will yet remain the Appellate Court and the Supreme Court of the state. There will be at least nine years between the time when Peter Myreen was injured and the time when the courts will tell him how much he was injured.

What relation exists between this kind of system and that splendid promise of our law, which, passing through many variations of phraseology, appears, among other places, in the Constitution of Illinois?

"Every person," says the Constitution of Illinois, "ought to find a certain remedy in the law for all injuries and wrongs which he may receive in his person, property, or reputation. He ought to obtain, by law, right and justice. And he ought to obtain it freely and without being obliged to purchase it, completely and without denial, promptly and without delay."

We are not exactly living up to this ideal.

DEGRADING SETTLEMENTS

I would not have it supposed, however, from anything I have said, that to-day the only injured workmen who receive compensation are those who are strictly legally entitled to it. Human nature is not so base.

In thousands of cases the employer says to the injured workman: "I don't owe you a cent. The law says I don't. But I know you weren't trying to commit suicide. You got hurt in my service. I'm sorry for you. Here's $5 or $50 or $100. Take this from me. It doesn't belong to you. But I give it to you."

In all such cases the injured workman becomes an object of charity.

In thousands of other cases the injured workman, although he knows he has no legal claim, knows also that if he begins suit it will cost the employer something to defend himself against it. He knows that the employer will have to spend $200 fighting him in the courts. So he threatens to sue. And then the employer says: "You have no legal claim. You know it and I know it. But you can make me two hundred dollars' worth of trouble in the courts. Here's $50. Take it and sign a release." The money is paid over, and the release is signed.

In all such cases the injured employee plays the rôle of a hold-up man.

Now, whether the employee cajoles his employer or intimidates him, whether he gets money from him by arousing him to a sense of sympathy or by threatening him with the expense of unscrupulous litigation, whether he becomes the recipient of charity or of swag, it is clear that he is equally humiliated and equally degraded. In either case he equally loses his self-respect.

THE IDEAL FOR COMPENSATION

There ought to be, and there can be, a system under which the injured employee will know exactly how much he deserves because of his accident, and will know also that he will receive exactly that amount promptly, automatically, in the ordinary course of business administration, without an appeal to the courts, without an appeal to the employer, without becoming a pirate and without becoming a beggar.

Mr. Francis H. McLean has recently presented to the New York Conference of Charities and Correction a report on 241 accident cases coming consecutively under the observation of himself and his friends. It was an official report, laboriously compiled.

In 47 cases out of the 241 there was a certain amount of compensation, paid by the employer to the injured workman. In the other 194 cases out of the 241 there was no compensation. But what I wish to draw attention to, is not so much the absence of compensation in the 194 cases as the relative unevenness, unfairness, incongruity, and absurdity of the compensation granted in the 47 cases.

Just look at a few of the contrasts:

Spine injured	$20.00
Fingers amputated	150.00
Death	50.00
Fingers amputated	50.00
Crushed foot	50.00
Death	500.00
Death	300.00
Death	100.00
Death	Funeral expenses
Leg amputated	100.00
Brain affected	60.00
Leg amputated	157.00
Three ribs broken	20.00
Paralysis	12.00

It would be difficult to add anything to this list of impeachments of common sense, of

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profanities against the name of human nature.

Our present law of employer's liability deprives the employee of justice without relieving the employer of expense. It is hideously cruel from one standpoint and frightfully expensive from the other. It cannot endure. Every other important country in the world has put it away in its museum of antiquities.

Every other important country in the world has made compensation for accidents an adjunct of business in place of a department of law. In every other important country in the world the burden of the accident, whether due to the fault of the employer, the fault of the employee, or the fault of nobody, is placed on the shoulders of the industry in which it happened.

To repeat: the accident is an incident. Imperfection of machinery is inevitable. Carelessness of employer and of employee is inevitable. Both these things, both imperfection of machinery and carelessness of human beings, may be diminished by wise laws, but they cannot be eradicated. Accidents must happen. And therefore the compensation for the accident ought to be inevitable and automatic, like the accident itself.

This is the ideal President Roosevelt had in mind, when, in a recent speech, he said:

"Workmen should receive a certain definite and limited compensation for all accidents in industry, irrespective of negligence. When the employer, the agent of the public, on his own responsibility and for his own profit, in the business of serving the public, starts in motion agencies which create risks for others, he should take all the ordinary and extraordinary risks involved, and, though the burden will at the moment be his, it will ultimately be assumed, as it ought to be, by the general public. Only in this way can the shock of the accident be diffused, for it will be transferred from employer to consumer, for whose benefit all industries are carried on. From every standpoint the change would be a benefit. The community at large should share the burden as well as the benefits of industry. Employers would thereby gain a desirable certainty of obligation and get rid of litigation to determine it. The workman and the workman's family would be relieved from a crushing load."

The employer, as an employer, and the employee, as an employee, are not the only persons concerned in this matter. The whole public is concerned, deeply, financially, morally.

Every year the stream of industrial accidents flows on, and every year it sweeps hundreds and thousands of families away from their little perilous stations of self-respecting independence down the irresistible current first to poverty and then to charity.

Accidents are no more closely related to the surgery of the doctor than they are to that social surgery which is performed by charity societies and which, though it lets no blood, leaves forever a scar on the mind.

The Chicago Relief and Aid Society made last year a special study of one thousand families consecutively abandoning their family integrity, consecutively breaking through those barriers which should be imperishable and appealing to the outside world for help.

In one hundred and nine of these one thousand cases the destitution of the family was found to have arisen, in whole or in part, from some kind of industrial accident.

There is too much assumption of risk here. The workman assumes the risk of death, the widow assumes the risk of pauperism, the charity worker assumes the risk of paying the rent.

There ought to be a little resumption of risk by the people who use the workman's labor instead of so much assumption of it by others.

Why shouldn't every industry carry the burden of its own killed and wounded? Why shouldn't compensation for disability be just as much a part of the cost of business as it is of the cost of war? Why shouldn't the workman who goes into his daily fight with modern machinery be assured that his injury will be regarded as an honorable wound, entitling him to decent consideration? Why shouldn't the industrial soldier, meeting his death in forms as terrible as those of any battle-field, die knowing that he will leave, if not glory, at least a few years' food to his family?

Why shouldn't society, having invented machines which make business one long war, treat the enlisted men at least like enlisted men and, if they are incapacitated, assign them temporarily, or permanently, to the rank and pay of pensioners of peace?

In the October number Mr. Hard will discuss the improvements on the present Law of Accidents made by foreign countries and by individual employers in the United States.

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IN THE WILDERNESS A CEDAR

By Zona Gale

Pictures By Blanche Greer

IN answer to my summons the shabby little Friendship sempstress appeared before me one morning and outspread a Vienna book of colored fashion-plates.

"Dressmakin' 'd be a real drudgery for me," she said, "if it wasn't for havin' the color-plates an' makin' what I can to look like 'em. Sometimes I get a collar or a cuff that seems almost like the picture. There's always somethin' in the way of a cedar," she added blithely.

"A cedar?" I repeated, puzzled.

She nodded, her wrinkled face lighting. She must have been long past sixty, but she was nimble of limb and quick of speech.

"That's what Calliope use' to call 'em," she explained; "'I will plant in the wilderness the cedar,' you know—in the Bible. Don't you know about Calliope Marsh that was in business with me?" she demanded.

No one had told me. It was very lately that I had taken Oldmoxon House, in the outskirts of Friendship Village.

"Most of it happened right here in Oldmoxon House," the sempstress said. "I been thinkin' about it all the way up. Then you ain't heard about the last tenant, either?"

She went about her task, wielding her shears, as she talked, like withered Atropos.

"The folks that lived here last year," she said, "come so quiet nobody knew it until they was here—an' that ain't easy to do in Friendship. First we knew they was in an' housekeepin'. Their accounts was in the name of a Mis' Morgan. We see her now an' then on the street—trim an' elderly, an' no airs excep' she wouldn't open up a conversation an' she wouldn't return her calls. 'Most everybody called on her inside the two weeks, but the woman was never home an' she never paid any attention. She didn't seem to have no men folks, an' she settled her bills with checks, like she didn't have any ready money. Little by little we all dropped her, which she ought to of expected. Even when it got around that there was sickness in the house, nobody went near, we feelin' as if we knew as good as the best what dignity calls for.

"But Calliope didn't feel the same about it. Calliope hardly ever felt the same about anything. That is, if it meant feelin' mean. She was a dressmaker like me, but yet she was wonderful differ'nt. We had our shop together in the house where we lived with the boy—I'll come to him in a

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minute or two. Besides sewin', Calliope had a piano an' taught in the fittin'-room—that was the same as the dinin'-room. Six scholars took. Calliope was very musical. Her father before her had been musical an' had christened her Calliope because a circus with one come into Friendship the day she was born. Sometimes I think it was her knowin' music that made her differ'nt.

"We two was settin' on our porch one night in the first dark. I know a full moon was up back o' the hollyhocks an' makin' its odd little shadows up an' down the yard, an' we could smell the savory bed. 'Every time I breathe in, somethin' pleasant seems goin' on inside my head,' I rec'lect Calliope's sayin'. But most o' the time we was still an' set watchin' the house on the corner where the New People lived. They had a hard French name an' so we kep' on callin' 'em just the 'New People.' He was youngish an' she was younger an'—she wasn't goin' out anywheres that summer. . . . She was settin' on the porch that night waitin' for him to come home. Before it got dark we'd noticed she had on a pretty white dress an' a flower or two. It seemed sort o' nice—*that* bein' so, an' her waitin' there dressed so pretty. An' we sort o' set there waitin' for him, too—like you will, you know.

"The boy was in the bed. He wa'n't no relation of Calliope's if you're as strict as some, but accordin' to my idea he was closer than that—closer than kin. He was the grandchild of the man Calliope had been goin' to marry forty-some years before, when she was twenty-odd. Calvert Oldmoxon he was—born an' bred up in this very house. He was quite well off, an'—barrin' he was always heathen-selfish—it was a splendid match for Calliope, but I never see a girl care so next to nothin' about that. She was sheer crazy about him, an' he seemed just as much so about her. An' then when everything was ready—Calliope's dress done an' layin' on their best-room bed, the minister stayin' home from conference to perform the ceremony, even the white cake made—off goes Calvert Oldmoxon with Martha Boughton—a little high-fly that had just moved to town. A new girl can marry anything she wants in Friendship, if she does it quick.

"It was near forty years before we see either of 'em again. Then, just last year it was, a strange woman come here to town one night with a little boy; an' she goes to the hotel, sick, an' sends for Calliope. An' when Calliope gets to the hotel the woman was about breathin' her last. An' it was Mis' Oldmoxon—Martha Boughton, if you please, an' dyin' on the trip she'd made to ask Calliope to forgive her for what she done.

"An' Calliope forgive her, but I don't imagine Calliope was thinkin' much about her at the time. Hangin' round the bed was a little boy—the livin', breathin' image of Calvert Oldmoxon himself. Calliope was mad-daft over children anyway, though she was always kind o' shy o' showin' it—like a good many women are that ain't married. I've seen her pick one up an' gentle it close to her, but let anybody besides me come in the room an' see her, an' she'd turn a regular guilt-red. Calliope never was one to let on. But I s'pose seein' that little boy there at the hotel look so much like *him* was kind o' unbalancin'. So what does she do when Mis' Oldmoxon was cryin' about forgiveness but up an' ask her what was goin' to be done with the boy after she was dead. Calliope would be one to bring the word 'dead' right out, too, an' let the room ring with it—though that ain't the custom in Friendship. Here they lie everybody clean into the grave, givin' 'em to understand that their recovery is certain, till there must be a lot o' dumfounded dead shot into the next world—you might say unbeknownst.

"But Calliope wasn't mincin' matters. An' when it come out that the dyin' woman hadn't seen Calvert Oldmoxon for thirty years an' didn't know where he was, an' that the child was an orphan an' would go to collateral kin or some such folks, Calliope plumps out to her to give her the child. The forgiveness Calliope sort o' took for granted—like you will as you get older. An' Mis' Oldmoxon seemed real willin' she should have him. So when Calliope come home from the funeral—she rode alone with the little boy for mourners—she just went to work an' lived for that child.

"'"'In the wilderness the cedar," Delia,' she says to me. 'More than one of 'em. I've had 'em right along: my music scholars an' my dressmakin' customers an' all. An', Delia,' she says to me sort o' shy, 'ain't you noticed,' she says, 'how many neighbors we've had move in an' out that's had children? So many o' the little things right around us! Seems like they'd almost been born to me when they come acrost the street, so. An' I've always thought o' that—"In the wilderness the cedar,"' she says, 'an'

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they's always somethin' to be a cedar for me, seems though.'

"'Well,' says I, sort o' skeptical, 'mebbe that's because you always plant 'em,' I says. 'I think it means that, too,' I told her. An' I knew well enough Calliope was one to plant her cedars herself. Cedars o' comfort, you know.

"I've seen a good many kinds o' mother-love—you do when you go round to houses like I do. But I never see anything like Calliope. Seems though she breathed that child for air. She always was one to pretend to herself, an' I knew well enough she'd figured it out as if this was *their* child that might 'a' been, long ago. She sort o' played mother—like you will; an' she lived her play. He was a real sweet little fellow, too. He was one o' them big-eyed kind that don't laugh easy, an' he was well-spoken, an' wonderful self-settled for a child o' seven. He was always findin' time for you when you thought he was doin' somethin' else—slidin' up to you an' puttin' up his hand in yours when you thought he was playin' or asleep. An' that was what he done that night when we set on the porch—comes slippin' out of his little bed an' sets down between us on the top step, in his little night-things.

"'Calvert, honey,' Calliope says, 'you must run back an' play dreams. Mother wants you to.'

"She'd taught him to call her mother—she'd had him about six months then—an' some thought that was queer to do, seein' Calliope was her age an' all. But I thought it was wonderful right.

"'I did play,' he says to her—he had a nice little way o' pressin' down hard with his voice on one word an' lettin' the next run off his tongue—'I did play dreams,' I rec'lect he says; 'I dreamed 'bout robbers. Ain't robbers *distinct?*' he says.

"I didn't know what he meant till Calliope laughs an' says: 'Oh, distinctly extinct!' I remembered it by the way the words kind o' crackled.

"By then he was lookin' up to the stars—his little mind always lit here an' there, like a grasshopper.

"'How can heaven begin,' he says, 'till everybody gets there?'

"Yes, he was a dear little chap. I like to think about him. An' I know when he says that, Calliope just put her arms around him, an' her head down, an' set sort o' rockin' back an' forth. An' she says:

"'Oh, but I think it begins when we don't know.'

"After a while she took him back to bed, little round face lookin' over her shoulder an' big, wide-apart, lonesome eyes an' little sort o' crooked frown, for all the world like the other Calvert Oldmoxon. Just as she come out an' set down again, we heard the click o' the gate acrost at the corner house where the New People lived, an' it was the New Husband got home. We see his wife's white dress get up to meet him, an' they went in the house together, an' we see 'em standin' by the lamp, lookin' at things. Seems though the whole night was sort o'—gentle.

"All of a sudden Calliope unties her apron.

"'Let's dress up,' she says.

"'Dress up!' I says, laughin' some. 'Why, it must be goin' on half past eight,' I told her.

"'I don't care if it is,' she says; 'I'm goin' to dress up. It seems as though I must.'

"She went inside, an' I followed her. Calliope an' I hadn't no men folks to dress for, but, bein' dressmakers so, we had good things to wear. She put on the best thin dress she had—a gray book-muslin; an' I took down a black lawn o' mine. It was such a beautiful night that I 'most knew what she meant. Sometimes you can't do much but fit yourself in the scenery, seems though. But I always thought Calliope fit in no matter what she had on. She was so little an' rosy, an' she always kep' her head up like she was singin'.

"'Now what?' I says. For when you dress up, you can't set home.

"An' then she says slow—an' you could 'a' knocked me over while I listened:

"'I've been thinkin', she says, 'that we ought to go up to Oldmoxon House an' see that sick person.'

"'Calliope!' I says, 'for the land! You don't want to be refused in.'

"'I don't know as I do an' I don't know but I do,' she answers me. 'I feel like I wanted to be doin' somethin'.'

"With that she out in the kitchen an' begins to fill a basket. Calliope's music didn't prevent her cookin' good, as it does some. She put in I don't know what all good, an' she had me pick some hollyhocks to take along. An' before I knew it, I was out in the road in the moonlight, headin' for Oldmoxon House that no foot in Friendship had stepped or set inside of in 'most six months.

"'They won't let us in,' I says, pos'tive.

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She sort o' played mother – like you will; an' she lived her play

"'Well,' Calliope says, 'seems though I'd like to walk up there a night like this, anyway.'

"An' I wasn't the one to stop her, bein' I sort o' guessed that what started her off was the New People. Those two livin' so near by—lookin' forward to what they was lookin' forward to—so soon after the boy had come to Calliope, an' all, had took hold of her terrible. She'd spent hours handmakin' the little baby-bonnet she was goin' to give 'em. An' then mebbe it was the night some, too, that made her want to come up around this house—because you could 'most 'a' cut the moonlight with a knife.

"They wa'n't any light showin' in the big hall when we rung the bell, but they lit up an' let us in. Yes, they actually let us in. Mis' Morgan come to the door herself.

"'Come right in,' she says, cordial. 'Come right up-stairs.'

"Calliope says somethin' about our bein' glad they could see us.

"'Oh,' says Mis' Morgan, 'I had orders quite a while ago to let in whoever asked. An' you're the first,' she says. 'You're the first.'

"An' then it come to us that this Mis' Morgan we'd all been tryin' to call on was only what you might name the housekeeper. An' so it turned out she was.

"The whole upper hall was dark, like puttin' a black skirt on over your head. But the room we went in was cheerful, with a fire burnin' up. Only it was awful littered up—old newspapers layin' round, used glasses settin' here an' there, water-pitcher empty, an' the lamp-chimney was smoked up, even. The woman said somethin' about us an' went

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out an' left us with somebody settin' in a big chair by the fire, sick an' wrapped up. An' when we looked over there, Calliope an' I stopped still. It was a man.

"If it'd been me, I'd 'a' turned round an' got out. But Calliope was as brave as two, an' she spoke up.

"'This must be the invalid,' she says, cheerful. 'We hope we see you at the best.'

"The man stirs some an' looks over at us kind o' eager—he was oldish, an' the firelight bein' in his eyes, he couldn't see us.

"'It isn't anybody to see me, is it?' he asks.

"At that Calliope steps forward—I remember how she looked in her pretty gray dress with some light thing over her head, an' her starched white skirts was rustlin' along under, soundin' so genteel she seemed to me like strangers do. When he see her, the man made to get up, but he was too weak for it.

"'Why, yes,' she answers him, 'if you're well enough to see anybody.'

"An' at that the man put his hands on his knees an' leaned sort o' hunchin' forward.

"'Calliope!' he says.

"It was him, sure enough—Calvert Oldmoxon. Same big, wide-apart, lonesome eyes an' kind o' crooked frown. His hair was gray an' so was his pointed beard, an' he was crool thin. But I'd 'a' known him anywheres.

"Calliope, she just stood still. But when he reached out his hand, with his lips parted some like a child's an' his eyes lookin' up at her, she went an' stood near him, by the table, an' she set her basket there an' leaned down on the handles, like her strength was gone.

"'I never knew it was you here,' she says. 'Nobody knows,' she told him.

"'No,' he says, 'I've done my best they shouldn't know. Up till I got sick. Since then—I—wanted folks,' he says.

"I kep' back by the door, an' I couldn't take my eyes off of him. He was older than Calliope, but he had a young—air. Like you don't have when you stay in Friendship. An' he seemed to know how to be easy, sick as he was. An' that ain't like Friendship, either. He an' Calliope had growed opposite ways, seems though.

"'I'll go now,' says Calliope, not lookin' at him. 'I brought up some things I baked. I didn't know but they'd taste good to whoever was sick here.'

"With that he covers one hand over his eyes.

"'No,' he says, 'no, no, Calliope—don't go yet. It's you I come here to Friendship to see,' he told her.

"'What could you have to say to me?' asks Calliope—dry as a bone in her voice, but I see her eyes wasn't so dry. Leastwise, it may not have been her eyes, but it was her look.

"Then he straightens up some—he was still good-lookin'. When you was with him it use' to be that you sort o' wanted to stay—an' it seemed the same way now. He was that kind.

"'Don't you think,' he says to her—an' it was like he was humble, but it was like he was proud, too—'don't you think,' he says, 'that I ever dreamed you could forgive me. I knew better than that,' he told her. 'It's what you must think o' me that's kep' me from sayin' to you what I come here to say. But I'll tell you now,' he says, 'I'm sick an' alone an' done for. An' what I come to see you about—is the boy.'

"'The boy,' Calliope says over—not understandin'; 'the boy!'

"'My God, yes,' says he. 'He's all I've got left in the world. Calliope—I need the boy. I need him!'

"I rec'lect Calliope puttin' back that light thing from her head like it smothered her. He laid back in his chair for a minute, white an' still. An' then he says—only of course his words didn't sound the way mine do:

"'I robbed your life, Cally, an' I robbed my own. As soon as I knew it an' couldn't bear it any longer, I went away alone—an' I've lived alone all exceptin' since the little boy come. His mother, my son's wife, died; an' I all but brought him up. I loved him as I never loved anybody—but you,' he says, simple. 'But when his father died, *she* took him with her. An' when I knew she'd left him here—I couldn't have kep' away,' he says, 'I couldn't. He's all I've got left in the world. I all but brought him up. I must have him, Cally—don't you see I must have him?' he says.

"Calliope looks down at him, wonderful calm an' still.

"'You've had your own child,' she told him slow; 'you've had a real life. I'm just gettin' to mine—since I had the boy.'

"'But, good God,' he says, starin' up at her, 'you're a woman. An' one child is the same as another to you so be that it ain't your own.'

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"Calliope looked almost as if he had struck at her, though he'd only spoke a kind o' general male idea, an' he couldn't help *bein'* a male. An' she says back at him:

"'But you're a man. An' bein' alive is one thing to you an' another thing to me. Never let any man forget that,' she says, like I never heard her speak before.

"Then I see the tears shinin' on his face. He was terrible weak. He slips down in his chair an' sets starin' at the fire, his hands hangin' limp over the arms like there wasn't none of him left. His face looked tired to death, an' yet there was that somethin' about him like you didn't want to leave him, seems though. I see Calliope lookin' at him—an' all of a sudden it come to me that if I'd 'a' loved him as she use' to, I'd 'a' walked over there an' then, an' sort o' gentled his hair, no matter what.

"But Calliope, she turned sharp away from him an' begun lookin' around the room, like she see it for the first time—smoky lamp-chimney, old newspapers layin' round, used-up glasses, an' such like. The room was one o' the kind when they ain't no women or children. An' then pretty soon she looked back at him, layin' sick in his chair, alone an' done for, like he said. An' I see her take her arms in her hands an' kind o' rock.

"'Ain't the little fellow a care to you, Cally?' he says then, wistful.

"She went over toward him—an' I see her pick up his pillow an' smooth it some an' make to fix it better.

"'Yes,' she says then, 'you're right. He is a care. An' he's your grandchild. You must take him with you just as soon as you're well enough,' she says.

"He broke clear down then, an' he caught her hands an' laid his face on 'em. She stood wonderful calm, lookin' down at him—an' lookin'. An' I laid the hollyhocks down on the rug or anywheres an' somehow I got out o' the room an' down the stairs. An' I set there in the lower hall an' waited.

"She come herself in a minute. The big outside door was standin' open, an' when I heard her step on the stairs I went on ahead out to the porch, feelin' kind o' strange—like you will. But when Calliope come up to me she was just the same as she always was—an' I might 'a' known she would be. She wasn't easy to understand—she was differ'nt—but when you once get to expectin' folks to be differ'nt you can depend on 'em some that way, too.

"The moon was noon-high by then an' filterin' down through the leaves wonderful soft, an' things was still—I remember thinkin' it was like the hushin'-up before a bride comes in. But there wasn't any bride.

"When we come to our house—just as we begun to smell the savory bed clear out there on the walk—we heard something . . . a little bit of a noise that I couldn't put a name to, first. But, bless you, Calliope could. She stopped short by the gate an' stood lookin' acrost the road to the corner house where the New People lived. It was late for Friendship, but up-stairs in that house a lamp was burnin'. An' that room was where the little noise come from—a little new cry.

"'Oh, Delia,' Calliope says—her head up like she was singin'—'oh, Delia—the New People have got their little child.'

"An' I see, though of course she didn't anywheres near realize it then, that she was plantin' herself another cedar."

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AMUSING THE MILLION

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

Drawings by Horace Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the winter of 1900 a student in the Art Students' League in New York, living in a room in which he cooked his own meals, got up in the night because he was so hungry he could not sleep—he had no money to buy food. He took his drawing-board and worked out a show that became known as "A Trip to the Moon." The student was Frederic Thompson, who already had had experience as a showman, and as a designer of exposition buildings. Three years later Thompson and his partner, the late Elmer S. Dundy, started an amusement park that revolutionized outdoor amusements and reformed what had been one of the wickedest resorts in the world. When they began this venture, Luna Park, their joint capital was about $60,000. Thompson was the showman; the whole carefully thought out scheme was his. Dundy was the financial man, and in his way as great a genius as Thompson, for he managed to borrow a million dollars, largely from the biggest bank in the United States, on "Fred Thompson's Coney Island side show," which showmen declared must fail. When Luna Park was opened in 1903 the credit of the pair was so exhausted that they couldn't even get clothes in which to make a respectable appearance, and it took Dundy all night to scrape together $22 for change for the ticket-sellers. Luna Park opened in May. By the end of August it had paid off every dollar it owed. Frederic Thompson, then thirty years old, proved himself a master showman. He hadn't guessed. He knew. He worked out in advance just what really happened: he was able not only to plan but to execute. He is the first showman to grasp fully the philosophy of the business. He proved it anew when he designed the wonderful New York Hippodrome. This article, breezy, colloquial, and at first thought exceedingly personal, is a valuable contribution to a complex subject that gravely concerns able scientific gentlemen—"The Psychology of the Crowd." Mr. Thompson's deductions have a wide and varied application and significance.

THE difference between the theatre and the big amusement park is the difference between the Sunday-school and the Sunday-school picnic. The people are the same; the spirit and the environment are wholly different. It is harder to make the picnic successful than successfully to conduct a session of the school; and it is harder to make a success of a big amusement park than of a theatre. There isn't any irreverence in this comparison with the Sunday-school, for if the amusement park doesn't attract people who are interested in the Sunday-school, it isn't going to succeed.

For I want to say at the beginning that ninety-five per cent. of the American public is pure and good, and it is this public that it pays to serve. This isn't just a general statement. I always believed it. I have proved it by studying the twenty-five million people that have visited Luna Park in the past five years. I haven't any use for the bad five per cent. As a showman I don't want them to come near my enterprises.

In the theatre and in the Sunday-school conventional standards of behavior are accepted as a matter of course. The picnic and the open-air park are designed to give the natural, bubbling animal spirits of the human being full play, to give people something fresh

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Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

and new and unusual, to afford them respite from the dull routine of their daily lives.

The one thing that makes a picnic or an amusement park a success—it doesn't make any difference whether the picnic is made up of ten people or ten thousand, whether the park is a little one or a great international exposition—the one thing absolutely necessary is the carnival spirit. Without that no show in the open, nothing that has to do with people in the mass, can hope to succeed. Whenever any enterprise that is intended to appeal to the million fails, the failure can always be traced to the lack of carnival enthusiasm.

This spirit of gaiety, the carnival spirit, is not spontaneous, except on extraordinary occasions, and usually its cause can be easily traced. Almost always it is manufactured. Take a big political meeting, for instance. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the steps that culminate in a great outburst are carefully planned. There are men who make it a business to insure the success of great mass meetings. When you get right down to it, the fundamentals are the same, whether the application is to a church picnic, a political meeting, a circus, or a big exposition. The first step, as far as the public is concerned, is to create an impression that there will be things doing, to get emotional excitement into the very air. In the Sunday-school they talk about the picnic for weeks in advance, telling the children and the grown-ups what a fine time they are going to have. The circus does the same thing with its flaming bill-boards and its parade. The political managers talk about the famous speakers who will address the meetings, about the band. You see, it's all the same, fundamentally.

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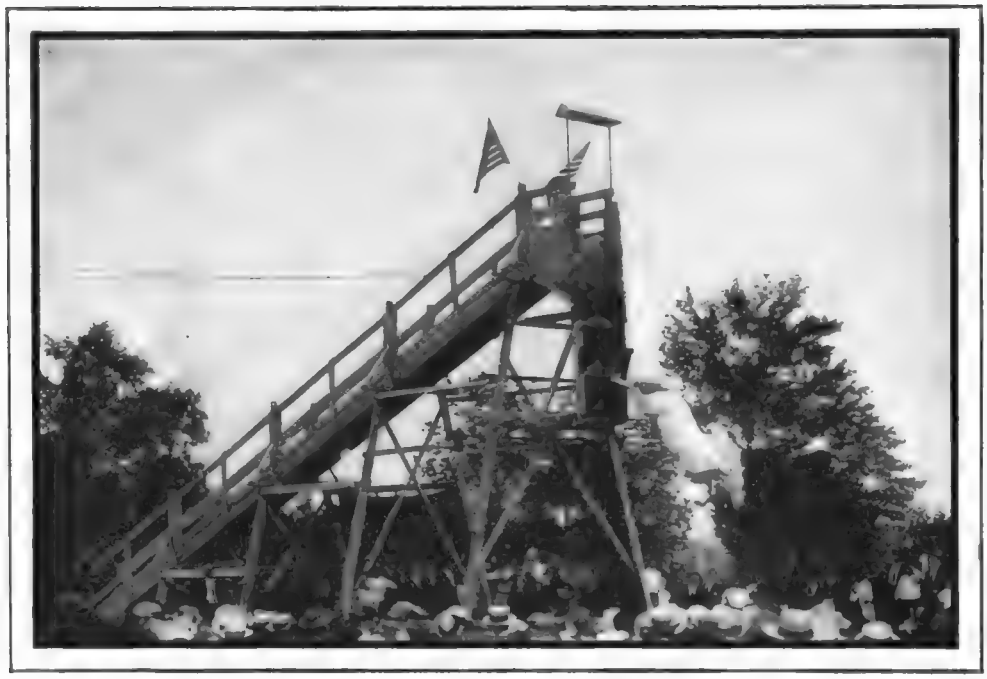

A POPULAR AMUSEMENT PARK FEATURE: "KING," THE DIVING HORSE.

THE LASKY QUINTETTE.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

JEANNETTE ST. LEON, WHO AT EIGHTEEN IS AN EQUESTRIENNE ACROBAT AND A TIGHT-WIRE PERFORMER.

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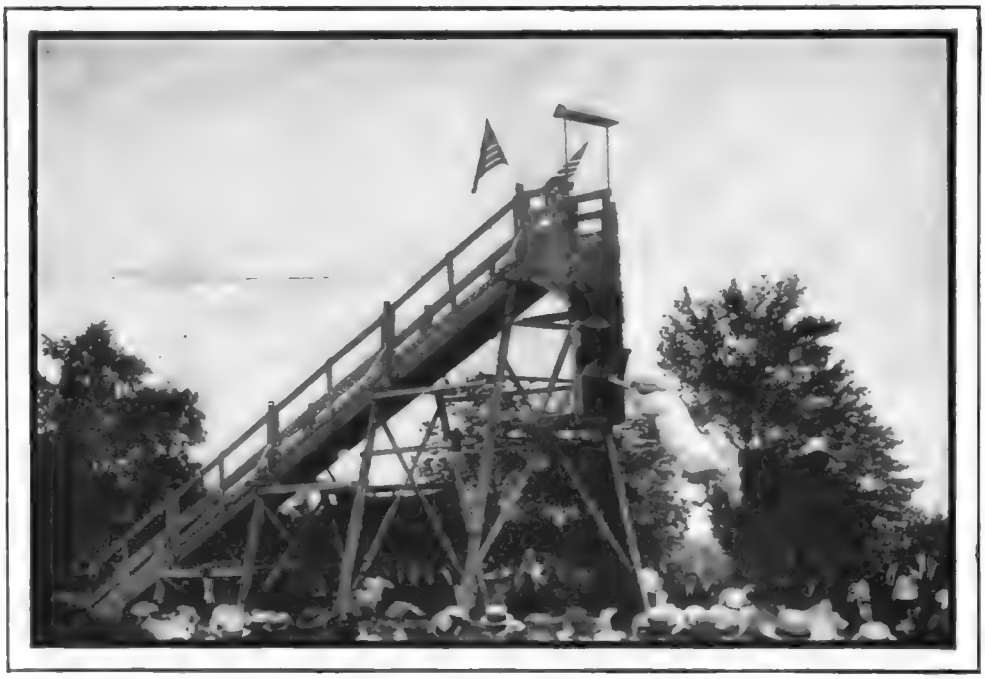

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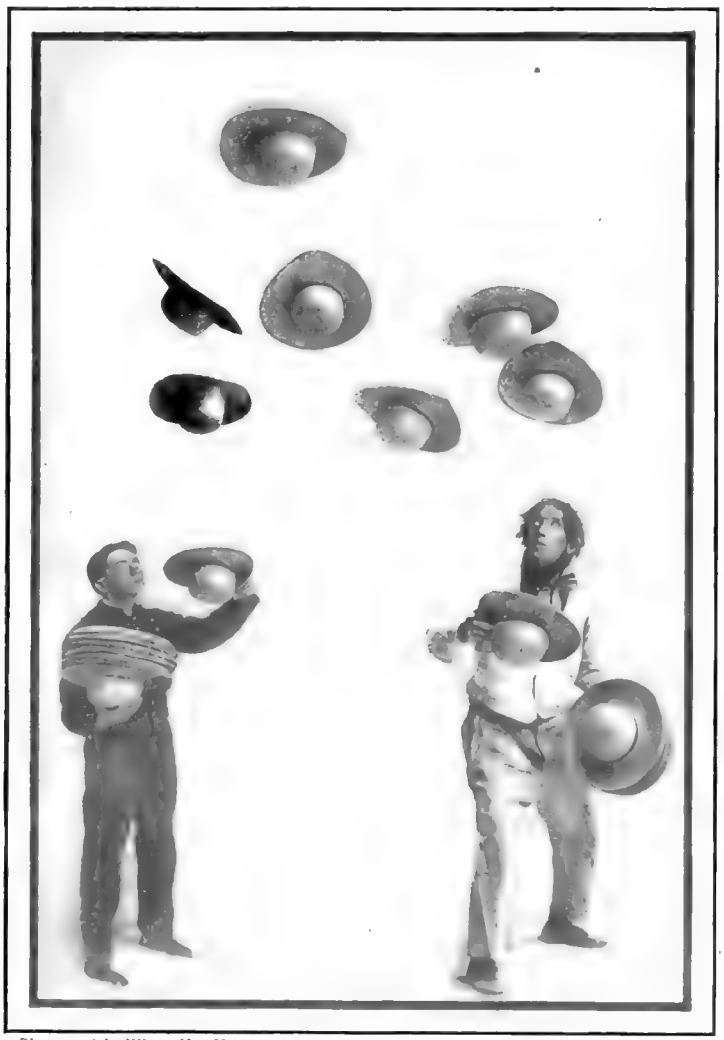
In big amusement enterprises that appeal to the masses the spirit of gaiety is manufactured just as scenery, lights, buildings, and the shows generally are manufactured. That's the business of the showman—to create the spirit of gaiety, frolic, carnival; and the capacity to do this is the measure of his mastery of the craft. Nearly all the big national expositions fail financially because, while in essence they are really nothing but shows, almost never is one run by a showman. When people go to a park or an exposition and admire the buildings, the exhibits, and the lights without having laughed about half the time until their sides ached, you can be absolutely sure that the enterprise will fail.

I have been giving generalities. The only way I know of driving home these points is to tell some of my own experiences.

In the year 1901 I had a show called "A Trip to the Moon" on the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. Architecturally and from an educational standpoint this exposition was one of the most remarkable in all the history of world's fairs. It was beautiful; it was tremendous; but it wasn't paying. After several months I went to the executive committee and to the president and told them why their outlay of millions of dollars was attracting only thirty thousand people a day. I told them they were failing miserably because there wasn't a regular showman in the lot. I told them about the carnival spirit, and they came back by telling me about the educational value of the exposition.



Photograph by White, New York.

THE BARRETTS—A TEAM OF COMEDY HAT JUGGLERS.

"But what's the use of a college if there are not students?" I asked. "Before we talk of educational benefits let's get in the crowd to educate."

They didn't take kindly to my notions at first. Then I suggested that they turn over the show to me for one day, which would be sufficient to test what the executive gentlemen were pleased to call my theories. President Milburn was with me, and I finally won the point. The exposition was to be mine for August 3, and I told them that it would be known as "Midway Day."

Within six hours after the final interview I had four printing-houses at work getting

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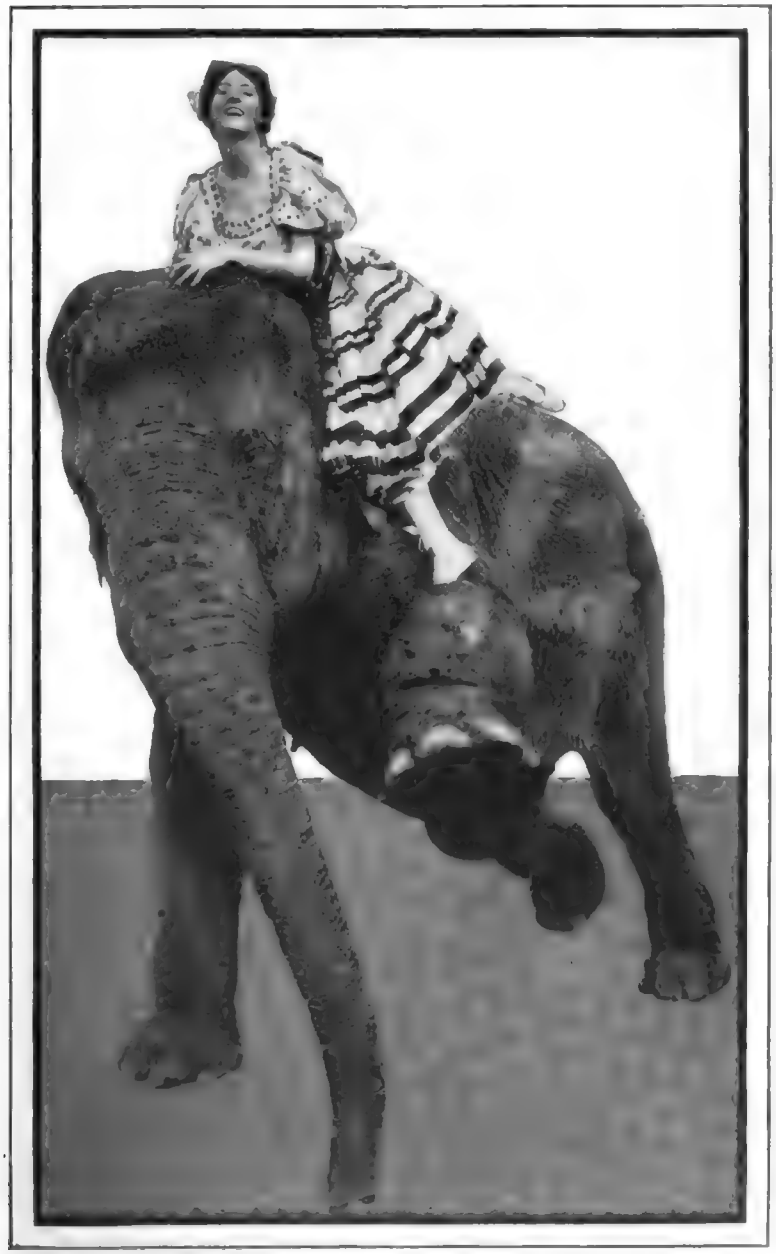

Photograph by Hall, New York.

MRS. FREDERIC THOMPSON, NÉE MABEL TALIAFERRO, WHO DOES HER SHARE IN AMUSING THE MILLION.

out the paper with which I was going to plaster the country. I and my side-show associates sent ten advance men on the road to herald the coming of the big day, and within a week a large part of the eastern half of the United States was screaming: "August third! Midway Day at the Pan-American! Don't miss it!"

They didn't. On the night of August 2 a crowd of would-be excursionists was left on every railway station within twenty-four hours' ride of Buffalo, and when the gates of the exposition were thrown open, the police reserves had to be summoned to stop a panic. They arrived too late to prevent ten thousand people from forcing their way in without paying. There were more than enough left to make the gate receipts satisfactory. Up to August 3, the average daily admissions were about thirty thousand. On Midway Day 142,000 paid to get into the grounds, and from that time on the attendance was tremendous.

How was it done? By paying no attention to Machinery Hall, the architectural beauty of the State Building, or the interesting exhibits of Trade and Industry; and by

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THE CAKE-WALKING PONY.

smearing the sign-boards of forty-five states with the carnival spirit. Instead of advertising an organ concert in Music Hall we yelled ourselves hoarse about high diving, greased poles, parades, and every other crazy thing we could think of. I instructed all bands to play marching and to go to the band-stands only when they wished to rest. To the Stadium, which had never held a quarter of its capacity, I drew 23,000 people to see a race contested by an ostrich, a camel, an elephant, a man on a bicycle, another on a horse, an automobile, and a zebra. I had a man sliding by his teeth from the top of the sky-scraping electric tower to the esplanade below. True, he had never before traveled more than thirty feet in that fashion, but we tied him on, so there was no danger. The illusion was great, and the stunt made a sensation.

In every part of the grounds something extraordinary was going on all the time. There were speed, light, gaiety, color, excitement. The crowd entered into it. They didn't sit on the benches and admire the sculptural work with the aid of official guides—not a bit of it. They joined in the spirit of the occasion—they caught the carnival spirit—and the Pan-American was "made," as far as any exposition could be made at such a late day.

To create a carnival spirit a showman may use other means than ballyhoos—which means the sample shows on the outside, with the

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patter of the barkers—bands, freak shows, and free circuses. I use architecture. It's all right to copy the capitol at Washington in making a state building at an exposition, and there is no objection to constructing Machinery Hall and the House of Manufactures with an outward indication of the staid and serious exhibits within—if the heads of the exposition are philanthropists. But if they are trying to have their enterprise make both ends meet it is suicidal. The scenery of a comic opera suggests the spirit and the environment of the piece, and the scenery of an exposition or an amusement park must do the same if the place is to score what in theatrical parlance is known as a "hit." Straight lines are necessarily severe and dead. They have no right in the place of honor of a great outdoor show. The very architecture must be in keeping with the spirit of carnival. It must be active, mobile, free, graceful, and attractive. It must be arranged so that visitors will say, "What is this?" and "Why is that?"

When I was studying architecture I paid a great deal of attention to the vignola and to the other classically conventional standards of construction. I was like every other architect. But when I started to build I realized that I, like every one else, was obtaining absolutely conventional results. So one day I threw all my books and plans on to the ash-heap and decided to start after something new. I began designing, not after classical models, but with a sense of their proportions. I stuck to no style. I adopted what I thought was best in Free Renaissance, but reserved the right to use all the license in the world and to inject into everything I did the graceful, romantic curves of the Oriental.

One result is Luna Park, the sky-line of which is utterly unlike anything else of its kind in the two Americas. The architecture of Luna Park helps rather than hinders the spirit of carnival. Luna Park has been, and is, tremendously successful. There are other amusement parks in its vicinity that are chastely beautiful from an artistic standpoint, but that so far as dollars and cents are concerned are utter failures. Visitors admire the buildings—and don't go near the shows. I have built their sort of buildings, too, but not for a Luna Park. They don't pay. An exposition is a form of festivity, and serious architecture should not enter into it if it will interfere with the carnival spirit.

In amusing the million there are other essential elements besides gaiety. One is decency—the absolutely necessary quality in every line of the world's business. There is nothing that pays so well. When Coney Island used to have a pretty bad reputation, there were good shows there, and clean shows, but the influence of evil dives was dominant. The police couldn't, or at least didn't, check them. The hooligan was everywhere. It's different now. The clean, decent shows have driven the dives out of business. They can't pay the rents the good places easily afford.

The ground that Luna Park occupies is one-third of a tract that was offered to us for less than $600,000. We didn't buy it because we couldn't. I remember that just about that time I had occasion to go to New York on important business. I had to meet men high in the financial world. My best pair of trousers had holes worn through the patches. I went to Dundy and told him I wanted some money.

"How much?" he asked.

"Five or six dollars."

"What for?"

"I must have a new pair of trousers," I explained, and showed him the convincing proofs.

"Five dollars?" said Dundy, in a tone that made me feel like a criminal. "Five dollars for pants! Do you know how many nails that would buy?"

I didn't, and I didn't have the courage to ask. I didn't get the trousers. The money went for the nails. So you see there were reasons why we didn't buy the land at that time. The other day the property on which Luna Park stands sold for a million dollars, so that the value of the whole tract would be about three millions. Making Coney Island a decent, respectable place has increased the value of the property about five times in as many years.

The problem of handling the roughs prom-

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ised to be serious at first, but it was solved very quickly and easily. The first rowdy I caught in Luna Park was soundly thrashed, and before he was thrown out of the grounds I told him the place was not run for him, but for his mother and sister. I think that did him more good than the punishment. For several seasons I advertised the park as "the place for your mother, your sister, and your sweetheart." If I hadn't believed it was that I wouldn't have spent upward of a hundred thousand dollars in impressing the fact upon the public.

Courtesy on the part of the employee is as necessary as decency on the part of the visitor. If I hear of one of my employees resenting an insult offered by a visitor, I dismiss him. I tell him that so long as he wears my uniform he is representing me, and that I am the only person who can be insulted inside the gates.

An amusement park is a condensed Broadway, if that is understood to represent metropolitan theatreland. In a park the best things of a theatrical nature must be presented in capsule form. The shows must be diversified because the appeal must be universal. The whole gamut of the theatre must be run, and no show can last more than twenty minutes. If you have a two-hour show, it should be boiled down to a quarter of an hour. It is foolish to make people serious or to point a moral, for you are dealing with a moral people. Nor is it worth while to try to educate the amusement-seeking public. It is better to take it for granted that they are educated, and if you start out to amuse them, to stick to that.

People are just boys and girls grown tall. Elaborated child's play is what they want on a holiday. Sliding down cellar doors and the make-believes of youngsters are the most effective amusements for grown-ups. An appreciation of that fact made "The Trip to the Moon" possible, and "The Trip to the Moon" made for me and my partner, Dundy, half a million dollars. "The Tickler," "Bump the Bumps," and "The Virginia Reel" are nothing more than improved cellar doors. "The Trip to the Moon," "Night and Morning," "The Witching Waves," and "The Lost Girl" are only elaborations of the doll-house stunts of childhood, and they are successful largely for that reason. But they must be short and decisive. I would rather have a good show that lasts three minutes than a better one that runs an hour. And I prefer one that is over in a minute but enables the spectator to become a part of it to one that runs three minutes and never permits him to become more than an onlooker.

Speed is almost as important a factor in amusing the millions as is the carnival spirit, decency, or a correct recollection of school days. Speed has become an inborn American trait. We as a nation are always moving, we are always in a hurry, we are never without momentum. "Helter Skelters," "Scenic Railways," "Shoot the Chutes," "The Dragon's Gorge," the thousand and one varieties of roller-coasters are popular for the same reason that we like best the fastest trains, the speediest horses, the highest powered motor-cars, and the swiftest sprinters.

Not only must some rides be speedy and all shows be short, but the employees must work fast visibly, thereby promoting by suggestion speed in the mind, heart, and steps of the most laggard visitors. Throughout Luna Park and all exposition grounds there are benches for the weary. I want the benches there, but I don't want people to sit on them. Whenever, on my frequent tours of the grounds, I find men and women seated watching the lights or the crowds or the free shows, I order out a band, make the musicians march about playing the liveliest tunes, and inject into the very atmosphere such excitement, gaiety, and speed that the resters get up and again take an interest in things. I have never seen this ruse fail.

To keep up the carnival spirit everybody and everything must be on the "go." There can be no carnival without speed. The moment a crowd of folk who are slowly meandering around catch this spirit they walk faster, they laugh, they spend money, they have a good time. I instruct my "talkers" to be always on the alert and to interest people while they are approaching. "Mills won't grind with water that's past" is an old motto, but a good one. It applies to the business of amusing the millions perhaps more than to any other kind of human activity.

Bad weather kills the carnival spirit, and on rainy days the showman must fight hardest to maintain a pretense of gaiety. I have made it a rule to keep my attractions running just the same in a rain-storm as in the sunshine, and as an evidence of the curious and timely reward the allegiance to this principle has frequently brought me I need tell only one story.

I reached the gates of Luna at half past

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nine one night two years ago when rain was falling in torrents. Just as I entered the park all the lights went out and I met a crowd of employees on their way home. I told them to stop, ordered them back to their posts, sent for the manager, told him to turn on the lights, and sent word to the five bands to get back into their uniforms and start playing. I had made it a rule to keep faith with my public, and, although it costs eight hundred dollars a night to light Luna, I thought the chance that the next train might bring to Coney Island half a dozen people who would expect to find my place open and ablaze with electricity was worth taking. Within five minutes, as if by miracle, the weather changed, the rain ceased, the stars came out, and people began to stream in. Within the next hour nearly eleven thousand people paid admissions to Luna. If I had not insisted on a pretense at gaiety they would have gone somewhere else.

There was another time when it didn't work so well. It rained hard, with no prospect of letting up. I insisted upon the bands' playing—the big band of sixty pieces and the smaller ones as well—we have six in all. After a while the big band started to play:

> "Ain't it a shame, a measly shame,
> To keep me standing out in the rain."

The other bands took it up and for an hour they played nothing else. I gave in.

Here is another incident that illustrates my practice of never disappointing people: While "The Trip to the Moon" was running I insisted that a performance be given every fifteen minutes, despite the frequently expressed opinion that some day there would be an audience of only one person. And it finally happened. The fifteen minutes were up, and the lecturer, upon making his entrance, found a little wizened old man the sole occupant of the auditorium. He was a bit of a joker—this lecturer—and taking a seat alongside the audience, he started to deliver his talk in a conversational tone.

"The principles of aerial navigation have never been properly understood," said he.

"You don't say," replied the audience. "Why haven't they?"

The rest of the lecture was made in the same question and answer style, and both gentlemen enjoyed the affair immensely.

It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale.

I suppose that more than twenty-five million dollars are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about $2,500,000; Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

Luna Park cost $2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows, and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent $240,000 on one show alone, of which $68,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian Durbar—and I lost $100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs $5,600 a week to light Luna Park, and $4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are $2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit.

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THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

Conclusion

The Problem of "Spirit" Identity

THE reader will have observed that up to the present moment I have not emphasized in any way the question of the identity of the "intelligences" which have manifested themselves. The reason for this lies in the fact that throughout the experiments so far recorded I was still seeking evidence concerning the facts and processes of mediumship. However, having been convinced (by reason of these experiments, supported by those of Lombroso, Morselli, and Bottazzi) that the facts of mediumship exist, I was ready to take up definitely the question of "spirit" identity. It is the results of experimentation in this field that I am now to record. It is the final and most elusive part of the problem—it may turn out to be the insoluble part of the problem.

If you ask why it should be insoluble, I reply, because it concerns the mystery of death, and it may be that it is not well for us to penetrate the ultimate shadow. At any rate, among all the men of the highest rank who admit the reality of apparitions and voices, there are but few as yet who are willing to assert that the dead manifest themselves. By this I mean that though some of them, like Crookes, for example, believe in "the intervention of discarnate intelligences," even they are not ready to grant that these intelligences are their grandfathers returning to the scene of their earthly labors.

I said something like this to Miller and Fowler, when we met at the club one afternoon not long after the last meeting of Cameron's amateur psychical society, and I added: "I must confess that most of the 'spirits' I have met seem to me merely parasitic or secondary personalities (to use Maxwell's term), drawn from the psychic or from myself. Nearly every one of the mediums I have studied has had at least one 'guide' whose voice and habit of thought were perilously similar to his own. This, in some cases, has been laughable, as when 'Rolling Thunder,' a Sioux chief (Indians are all chiefs in the spirit world), appears and says, 'Goot efening, friends; id iss a nice night alretty.' And yet I have seen a whole roomful of people receive communications from a 'spirit' of this kind with solemn awe. I burn with shame for the sitters and the psychic when this kind of thing is going on."

"You visit the wrong mediums," said Fowler. "Such psychics are on a low plane. I never go to those who associate with Indians."

"But mediums are all alike in this respect. I don't suppose Mrs. Smiley realizes that 'Maudie' would be called by a doubter a falsetto disguise of her own voice, and 'Wilbur' a shrewd and humorous personification of her subconscious self; or, if she does, she probably ascribes it, in accordance with the spiritualistic belief, to the process of materialization which takes force from the medium. Never but once have I had the impression of being in the presence of a real 'spirit' personality, and that happened to me only a few days ago."

"It must have been an extraordinary experience to have made so deep an impression upon you," said Fowler.

"Yes, it was extraordinary. It had the personal element in it to a much greater degree than any case I have hitherto studied, and seemed a direct attempt at identification on the part of a powerful and original individuality but recently 'passed out.' It came about in this way:

"I met, not long ago, at the home of a friend in a Western city, a woman who was said to be able to produce whispers independently of her own organs of speech. I was assured by those

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in whom I had confidence that these voices could be heard in the broad light of day, in the open air, anywhere the psychic happened to be, and that her 'work' was of an exceptionally high character. I was keenly interested, as you may imagine, and asked for a sitting. Mrs. Hartley, as we will call her, fixed a day and hour in her own house for the trial, and I went to the sitting a few days later with high expectations of her 'phase.' I found her living in a small frame house on a pleasant street, with nothing to indicate that it was a meeting-place of mortals and their 'spirit guides.'

"Mrs. Hartley was quite evidently a woman of power and native intelligence. After a few minutes of general conversation she took me up to her study on the second floor, a sunny little den on the east side of the house, which was not in the least suggestive of hocus-pocus. A broad mission table, two bookcases, a few flowers, and a curious battered old black-walnut table completed the furnishing of the room, which indicated something rather studious and thoughtful in the owner.

"Mrs. Hartley asked me to be seated, and added, 'Please write on a sheet of paper the names of such friends as you would like to communicate with.' She then left the room on some household errand, and while she was gone I wrote the name of her 'guide,' 'Dr. Cooke' (out of compliment), and added that of a musical friend whom I will call 'Ernest Alexander.' I also wrote the names 'Jessie' and 'David,' folded the sheet once, and retained it under my hand. Upon her return the psychic seated herself at the battered oval table, and taking up a pair of hinged school slates, began to clean them with a cloth. I am not going to detail my precautions. You must take my detective work for granted. In this case I was awaiting the voices; the slate-writing was gratuitous. She took the slates (between which I had dropped my slip of paper) and, putting them beneath the table, asked me to hold one corner."

"SPIRITS" AS COMPANIONS

"I *wish* they wouldn't do that," protested Fowler. "It isn't necessary."

"As we sat thus, she told me that she had never been in a trance, and that she never permitted the dark. 'I force my guides to work in the light,' she said. She declared that the whispers which I was presently to hear, came to her under all conditions, and that her 'spirit' friends talked to her familiarly as she went about her household duties. She assured me that 'they' were a great help and comfort to her. 'Dr. Cooke' was her ever-present guide and counselor, and her father and brother were always near.

"Evidently she did not stand in awe of them, for after half an hour's wait she grew impatient and called out in an imperious tone, 'Come, dear, I want you. Come, anybody.' Two or three times she spoke loudly clearly, as if calling to some one through a thick wall. This interested me exceedingly. Generally psychics are very humble and patient with their 'guides.' A few moments later the slates began to slam about so violently beneath the table that her arm was bruised, and she protested sharply, 'Don't do that. You will break the slates and the table both!' Thereupon the forces quieted down till only a peculiar quiver remained in the slates. I could hear writing going on steadily.

MESSAGES FROM A FRIEND

"At last a tap came to announce that the messages were written. The psychic withdrew the slates and handed them across the table to me. I opened them and took out my paper. On one slate was a message from 'Dr. Cooke,' the 'guide'; on the other were these words, written in slate pencil: '*I would that you could see me as I am now, still occupied, and happy to be busy.*' This was followed by four lines and three little marks, evidently intended to symbolize a bar of music, and the whole was signed, '*E. Alexander.*' The writing was firm and manly, but I did not recognize it as that of my friend.

"The second trial resulted in this vague communication: '*My dear friend, don't overdo. Earth is but one life. Many I recall. I tried to give expression to my one talent.*' This was signed, '*Ernest Alexander.*' Both these replies, as you see, were very general in phraseology, but the third message came closer to the individual: '*I was so tired and not myself. I am well and in the world of progress. Ernest Alexander.*' The bar of music again appeared, this time much more 'developed.'"

Miller stopped me here. "All this is quite simple. Mrs. Hartley opened and read your note and, following up the clue, simply did some neat trick-writing beneath the table."

"It is not so simple as all that," I answered.

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"She was interrupted about this time by the door-bell, and while she was gone I wrote on another piece of paper: 'Ernest, give me a test of your identity. Write a bar from' — and I mentioned a sonata of his. This note I folded closely and put in an inside pocket.

"In answer to this request, when the medium returned I got these pertinent words: '*I was not a disappointment to myself, but I was at a point where nerve force failed me.*' This was signed '*Ernest*,' and was accompanied by another sketchy bar of music. It all looked like a real attempt to give me what I had asked for, and yet it was the kind of reply which might have been made by the medium, had she known the history of my musical friend, or had she been able to take it out of my mind."

"Even that latter possibility is a violent assumption to me," remarked Miller.

ORIGINAL MUSIC PRODUCED

"So it is to me," I answered. "I can't really believe in thought transmission, and yet— I then asked for the signature of the staff, and a small '*c*' was written in the bar above, and another bar was added. Now on the slates there came (with every evidence of eager haste) intimate questions concerning Alexander's family: 'Is my wife cared for?' and the like. To these I replied orally. I must tell you that all along Alexander's wife was referred to as 'Mary,' which was wrong, although it was close to the actual name. Also, when after a time I began to speak of Alexander as 'E. A.,' the messages were signed in that manner, all of which would seem to argue a little confusion in the psychic's mind.

Presently, *while I held the slate myself*, the mysterious force wrote: '*I thank you for what you have done. I have been told my mind is clear*,' which was particularly full of meaning to me, for the reason that my friend's mind was clouded toward the close of his life."

"All of which proves nothing," insisted Miller. "Your friend, if I conjecture rightly, was a well-known man, and the psychic could have read, and probably did read, all about his illness in the public press."

"It may be so. About this time I began to hear a faint whisper, which *seemed* to come from a point a little to the right of, and a foot or two above, the psychic's lips. This, she informed me, was the voice of 'Dr. Cooke,' her 'guide.' I could catch only a few of the whispered words, and Mrs. Hartley was forced to repeat them. 'Dr. Cooke,' thus interpreted, said, '*Your friend Alexander is present, and overjoyed to talk with you.*' The conversation went on with both 'Dr. Cooke' and the psychic between the alleged spirit and myself; but even then I must admit that 'Alexander's' queries and answers were to the point.

"Under what seemed like test conditions I got two more bars of music, both much more definite in form than the others; and these, the whisper declared, were from the third movement of the sonata I had asked for. This message was accompanied by a curious little device like the letter *C* with a line drawn through it, and I said to myself: 'If this should prove to be a mark which Ernest used in signing his manuscript, something like Whistler's butterfly, I shall have a fine test of thought transmission.'

"I now secured under excellent conditions the writing of a singular word, which was plainly spelled but meant nothing to me. It looked like '*Isinghere.*' In answer to oral questioning the whisper said that these bars of music were part of an unpublished manuscript, a fragment, which the composer had meant to call 'Isinghere.'"

"What about the process?" asked Miller. "Did the writing appear to be supernormal?"

A MUSICIAN JOINS THE CIRCLE

"Yes, and so did the whispering. I could detect no connection between the lips of the psychic and the voice. In one way or another I varied the conditions, so that I was at last quite convinced of the psychic's supernormal power; but that was not my quest. I was seeking proof of the identity of the whisper with my friend Alexander.

"Seeing that the chief means of identification might be in the music, I persuaded my friend Blake, who is a fairly competent musician, to sit with me and decipher the score which 'E. A.' persisted in setting down. I was now eager to secure a complete phrase of the music. I saw myself establishing, at the least, the most beautiful case of mind-tapping on record. 'If we can secure the score of an unpublished manuscript of Alexander's composition we shall have worked a miracle,' I said to Blake.

"Our first sitting, which took place in the home of a common friend, was indefinite as to results; but the second, held in Mrs.

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Hartley's study one bright morning, was very fruitful. The powers started in at once as if to convince us both. Blake received a message written on a slate under his foot, and I got the name '*Jessie*,' with the word '*sister*' written beneath it. And the whispers which we had been hearing suddenly changed in character. The words became swift, impetuous, imperious. '*Line off all the leaves of a slate*,' the voice commanded. I understood at once, for in the previous sitting 'E. A.' had seemingly found it difficult to draw a long line.

"E. A." DIRECTS PLAYING OF MUSIC

"We had brought some silicon slates of the book variety, and Blake now proceeded to rule one of them with the lines of a musical staff, and on these slates, held as before beneath the table, we began to get bars of music of a character quite outside the knowledge of the psychic and myself; and, more remarkable still, the whispers, so the psychic informed us, were no longer from 'Dr. Cooke'; 'E. A.,' she declared, was there in person and directing the work.

"Furthermore, the requests that we now received were entirely different in character from 'Cooke's' impersonal remarks. The whispers were quick and masterful, wonderfully suggestive of 'Alexander' in content. 'He' was humorous; 'he' acknowledged mistakes in the score, calling them 'slips of the pen.' 'He' became highly technical in his conversation with Blake, talking of musical matters that were Greek to me and, I venture to say, Coptic to the psychic. 'He' corrected the notation himself, sometimes when Blake held the slate, sometimes when I held it. Part of the time 'he' indicated the corrections orally. 'He' asked Blake to sing the air.

"At last 'he' broke off and imperiously said, '*Take the table to the piano.*' This seemed to surprise the psychic, but she acquiesced, and we moved the small stand and our slates down to the little parlor; and there, with Blake now holding the slate beneath the table and now playing the notes upon the piano, the score grew into a weird little melody with bass accompaniment, which seemed to me at the moment exactly like a message from my friend Alexander. The first bar went through me like the sound of his voice."

"Now you are getting into the upper air of spiritualism," exulted Fowler. "You were then receiving a message that had dignity and meaning."

"So it seemed at the moment, both to Blake and to myself. The music was manifestly not the kind of thing that Mrs. Hartley could conceive. It was absolutely *not* commonplace. It was touched with technical subtlety, although simple in appearance. At last a complete phrase was written out and partly harmonized. This, 'E. A.' said, was the beginning of a little piece that he had intended to call '*Unghere*' or '*Hungarie*.' Nothing in all my long experience with psychics ever moved me like the first phrase of that sweet, sad melody. It seemed like the touch of identification I had been seeking."

"But your friend Blake was a musician," interrupted Miller. "And how about your own subconscious self? You are musical, and your mind is filled with your friend Alexander's music."

"That is true, and I had that reservation all along. 'E. A.' may have been made up of our combined subconscious selves—I admit all that; but no matter. It was still very marvelous, even on its material side, for some of this music was written in while the slates were in Blake's entire control. He not merely put them under the table himself but withdrew them—the psychic only clutched one corner of them. Furthermore, throughout all this composition 'Ernest' was master of the situation. 'Dr. Cooke' was superseded. There was neither feebleness nor hesitation in the voice. I could now distinguish most of the words, and the dialogue went forward exactly as if a master musician were dictating to an intelligent amanuensis a new and subtle sketch."

"Did the medium look at the music?" asked Miller.

SEEMS TO REMEMBER CORRECTLY

"Yes, now and then. However, most of the corrections were put in upside down, as regards her position, and during the last sitting she appeared to be no more than a mere onlooker. Once, as we sat holding the slate, 'Ernest' whispered to me: '*Blake is a fine fellow. I met him twice.*'"

"'Can you tell me where?' asked Blake.

"'*It was in New York City*,' was the reply; then, after a moment's hesitation, '*It was at dinner—both times!*' 'You are right,' said Blake, much impressed. 'Can you tell me the places?' '*One was on Fifth Avenue.*

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The other was—I can't tell the location exactly; but it was where we went down a short flight of steps.' 'That is correct also,' said Blake. 'How many persons were there?' '*Five.*' 'Quite right. Can you tell me who they were?' '*Well, Mary was there, and you, of course; but I can't be sure of the others.*'

"Blake looked at me in astonishment, and our minds flashed along the same line. Suppose the whisper were only a bit of clever ventriloquism, how did the psychic secure the information conveyed in this dialogue? It was given as I write it, with only a bit of hesitation once or twice; and yet, it may have been merely thought transference."

WAS IT MIND-READING?

"*Merely* thought transference!" exclaimed Miller. "I consider thought transference quite as absurd as slate-writing."

Fowler interposed. "I consider this a simple case of spirit communication. You should be grateful for such a beautiful response."

"This significant fact is not to be overlooked," I resumed: "the psychic secured almost nothing else that concerned either Blake's affairs or my own. Mainly the whispers had to do with 'E. A.,' which, of course, bears out Miller's notion that the medium could deal only with what was public property. But this little colloquy about the dinners in New York is very convincing as far as mind-reading goes.

"At the third sitting, Blake again being present, 'E. A.' took control as before from the start, and carried forward the recording of the musical fragment. '*I want you to fill in the treble, Blake,*' he said. '*It's nothing but the bare melody now.*' Blake protested—'I'm not up to this'; and the whisper came swiftly, '*You're too modest, Blake';* and a moment later it said, '*I hope you're not bored, Garland.*' If all this was a little play of the psychic's devising it was very cleverly carried out, for after a few minutes of close attention to Blake 'E. A.' asked, with anxious haste, '*Where's Garland?*' 'I am here,' I answered. '*Don't go away,*' 'he' entreated. It was as if for the moment 'he' had lost sight of me by reason of fixing his attention upon Blake."

"That is singular!" exclaimed Fowler. "Their field of vision is evidently much more restricted than we thought."

"It must be very small indeed, for Blake and I sat touching elbows. Two or three times the whispering voice called, '*Is Garland here?*' and once it asked, '*What is Garland doing? I see his hand moving.*' I explained that I was making notes. '*Don't do it!*' was the agitated request."

"A very neat little touch," remarked Miller.

"We worked for a long time over this music, directed by the voice, both in the notation and in the execution of it. The lines were drawn for both bass and treble lengthwise of the slate, and Blake found the little piece difficult to play, partly because the staves were on different leaves of the slate and partly because the notes, especially some of those put in at the beginning by the composer, were becoming blurred. It was marvelous to see how exactly these dim notes were touched up by the mysterious pencil beneath the table. But our progress was slow. 'E. A.' was very patient, though now and then he plumply opposed his will to Blake's. Once, especially, Blake exclaimed, 'That can't be right!'

"'*Yes, it is right!*' insisted 'E. A.'

"'But it is very unusual to construct a measure in that way, for there is a seeming confusion of 3-4 time with 6-8 time.'

"'*It is a liberty I permit myself,*' was the swift reply.

LIMITED VISION OF "SPIRITS"

"In the last bar, which did not appear to be filled satisfactorily, the composer directed the insertion of a figure 2. This meant, as became clear through a subsequent reference to Alexander's printed scores, the playing of two quarter notes in the time of three eighth notes, but was not understood at the moment by Blake.

"'*Never mind,*' said 'E. A.' graciously. '*I will write it differently.*' The figure 2 was canceled, and the measure was completed by a rest. This is only one of many astonishing passages in the dialogue.

"In all this work 'E. A.' carried himself like the creative master. He held to a plane apparently far above the psychic's musical knowledge, and often above that of his amanuensis. He was highly technical throughout in both the composition and the playing, and Blake followed his will for the most part as if the whispers came from Alexander himself—and yet, I repeat, the music and all may have come from a union of Blake's mind

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with that of the psychic, with now and then a mixture of my own subconscious self."

"What was the psychic doing all this time?" asked Miller.

"She was listening to the voice and repeating the words which Blake could not hear. She seemed merely the somewhat bored interpreter of words which she did not fully understand. It was precisely as if she were catching by wireless telephone the whispered instructions of my friend 'E. A.' I can't believe she consciously deceived us, but it is possible that these were ventriloquistic voices which had become a subconscious habit.

"One other very curious event I must note. Once when Blake was asking for a correction the whisper exclaimed, '*I can't see it, Blake!*'

"'*Cover it with your hand,*' interjected the 'control.' Blake did so, and 'E. A.' spoke gratefully, '*I see it now.*'"

"Seeing cannot mean the same with them that it does with us," exclaimed Fowler. "You remember Crookes put his finger on the print of a newspaper behind his back, and the spirit spoke the word that was under his finger-tip. They apprehend by means of some form of etheric vibration not known to us."

I resumed: "Let me stop here for a moment to emphasize a very curious contradiction. Between my first séance with Mrs. Hartley and this our third attempt to secure the music, I had held two sittings in the home of a friend. Mrs. Hartley had come to the house about ten o'clock in the morning, bringing nothing with her except a few tips of soft slate-pencil. During the sitting I had secured in the middle of a manila pad (a pad which the psychic had never seen and which I had taken from my friend's desk) these words: '*Have Schumann. E. A.*'

A MESSAGE MISUNDERSTOOD

"This writing I had taken to mean that 'Ernest' wanted to hear some of Schumann's music, and in that understanding I had called Blake in to play. This had seemed at the moment perfectly conclusive and entirely satisfactory; yet now, in this final sitting, 'E. A.' suddenly reverted to this message, and whispered: '*Garland, there is a certain étude which I took to Schumann. I want you to regain it and take it to Smart. Mary will know about it. I meant to take it away, but did I? I was so badly off mentally that I don't know whether I did or not.*' Whereupon Blake said, 'Do you mean Schumann the publisher?' '*Yes,*' 'E. A.' replied; and I said, 'And you want the manuscript recalled from Schumann and given to Smart?' '*Yes,*' was his very definite answer.

"'Very well, I will attend to it,' I answered. 'What do you want done with this fragment?' I pursued. 'Shall I publish that?' '*That is what it is for,*' he answered curtly.

"'How many bars are in it?' asked Blake. 'Forty?' '*More,*' returned the whisper.

"Blake made the mistake of again suggesting an answer. 'As many as sixty?'

CANNOT BE VERIFIED

"'*Yes, sixty or seventy,*' was the answer, echo-like. Here Blake's thought apparently governed, but it was evident that the psychic had no clear conception of what this reference to Schumann meant at first, for 'E. A.' was unable to complete his sentence, which should have read, '*Have Schumann return a certain étude which I took to him. E. A.*' Further, the psychic evidently believed in the truth of the message or she would not have gone into it with such particularity—she would have been lacking in caution to have given me such definite and detailed information, if she had thought that it was all false.

"So far as my own mind is concerned, I had no knowledge of such a music publisher as Schumann. Smart I had met. Blake, however, knew of both firms. But, in spite of the possibility of mind-reading, the entire message and the method of its communication completed what seemed like a highly intellectual test of identity, and we both left the house of the psychic with a feeling of having been very near to our dead friend.

"Imagine my disappointment when I found that no such manuscript was in Schumann's hands, and that no fragment called 'Isinghere,' 'Unghere,' or 'Hungarie' could be found."

Fowler shared my regret. "What about the other messages? Were they all disappointing?"

"No; some of them were not. The most intimate were true; and a signature which came on the slate under test conditions, and which I valued very little at the moment, turned out to be almost the exact duplicate of Alexander's signature as he used to write it when a youth twenty years ago. As a matter of fact, it closely resembled the signature appended to a framed letter which used

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to hang upon the wall of his study. But, even so, its reproduction under these conditions is sufficiently puzzling."

"What was Blake's conclusion?"

"I think he was quite as deeply impressed as I. He said the music seemed like Alexander's music somehow distorted by the medium through which it came. 'It was like seeing Alexander through a pane of crinkly glass,' he said. And he added, 'I had the sense of being in long-distance contact with the composer himself.' He had no doubt of the supernormal means through which the writing came, yet he remains doubtful of the value of the music as evidence of Ernest's return from the world of shadows."

"Have you tried to secure more of the music?" Fowler asked.

"No, not specifically, but I've had one further sitting with Mrs. Hartley since the last one at which Blake was present. (At that third sitting, by the way, we had to stop with the eighth bar of music. 'E. A.' said he felt confused.) Almost immediately 'Ernest' whispered a greeting and said: '*I want to go on with that music, Garland. I want to put B and D and A-flat into the first bar—it's only a bare sketch as it stands.*'

"To this I replied: 'I can't do it, Ernest. It's beyond me. Wait till I can get Blake again.'

"This ended his attempt, although he was 'terribly anxious,' the psychic said. I am going to try for the completion of the score through another psychic. If I can get that eighth bar taken up and carried on by 'Ernest' through another medium, the case will become—complicated.

"I have gone into detail in my account of this experiment for the reason that it illustrates very aptly the inextricable tangle of truth and error which most 'spirit communications' present. It typifies in little the elusive problem of 'spirit' identification."

FOWLER BELIEVES "E. A." A RETURNED "SPIRIT"

"I don't think the failure to find the musical fragment invalidates this beautiful communication," declared Fowler. "You admit that many of the messages were to the point, and that some of them were very intimate and personal."

"Yes, speaking generally, I would say that 'E. A.' might have uttered all the words and dictated all the messages except those that related to the publishing matter—but there is the final test. Schumann declares that no such manuscript has ever been in his hands."

"He may be mistaken, or 'E. A.' may have misspoken himself—for, as William James infers, the spirits find themselves tremendously hampered in their attempts to manifest themselves. Furthermore, you say you could not hear all that 'E. A.' spoke—you or the psychic may have misunderstood him. In any case, it all seems to me a fine attempt at identification."

"I wish I could put the same value on it now that I did when Blake played the first bar of that thrilling little melody; but I can't. With time it loses its power over me."

GARLAND ACCEPTS THEORY OF FLUIDIC ARM

"Suppose you had been able to find that musical fragment—would it have converted you?" This was Miller's challenge.

"No, for even then some living person might have known of it—must have known of it—and if a knowledge of it lay in some other mind, no matter where and no matter how deeply buried in the subconscious, that knowledge, according to Myers and Hudson, would have been accessible to the supernormal perception of the psychic."

Fowler then interrogated me: "But suppose a phantom form resembling 'E. A.' had spoken these things to you face to face—what then?"

"I would not have believed even then."

"Why?"

"Well, for one reason, belief is not a matter of the will; it is not even dependent upon evidence."

Miller interrupted me. "I am interested in the writing. How do you account for it?"

"Blake and I are forced to a practical acceptance of the theory of the fluidic arm. We must suppose that the psychic was able to read our minds and write down our mingled and confused conceptions in some supernormal fashion. It happens that I have seen these etheric hands in action, which makes it easier for me to conceive of that process in this case. I have seen them dart forth precisely as described by Scarpa. I have seen them lift a glass of water, and I have had them touch my knees beneath a table while slate-writing was going on—so that, given the power to read my mind, there is nothing impossible in the idea of the etheric hand's reproducing the signature of 'E. A.'

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In fact, at a recent sitting in a private house with a young male psychic we had this precise feat performed. Said the psychic to our host, Dr. Towne, "Think hard of a signature that is very familiar to you," and Dr. Towne fixed his mind upon the signature of his brother, and immediately, while the young man's material hands were controlled, the etheric hand seized a pencil in the middle of the table and reproduced the signature."

"Could you see this hand?" Miller asked.

"No, the room was dark; but at a sitting which followed this I did see the supernumerary arm and hand dart forth and seize a pencil. I saw it very plainly cross my knee and grasp me by the forearm. All of this has its bearing upon this very curious phenomenon of the reproduction of 'E. A.'s' youthful signature."

"But did you not say that 'E. A.' at times represented an opposing will," questioned Fowler; "that he disputed certain passages with Blake, and that he finally carried his point?"

"Yes, that happened several times and was all very convincing then. Once, indeed, 'E. A.' carried his point in opposition to all of us. And yet, this opposition may have been more apparent than real. Our subconscious selves may have been in accord."

Fowler was a bit irritated. "If you are disposed to make the subconscious will all-powerful and omniscient, nothing can be proved. It seems to me an evasion. However, let me ask how you would explain away a spirit form with the voice and the features of 'E. A.'?"

"Well, there is the teleplastic theory of Albert de Rochas. He claims to have been able not merely to cause a hypnotized subject to exteriorize her astral self, but to mold this vapory substance as a sculptor models wax. So I can imagine that an apparition might be created in the image of my sister or 'David' or 'E. A.'"

"To my thinking, that is more complicated and incredible than the spirit hypothesis," objected Fowler.

A NEW PSYCHIC

"Nothing can be more incredible to me than the spirit hypothesis," I replied. "But then, everything is incredible in the last analysis. I am the more disposed to believe in the teleplastic theory for the reason that I have recently had an opportunity to witness a particularly incredible thing—the materialization of a complete human form beside the psychic—a phenomenon which has a special bearing upon the matter of identity which we are discussing. The sitting took place in a small private house here in the city. The psychic in the case was a young business man who is careful not to advertise his power. For four years he has been holding secret developing circles to which a few of his friends only are invited. I was present recently and shared in the marvels. The place of the séance was the parlor of his apartment, and his young wife and little daughter were present. There was in addition an elderly lady, mother-in-law of the psychic, and a Polish student whom I will call Jacob.

"I am quite sure that no one else entered or left the room during the evening. Mrs. Pratt, the mother-in-law, occupied a seat between Jacob and me. The little girl sat at the window, and was under my eye all the time. The wife spent most of the evening at the piano on my right. The room was fairly dark, though the light of a far-away street lamp shone in at the window.

PHANTOM SINGS WITH POLISH SITTER

"The psychic retired into a little alcove bedroom, which served as a cabinet, and the curtain had hardly fallen between him and our group when the 'spirit' voices began. The first one to speak was 'Evan, the guide,' and I remarked that his voice was precisely like a falsetto disguise of the psychic's own.

"Soon 'Evan' and other spirits appeared at the opening of the curtain. The wife called them each by name, but I could see only certain curious fluctuating, cloudlike forms, like puffs of fire-lit steam. The effect was that of illuminated vapor. At length came a form that spoke in a deep voice, using a foreign language. Jacob, the young Pole, sprang up in joyous excitement, saying that he had sat many times in this little circle, but that this was the first time a spirit had spoken to him in his own tongue. As they conversed together, I detected a close similarity of accent and of tone in their speech. It certainly sounded like the Polish language, but I could not rid myself of the impression that the Pole was talking to himself."

"What do you mean by that?" Miller asked.

"I mean that the accent, inflexion, and quality of the ghost's voice were identical with

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those of the living man's; and this became still more striking when, a little later, Jacob returned to his seat, and 'the Count,' his visitor, called for the Polish national hymn. Jacob then sang, and the phantom sang with him. Now this seemed like a clear case of identification, and was perfectly satisfactory to Jacob, but I had observed this fact: the Pole was an indifferent singer—having hard work to keep the key—and 'the Count' was troubled in the same way. His deep, almost toneless singing struck me as a dead, flat, wooden echo of Jacob's voice. In short, it was as if the psychic had built up a personality partly out of himself, but mainly out of his Polish sitter, and as if this etheric duplication were singing in unison with its progenitor."

COMPLETE ASTRAL BODY PROJECTED

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Fowler.

"Did he manufacture a double out of you?" queried Miller.

"No one spoke to me from the shadow, except the 'guide,' although I was hoping for some new word from 'Ernest,' and kept him uppermost in my mind. A form came out into the center of the room, which the wife said was 'Evan,' and requested me to shake his hand. This I did. The hand felt as if it were covered with some gauzy veiling. My belief is that it was the psychic himself who stood before me, probably in a trance. I could see nothing, however. I do not remember that I could distinguish any shadow even, but the hand was real and the voice and the manner of speech were precisely those of the psychic himself."

"I repeat that this does not necessarily imply fraud, for the mind and the vocal organs of the psychic are often used in that way," Fowler argued.

"I grant that. Up to this point I had been able to see nothing but dim outlines. But toward the end of the evening the psychic advanced from the cabinet, and in a dazed way ordered the lamp to be lit. This was done. He then asked that the light be turned low. This also was done. Thereupon, directing his gaze toward the curtain, he called twice in a tone of command, 'Come out!'

"I could distinguish every one in the room at the moment. I could see the psychic plainly. I could discern the color of his coat and the expression of his face. He stood at least six feet from the opening in the curtain. At his second cry, which held a note of entreaty, I saw a form, taller than himself, suddenly appear before the curtain, and stand bowing in silence. I could perceive neither face, eyes, nor feet, but I could make out the arms under the luminous robe, the shape of the head and the shoulders, and as he bowed I could see the bending of his neck. It certainly was not a mechanical device. And the covering was not so much a robe as a swathing.

"However, my eyes were mainly busy with the psychic, whose actions impressed me deeply. He had the air of an anxious man undergoing a dangerous ordeal. His right hand was stretched stiffly toward the phantom, his left was held near his heart; his knees seemed to tremble, and his body appeared to be irresistibly drawn toward the cabinet. Slowly, watchfully, fearfully, he approached the phantom. The figure turned toward him, and a moment later they met—they clung together, they appeared to coalesce; and the psychic fell through the curtain to the floor of the cabinet."

"What do you wish to imply?" asked Miller. "Do you mean that they were united in some way?"

"Precisely so. The 'spirit' seemed drawn by some magnetic force toward the psychic, and the psychic seemed under an immense strain to keep the apparition exterior to himself. When they met, the psychic's fall seemed inevitable, a collapse from utter exhaustion. I was at the moment convinced that I had seen a vaporous entity born of the medium. It seemed a clear case of projection of the astral body. In the pause which followed the psychic's fall the young wife turned to me and said, 'Sometimes, if my husband does not reach the spirit form in time, he falls *outside* the curtain.' She did not seem especially alarmed.

STRAIN ON MATERIALIZING MEDIUM

"The young psychic himself, however, told me afterward that he was undergoing a tremendous strain as he stood there commanding the 'spirit' to appear. 'I had a fierce pain in the center of my forehead,' he said. 'I couldn't get my breath. I felt as if all my substance, my strength, was being drawn out of me. My legs seemed about to give way. It is always hard to produce a form so far away from me when I am on the outside of the cabinet in the light. The greater the distance, the greater the strain.' I asked him what happened when he and the form rushed to-

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gether, and he answered, 'As soon as I touched it, it reentered my body.'"

"I wonder why the 'spirits' are always clothed in that luminous gauze?" queried Miller.

"They are not," replied Fowler. "More often they come in the clothing which was their habitual wear."

"I asked this young psychic if drapery were used out of respect to us mortals, and he replied, 'No; the forms are swathed not from a sense of propriety so much as to protect the body, which is often incomplete at the extremities.'

A HERCULEAN "SPIRIT" FORM

"The wife and Jacob told me that at one of their meetings a 'spirit' Hercules suddenly appeared before the curtain. The Pole declared: 'He was of giant size and strength. I felt of his muscles—he was clothed only in a loin-cloth—and I closely studied his tremendous arms and shoulders. The medium, as you know, is a small, thin man. We called this figure 'the man from Mars.' He was at least six feet high and strong as a lion. He rushed back into the cabinet and came out holding the medium above his head on his upraised palms. It was very wonderful.'"

"You didn't see anything like that, did you?" asked Miller.

"No," I replied, "but I did see the development of a figure apparently from the floor between me and the curtain of the cabinet. My attention was called to something wavering, shimmering, and fluctuating about a foot above the carpet. It was neither steam nor flame. It seemed compounded of both luminous vapor and puffing clouds of drapery. It rose and fell in quivering impulses, expanding and contracting, but continuing to grow until at last it towered to the height of a tall man, and I could dimly discern, through dark draperies edged with light, a man's figure.

"'This,' the young wife said, 'is Judge White [that's not the real name, of course], the grandfather of the psychic,' and she conversed with him, but only for a few moments. He soon dwindled and faded and melted away in the same fashion as he had come, recalling to my mind Richet's description of the birth and disappearance of 'B. B.,' in Algiers. I know this sounds like the veriest dreaming, but you must remember that materializations much more wonderful have been seen and analyzed in the clinical laboratories of Turin and Naples. Morselli, Bottazzi, Lombroso, Porro, and Foà have been confronted by similar apparitions. They have seen 'sinister' faces, and been repelled by 'Satanic hands agile and prompt,' in cabinets of their own construction, surrounded by their own registering machinery, and Richet has photographed just such figures as this I have described.

"The question with me is not: Do these forms exist? but: What produces them? I am describing this sitting to explain what I mean by the ideoplastic or teleplastic theory. If, for example, this psychic had known me well enough to have had a very definite picture of 'E. A.,' he might have been able to model from the mind-stuff that he or the circle had thrown off, a luminous image of my friend, and, aided by my subconscious self, might have united the presence and the musical thought of Ernest Alexander."

"It won't do," exclaimed Miller. "It's all too destructive, too preposterous."

"I insist that the spirit hypothesis is simpler," repeated Fowler.

"It isn't a question of simplicity," I retorted. "It's a question of fact. If the observations of scientific experimentalists are of any value, the teleplastic theory is on the point of winning acceptance."

"I will not admit that," rejoined Fowler. "For, even if you throw out all the enormous mass of evidence accumulated by spiritistic investigators, you still have the conversion of Wallace, Lodge, and Lombroso, not to speak of De Vesme, Venzano, and other lesser men of science, to account for. Crookes admits that nothing but some form of spirit hypothesis is capable of explaining *all* the phenomena; and in a recent issue of the *Annals of Psychical Science* Lombroso writes a paper making several very strong points against the biologic theory. One of these is the simultaneous occurrence of phenomena. 'Can the subconscious self act in several places at once?' he asks.

THE PROBLEM OF THE OPPOSING WILL

"A second objection lies in the fact that movements occur in opposition to the will of the psychic, as, for example, on an occasion when Paladino was transported in her chair. 'Can a man lift himself by his boot-straps?' Lombroso inquires. 'The center of gravity of a body cannot be altered in space unless

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acted upon by an external force. Therefore the phenomena of levitation cannot be considered to be produced by energy emanating from the medium.'"

"I don't think that follows," I argued. "Force may be exerted unconsciously and invisibly. Because the psychic does not *consciously* will to do a certain thing is no proof that the action does not originate in the deeps of her personality. We know very little of this obscure region of our minds."

Fowler was ready with his answer: "But let us take the case that Lombroso cites of the beautiful woman spirit whose hand twice dashed the photographic plates from the grasp of those who wished to secure her picture. Here was plainly an opposing will, for the psychic was lending herself to the experiment, and the spectators were eager for its success. Notwithstanding which cooperation, this phantom bitterly opposed the wishes of every one present, and it was *afterward* learned that there was a special reason why she did not wish to leave positive proofs of her identity. 'It is evident, therefore,' concludes Lombroso, 'that a third will can intervene in spiritistic phenomena.'

"Furthermore, Dr. Venzano and De Vesme have taken up the same body of facts upon which Foà and Morselli base their theory, and arrive at a totally different conclusion. They call attention to a dozen events which can be explained only on the theory of discarnate intelligences. Venzano observed that spirit forms occurred in several places at once, that they appeared in many shapes and many guises. Some were like children, some had curly hair, some had beards. In one case identification was made by introducing the finger of one of the sitters within the phantom mouth to prove the loss of a molar tooth. Sometimes the hair of these heads was plaited. Some of the hands were large and black, others fair and pink like a child's. In short, he argues that the medium could not have determined the size, shape, or color of the phantoms."

THE POWERS OF THE ETHERIC DOUBLE

"All that does not really militate against the ideoplastic theory," I retorted. "If it is a case of the modeling of the etheric vapor by the mind of the psychic, these differences would be produced naturally enough. It is as easy to produce a phantom with hair plaited as it is to produce one with hair in curls. The forcible handling of the medium by the invisible ones is a much more difficult thing for me to explain, for to imagine the psychic emitting a form of force which afterward proceeds to raise the psychic herself against her will—as Mrs. Smiley testifies happened again and again in her youth—is to do violence to all that we know of natural law. And yet it may be that the etheric double can take on part of the forces resident in the circle of sitters, and so become immensely more potent than the psychic, as in the case of the 'man from Mars'—the Hercules I have just been telling you about. Then, as to the content of these messages: they may be impulses, hints, fragments of sentences caught from the air as one wireless operator intercepts communications meant for other stations than his own. Considering all the possibilities, I am not as near a belief in the return of the dead, as the true explanation, as I was when I began this last series of experiments."

"Your idea is, then," said Miller, "that these apparitions are emanations of the medium's physical substance, molded by his will and colored by the mind of his sitters?"

"That is the up-to-date explanation, and nothing I have experienced or read of can stand against it."

IMMORTALITY AND SCIENCE

Fowler hastened to weaken the force of this statement. "Spiritists all admit that the forms of spirits are made up—partly, at least—of the psychic's material self, but that does not prove that the mind of the ghost is not a separate entity from that of the psychic. I grant that the only difference between the psycho-dynamic theory and the spiritualistic theory lies in the question of the origin of the intelligences that direct the manifestation. Foà would say they spring from the subconscious self of the psychic. We spiritualists say they come from the spirit world, and there we stand. You scientists are feeding millions of people stones," he added emphatically. "They ask for bread, and you give them slices of granite."

"Better granite than slime," said Miller. "I am with the biologists in this campaign. Let us have the truth, no matter how unpalatable it may be. If these phenomena exist, they are in the domain of natural law and can be weighed and measured. If they are imaginary, they should be swept away,

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like other dreams of superstition and ignorance."

Fowler was not to be silenced. "I predict that you and your like will yet be forced, like Lombroso, to take your place with Aksakof, Lodge, Wallace, Du Prel, and Crookes, who have come to admit the intervention of discarnate intelligences. Lombroso says: 'We find, as I already foresaw some years ago, that these materialized bodies belong to the radiant state of matter, which has now a sure foothold in science. This is the only hypothesis that can reconcile the ancient and universal belief in the persistence of life after death with the results of science.'"

DOES THE "ASTRAL" INDICATE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

"Well," said I, "of this I am certain. We cannot afford to ignore such experiments as those of Morselli and Bottazzi. I am aware that many investigators discountenance such experiments, but I believe with Venzano that the physical phenomena of mediumship cannot be, and ought not to be, considered trivial. It was the spasmodic movement of a decapitated frog that resulted in the discovery of the Voltaic pile. And as for me, I intend to try every other conceivable hypothesis before accepting that of the spiritists."

"What is your reason for that?" asked Fowler.

"Because I am a scientist in my sympathies. I believe in the methods of the chemist and the electrician. I prefer the experimenter to the theorist. I like the calm, clear, concise statements of these European savants, who approach the subject, not as bereaved persons, but as scientists. I am ready to go wherever science leads, and I should be very glad to *know* that our life here is but a link in the chain of existence. But at present the weight of evidence seems to me to be on the side of the theory that mediumship is a question of unexplored human biology."

"I don't see it that way," rejoined Fowler calmly. "Suppose your biologists prove that the psychic can put forth a supernumerary arm, or maintain, for a short time, a complete double of herself. Would that necessarily make the spiritist theory untenable? Is it not fair to conclude that if the soul or 'astral' or 'etheric double' can act outside the living body, it can live and think and manifest after the dissolution of its material shell? Does not the experimental work of Bottazzi, Morselli, and De Rochas all make for a spiritual, rather than a materialistic, interpretation of life? They are bringing the wonder of the world back to the positivist. Let them go on. They will yet demonstrate in spite of themselves the immortality of the soul."

"I hope they will," I replied. "It would be glorious at this time, when tradition fails to satisfy, to have a demonstration of immortality come through the methods of experimental science."

Miller put in a last word of warning. "The fact that a phenomenon has not been explained, and no one knows how to explain it, is no reason for supposing there is anything extra-physical about it. No one has explained the first cause of the development of an embryo. No one knows what goes on in an active nerve, nor why atoms are selective in their associations. But if one must have a theory, let it be one having some obvious continuity with our best physical knowledge."

And at that point our argument rested.

CONCLUDING WORD

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am neither physicist nor psychologist. I was drawn into this study almost by accident, and I do not intend to identify myself further with the psychical movements in this country. On the contrary, at the close of this series of articles I shall return to the open air, to the Rocky Mountains, and to my fiction. I have tried to report without bias the many interesting things I have seen, and I shall be content if my articles have added something sane and wholesome to the discussion of *The Shadow World*.

THE END

Mr. G. G. Hall, one of our editors, accompanied by Dr. Moody, of the College of the City of New York, recently held a séance with Eusapia Paladino in Professor Bottazzi's laboratory in Naples, Italy. Under strict test conditions, Mr. Garland's reports were definitely confirmed. Mr. Hall's experience will be published in the November number. In this number also will be printed the winning contributions to our "Shadow World" competition, as passed upon by Mr. Garland. Selected from thousands of manuscripts submitted, they form a thrilling, convincing symposium.—THE EDITORS.

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THE PETTICOAT CRUISE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by H. G. Williamson

ACCORDING to the prearranged plan, Mr. Samuel Briar was to have begun the discussion. He was casually to bring forward the subject of marriage, and then refer slightingly to the sermon preached by the Reverend Mr. Bowles, the young and rather callow minister of the South Trumet Baptist Church. Mr. Bowles, who was engaged to a patiently waiting young lady in a Boston suburb, had, on the previous Sunday, discoursed eloquently concerning the blessings of happy wedlock: "It is not good that the man should be alone."

"You see," whispered Sam to his fellow conspirators as they walked, in the damp of the October evening, down deserted Main Street to the regular gathering place, the combined office, lobby, and billiard-room of the "South Trumet Inn"—"you see," said Sam, "I'll lead off by sayin' that marryin' ain't no good. Then I'll lay out Bowles's sermon. You fellers must all side in with me hard. That'll fetch 'em out of their shells. Pretty quick they'll be so red-hot they'll forget everything and swear that the man who ain't married is a fool. *Then* we'll have 'em! It'll be a joke on the Know-It-Alls that'll last all winter."

Fate was on the side of Mr. Briar and his friends that evening, although at first they did not realize the fact. When, instead of two dignified, not to say pompous, personages enthroned in state beside the hotel stove, they found but one, they were disappointed. Cap'n Heman had gone to Wellmouth to visit a cousin who was ill, and Cap'n Bishy was left to fight the ship alone. And Cap'n Bishy, deprived of the steady backing of his fellow oracle, was inclined to wax hot-headed and rash.

Every country village, however small, has its oracle. South Trumet, perhaps because it was so very small, had two oracles. They were Captain Abishai Thanks and Captain Heman Tinkham. "Cap'n Bishy" was fifty-eight, a bachelor, and the retired skipper of a crack Gloucester fishing schooner. "Cap'n Heman" was fifty-five, also a bachelor and a retired fisherman. In the old days their schooners led the fleet. One or the other was certain to be first on the Banks, and first to wet her salt and start for home with a full hold. One voyage Cap'n Bishy's seamanship and "fish knowledge" would win, and on the next trip the glory would be all Cap'n Heman's. It was always a nip-and-tuck race, with honors fluctuating between the pair. They were bitter rivals until a third skipper dared to challenge their supremacy; then they combined to "wipe up the chart" with the presumptuous one.

It was a curious rivalry, where no trick was left unturned and yet no unfair advantage taken. Once, when both schooners left the Banks together for a race home, Cap'n Bishy's, owing to the recklessness of a mate, carried away her foretopmast and got herself into a bad snarl generally. Along came Cap'n Heman, hove to, sent a dory alongside, supplied his competitor with spare canvas and running rigging, and stood by till all was taut and shipshape once more. Then the two skippers exchanged personalities and taunts through their speaking trumpets, and the race was on again. On another occasion, as we shall see, it was Cap'n Bishy's turn to help, and he went out of his way to do it.

Cap'n Bishy had a nephew who was a broker in Boston. This nephew gave the captain an "inside tip" on a certain stock. It was characteristic of Cap'n Bishy, the fact that he had at once sought Cap'n Heman and passed on the "tip," adding, also characteristically, that he hoped the latter would lose

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every cent he might invest. The speculation resulted in the pair's making money sufficient to warrant retiring from the sea. They came back to South Trumet, their birthplace, took rooms at the Inn, and proceeded to "run" that town as, in their opinion, it should be run. They differed privately on every conceivable question, but when one or the other was opposed by the village people they promptly formed an alliance to repel boarders. The Reverend Mr. Bowles was not popular; when they discovered this fact they naturally became his fiercest champions.

Cap'n Bishy received Mr. Briar and the rest with becoming condescension. Chairs were pulled forward, the circle formed about the stove, tobacco was borrowed and ignited, and conversation began. The wily Samuel immediately opened the attack.

"Talkin' about marryin'," he began. It was a subject which, by the way, no one had mentioned. "Talkin' about marryin', I say—Lend me your smoking-tobacco, won't you, Cap'n Bishy? Thanks.—Talkin' about marryin', did you ever hear such a mess of soft tommyrot in your life as Bowles give us Sunday mornin'? 'Cordin' to him, all a feller's got to do to make the nighest port this side of heaven is to pick out some woman and start in payin' her bills. Says it makes life wuth livin'; gives you somethin' to think about. I guess that part's right. Anyhow, there ain't enough left after the payin's done to think about, I know that."

"Ain't enough even to buy your own tobacco, hey, Sam?" observed Cap'n Bishy, whose face was beginning to redden already. "If you're through whittlin' that plug of mine you might hand it back. Humph! I'm glad you left me somethin' to remember it by."

"But did you ever hear such drivel in your life?" continued the unmoved Samuel. "Did you now, fellers; honest?"

Shadrach Tidditt declared he never had heard its equal. So, also, did two or three others. They added comment personal to the clergyman.

"I want to say right here," thundered Cap'n Bishy, furious at this attack upon his pet, "that I——"

But the conspirators were not ready for him yet. They broke in volubly, denouncing marriage as an institution, scoffing at Mr. Bowles's assertion that it was the manifest duty of every man to support a wife, ridiculing the preacher unmercifully. Cap'n Bishy fidgeted, stamped, and attempted to speak, but each time he was prevented. At last, however, having reached the boiling-point, he could be prevented no longer. He sprang from his chair and brandished his clenched fists.

"You lubbers!" he shouted. "You doughheads! You don't know common sense when you hear it. You don't appreciate a good parson when you have one hove at you free gratis for nothin', as you might say, for me and Heman pay most of his salary. And you all pretend to be professors of religion, too! You b'lieve in the Bible, don't you? Yes; well, the Bible says 'tain't good for man to be alone. Do you think you can improve on Scripture? Do you, hey?"

He went on—and on—and on, his statements becoming more reckless as he proceeded. Mr. Briar saw that the time had come to spring the trap; the game was under the deadfall.

"Hold on a jiffy, Cap'n," he cried. "Let's understand this thing. You say that every man that's wuth his salt ought to be married. If he don't get married he's an infidel and a loafer and a blackguard. Is that it?"

"You bet it's it, Sam Briar!"

"Then s'pose you tell us right now why *you ain't married yourself!*"

The circle shouted and guffawed and thumped its knees. Mr. Briar shouted loudest of all. Cap'n Bishy did not shout. He choked and gurgled.

"Well?" yelled Sam. "Ain't goin' back on your pet parson, be you? Ain't goin' back on the Bible, be you? Ain't goin' to allow that *you're* an infidel and not wuth your salt? Answer up prompt, Cap'n; we're waitin'."

Cap'n Bishy rose to his feet. Now that he was in the pit he realized how blindly he had followed the trail leading to it. What would Cap'n Heman say?

"Think you're awful smart, don't you?" he sneered. "Think you've got me now! Well, you ain't, because—because——"

"Because what? What you waitin' for?"

Cap'n Bishy was desperately grasping for a satisfactory reply. And in desperation he found one.

"Because, you lubbers!" he cried, "because I *am* goin' to be married."

This was unexpected enough, to say the least. Silence for a moment. Then Shadrach Tidditt voiced the general astonishment.

"You—*you* goin' to be married? When? Who to?"

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"None of your business. You'll find out when I'm ready to tell you. All you need to know now is that I live up to my principles, and 'twould be a good thing if you done the same—that is, provided you've got any to live up to."

The Cap'n strode from the room. The jokers looked at one another.

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Briar. "That's news all right, if it's true. Do you s'pose he means it?"

"Do you s'pose he means it?" The very same question was asked of Cap'n Heman when the latter, having returned from Wellmouth on the early train, came in to breakfast next morning. Mr. Dill, proprietor of the Inn, asked it, after narrating in detail the happenings of the previous evening.

"I s'pose likely he does if he said it," replied Cap'n Heman, tartly. "Bishy ain't in the habit of goin' back on his word. Why don't you ask him, 'stead of me?"

"I did, when he was havin' breakfast a spell ago. But he was uglier'n a bear with a sore head. I can't make out whether he's bluffin' or not. If he does mean it, who's the woman? And if it was a bluff, 'twas a risky one to make, 'cause Briar and the rest'll never give him no peace. You ought to know, Cap'n, you two bein' such chums."

Cap'n Heman pushed away his untouched ham and eggs.

"What Bishy and I know about each other's business we keep to ourselves," he snapped. "When we need any help to run our affairs we'll stick up a sign. Him and me generally know what we're doin'."

He left Mr. Dill to scratch his chin and ponder, and walked nonchalantly away. But it was evident that the nonchalance was assumed, for he looked grave and troubled when, a moment later, he pushed open the door of his friend's room and entered.

Cap'n Bishy was seated by the window. His pipe was in his hand, but he was not smoking.

"Hello, Heman!" he observed. "Nice mornin', ain't it?"

"No, 'tain't," was the reply. "It's a dum poor mornin', if you ask *me*. Look here, Bishy; what in thunder did you mean by tellin' that gang that lie about your goin' to be married? Ain't you got no sense?"

Cap'n Bishy looked out of the window.

"I cal'late I've got as much sense as you have, Heman Tinkham," he answered sulkily.

"I should think you had! Course I realize that they aggravated you and all that; but to spring such a fool yarn as that was—one that any idiot would know wa'n't true! Couldn't you see that they'd pester the life out of you from now on? It's begun already. Jim Dill was after me at breakfast."

"Jim Dill! What in tunket do I care for Jim Dill? He——"

"Yes, but Jim's only one. If you had to lie, why didn't you lie sensible?"

Cap'n Bishy's temper was never long-suffering. This morning it was more touchy than usual. Realization of the consequences likely to follow his reckless statement had been piling up before his mind's eye ever since that statement was made. He was glad of an opportunity to quarrel with some one.

'Humph!" he snarled. "Who told you 'twas a lie? I didn't, did I? How do you know I don't mean what I said?"

"Mean—? Bish Thanks, have you got softenin' of the brain? You get married? *You?* An old, dried-up——"

"Stow it, Heman Tinkham! Just 'cause you're a relic that no woman would look at without smoked glass, it don't foller that I am. Maybe I be goin' to take a wife; I don't tell you all my plans."

Cap'n Heman laughed, a laugh of utter contempt.

"You'd have to take her by main strength then," he sneered. "Oh, quit it, Bishy, and talk English. Women don't marry folks like you."

He intended to add "and me," but indignation at his companion's behavior prevented this charitable addition. Cap'n Bishy noticed the lapse.

"So!" he cried. "That's it, hey? Well, I tell you right now that you don't know what you're talkin' about. I—I am goin' to get married, if I want to—so there!"

Cap'n Heman sat down on the edge of the bed. He was frightened now, actually frightened, but it was not in his nature to show his feelings.

"Who's the female?" he demanded. "Show her to me. Where do they keep her—at the museum?"

"She's—she's good-lookin'. Yes, sir! she's handsome. And I can have her by turnin' my hand over. You just——"

"'The monkey married the baboon's sister,'" hummed Cap'n Heman, sarcastically. "What'll ye charge for tickets to the weddin'? Come, Bish, stop it now. You're foolin' with

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"THEN S'POSE YOU TELL US RIGHT NOW WHY YOU AIN'T MARRIED YOURSELF!"

a man, not tellin' fairy stories to a baby. What's the use? Show me the woman crazy enough to marry you. Show her to me, then I'll b'lieve it, maybe."

The face of the professed candidate for matrimony was flaming. He glared at his tormentor.

"Show her to me," begged Cap'n Heman. "What's her name? Show her to me."

Cap'n Bishy was stumped. In the fury of desperation, groping for straws, he glanced out of the window. A trim and pretty young lady happened to be passing on the opposite side of the street.

"Come here," he shouted. "Come here, you! Do you see that girl? She's pretty, ain't she? She'd make a good wife for any man, wouldn't she? Look!".

Cap'n Heman looked. Then he looked at the man beside him.

"Georgiana Collins!" he gasped. "The school-teacher! Do you have the face to tell me you're goin' to marry *her?*"

"Yes, sir!" thundered the triumphant Cap'n Bishy. "I be. Now what have you got to say?"

"But—but—why, consarn it! you hardly know her. You ain't met her more'n a dozen times."

"How do you know how many times I've met her? You ain't my guardeen. She and me understand each other all right."

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CAP'N BISHY APPEARED, TROTTING GRANDLY DOWN MAIN STREET. THE SCHOOL-TEACHER WAS BESIDE HIM.

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Cap'n Heman was speechless. It *might* be so, and, if it were, here was an end to a comradeship precious though stormy.

"What you got to say?" sneered Cap'n Bishy.

"I say it ain't so. You sha'n't marry her. I won't let you."

"You won't? *You* won't? What right have you got to say who she'll marry? Answer up, now! Sing out!"

And now it was Cap'n Heman's turn to grope for straws.

"What right?" he repeated. "What right? Why—why—why, by gum! the biggest kind of right. I'm goin' to marry her myself."

It was an answer invented on the spur of the moment, but it had its effect. Cap'n Bishy was staggered.

"*You* goin' to marry Georgie Collins!" he gasped. "You?"

"Yes, I. She and me understand each other just as well as other folks—better'n some, I cal'late."

"You make that statement to me, do you?"

"I do. I'll marry her, if I want to; and, at any rate, *you* sha'n't."

"Heman Tinkham, you and me have had some little games with one another afore now. You know what you got by 'em, don't you?"

"I do. I got what I went after, and you got left. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

He went out, slamming the door, and retired to his own room to fume and rage for the next hour. Then he descended to the billiard-room.

"Where's Bish?" he asked of Mr. Dill, who was scrubbing the floor.

"Gone out. All rigged up in his best bib and tucker, too. Don't think to-day's Sunday 'stead of Saturday, does he?"

Cap'n Heman answered not. He stepped out upon the veranda.

Directly opposite the hotel was the "South Trumet Dry Goods, Grocery, and Variety Store." And from the entrance to this emporium of trade emerged a young lady, Miss Georgiana Collins, the school-teacher. And accompanying her was Cap'n Abishai Thanks, garbed in his Sunday best.

Cap'n Heman stared at the couple until they turned the corner.

"He means it!" he soliloquized, chokingly. "He's a-goin' to do it! Goin' cruisin' after a petticoat and leave me stranded, after all these years. All right! then *I* mean it, too. We'll see who wins *this* race, Bish Thanks."

II

Two months is but a short term—two leaves of the calendar, sixty-two days at most; yet the two months following Cap'n Bishy's public declaration of contemplated matrimony furnished South Trumet with a succession of sensations from which it has not entirely recovered even yet. Before the gossips had finished wondering whom the Cap'n meant to marry it was discovered that he had called upon "Georgie" Collins twice in one week. Then came the news that Cap'n Heman had called upon the identical young lady three times in that same week. Then Cap'n Bishy went to Boston and returned wearing a brand-new fit-out of clothes—suit, overcoat, even a new and gorgeous plaid necktie with a jeweled scarf-pin stabbing it to the heart. Before the glitter of this scarf-pin had ceased to dazzle, Cap'n Heman also visited Boston, and came back even more refulgent than his rival, for he had crowned the glory of his "store togs" with a silk hat. On the tenth of the second month Cap'n Bishy bought the buggy and the fast horse and took Miss Collins to ride. On the fifteenth Cap'n Heman bought the second-hand automobile. On the thirtieth—but the interviews with Erastus Taylor took place long before that.

Erastus was the son of Mrs. Martha Taylor, the widow who lived out on the Trumet road and took city boarders in summer. He was a popular young fellow, good-looking, and a great favorite with the vacationists whom, during the season, he piloted, aboard his catboat, to the cod-fishing grounds in the Bay, or to the bluefish rips off the point. The two captains knew him well and had frequently given him counsel, asked or unasked, concerning his personal or business affairs.

Once, during a session around the stove at the Inn, the subject of marriage having been brought to the front by the news of a local engagement, Erastus had casually inquired how much money a young fellow ought to have put by before taking to himself a wife. Cap'n Bishy, the all-wise, promptly replied that for the "average young chap alongshore" five hundred dollars in the bank was enough. Cap'n Heman instantly declared that six hundred dollars at least was necessary. Shadrach Tidditt hastened to agree with the latter statement, whereupon

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HER BALKINESS WAS OF A KIND NOT EASILY OVERCOME.

Cap'n Heman, falling into line with his partner when this outside attack developed, announced that "Bishy" was right, after all: five hundred was a plenty.

Erastus sighed. "Humph!" he observed. "A couple of hundred more or less wouldn't make much difference to the run of us, I guess. How's a feller goin' to save up five hundred in this slow-poke place, where the summer season's so short and the winters are so long and dead?"

"How?" repeated Cap'n Bishy. "Why, by bein' shrewd and smart, that's how. Takin' advantage of your chances, that's how. When you can make a dollar in trade, make it. I understand you've got the selling of what's left at the Conklin estate in Wellmouth, ain't you, Ratty? All right then, sell; and when you do sell, make a lib'ral commission for yourself on every sale, no matter who buys. That's my advice."

"Think that would be square, Cap'n?" asked Mr. Taylor. "The administrator up to Providence pays me so much a week to look after things over there on the place."

"Don't make no odds. He gets *his* commissions, I'll bet you. You do the same and don't be a fool. Ain't that so, Heman?"

And Captain Heman, noticing symptoms of dissent about the circle, unhesitatingly declared that it was so.

Now Miss Collins boarded at the Taylor homestead. On the day following that of Cap'n Bishy's first call upon the schoolteacher, Cap'n Heman sought out Erastus.

"Ratty," he said, confidentially, "I s'pose you've heard the fool notion that's in Bishy's head, ain't you?"

Mr. Taylor hadn't heard it, having been out of town.

"Well," continued Cap'n Heman, "the old loon is cal'latin' to marry Georgie Collins. S'prised, ain't you? I don't wonder."

Erastus did seem surprised. The stick he had been whittling fell to the ground. But he made no answer.

"Yes," said his companion; "that's what he's cal'latin' to do. It's just jealousy, that's what 'tis, plain jealousy of me. You see, I made up my mind to marry Georgie myself some time ago, and——"

Mr. Taylor turned his head. "You did?" he asked, slowly. "*You* did? Has she——"

"No, she ain't, yet, but her and me understand each other. I've got money and I'm a pretty good catch, if I do say it. 'Twill be all right, you'll see. What I want of you's this: You're right on the ground, as you may say, and you can see what's goin' on from day to day. I want you to keep watch on the two of 'em; let me know how many times the old idiot comes to see her, and how he seems to be gettin' on, and the like of that. Course I wouldn't ask you to take so much trouble for nothin'. I'll pay you, pay you lib'ral for your time. S'pose we make it two dollars a day till I say quit."

Erastus did not close with this munificent offer on the spot. He said he wanted to think it over "a spell." Cap'n Heman left him whittling slowly and apparently thinking hard. Next day, however, he came to the Inn to say that he accepted. "It's a dicker. I'll watch 'em, Cap'n, don't you worry."

And so he did, reporting faithfully concerning the number of Cap'n Bishy's calls,

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CAP'N HEMAN STARTED TO RUN, AND AFTER HIM SPRANG CAP'N BISHY.

how long he stayed, and so on. The race was even, so far; neither side seemed to be gaining. Apparently Miss Georgiana was as glad to see one skipper as the other. To both she was kind and cordial. To neither would she listen when the conversation reached a critical stage.

Then Cap'n Bishy appeared, trotting grandly down Main Street, in a shiny top-buggy, drawn by a high-stepping gray mare. The school-teacher was beside him on the seat of the buggy. Cap'n Heman in alarm sought information of his ally. Erastus laughed.

"That's a good joke on Cap'n Bishy," he chuckled. "That mare is one that b'longed to old man Conklin 'fore he died. I sold her to Bish for a good price, and the buggy, too. Made fifty dollars for myself on the deal."

"But—but, consarn it all!" exclaimed Cap'n Heman. "It gives him the wind'ard berth, don't it? Feller that owns a horse 'n' buggy can always stand in better with the girls than a chap who just hires one. Used to be so when I was young—younger, I mean. What'll I do?"

Then Mr. Taylor grew confidential. "I've thought that all out," he whispered. "I can fix it so's you'll have him in a clove-hitch. Horses ain't nothin' these days. It's automobiles that count with the womenfolks. You know that little gasoline runabout that Miss Conklin owned? It's over there at Wellmouth now, and they want to get rid of it. 'Tain't new, of course, nor the most new-fangled pattern, but it's got a horse hull down, at that. If you want to buy it, why, bein' as you're my friend, I'll fix things so's you can have it for three hundred dollars; and it cost seven hundred and fifty," he added.

"What you talkin' about?" gasped Cap'n Heman. "I don't know no more about runnin' an automobile than I do about makin' frosted cake—not so much, for I *have* made cake, even if 'twa'n't fit for nothin' but ballast."

"That's all right. *I* know and I can teach you. Call it two seventy-five, Cap'n, and I'll give you the lessons free."

So Cap'n Heman took the auto and the lessons. And on the following Sunday Cap'n Bishy, blue with jealous rage, saw the runabout containing Georgiana and his rival puff aristocratically, if consumptively, past the Inn and on the road to Eastboro.

But this did not settle the affair—far from it. The race was just as even as before, and each competitor seemed as likely to win. Finally Cap'n Heman asked the momentous question. Miss Collins seemed, on this particular evening, willing to listen, in fact encouragingly quiescent. But she deferred her answer. "I will write you to-morrow," she said.

When the letter came, Cap'n Heman opened it in fear and trembling. It read about as follows:

"DEAR CAPTAIN HEMAN:

"I cannot make up my mind. Between you and Captain Abishai there is so little to choose. But I will say this: School has closed for the Christmas vacation, and I'm going to my uncle's. He, as you know, keeps the hotel at Eastboro. Suppose you start from the South Trumet Inn to-morrow at noon in

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your runabout. Captain Abishai can do the same in his buggy. The one reaching my uncle's hotel first shall win. His answer will be ready for him there. I rely on you to make the test. It is to be a dead secret, of course. Please answer at once.

"Sincerely yours,
"GEORGIANA COLLINS."

"P. S. Captain Abishai has agreed. He will start at twelve to-morrow."

Cap'n Heman read this surprising epistle through twice. This was a queer way to choose a husband. Yet Georgiana knew of his races in the past; he had told her of them, and so, doubtless, had Cap'n Bishy. Probably the yarns had prompted this challenge. Well, an automobile, generally speaking, should be an easy winner in a speed trial with a horse; but he knew the idiosyncrasies of his own particular automobile. However, he was game, and his answer was worded thus:

"DEAR GEORGIE:
"I start at twelve to-morrow. Me and Bish have raced afore. Make your bets according.
"Yours truly,
"HEMAN TINKHAM, Master."

III

IF South Trumet had known what was going forward, midday dinners would have been neglected and Main Street would have been as lively as was its wont in summer. But the "dead secret" had been kept, and the highway was deserted. Cap'n Heman was busy with the internal intricacies of the runabout when Cap'n Bishy trotted around the corner and pulled up in front of the Inn. He did not speak; neither did Cap'n Heman. The pair had not spoken to each other except in public since the first and final disagreement. The buggy was newly washed, and its axles glistened with grease. The auto, too, was spotlessly clean, and the machinery within dripped oil.

Cap'n Bishy glanced at the church clock and took a tight hold upon the loops in his reins. Cap'n Heman clinched to the seat of the runabout and grasped the lever and the steering wheel.

"Boom!" clanged the bell in the steeple, and "Boom!" again—twelve times altogether. At the first stroke Cap'n Bishy yelled "Git dap!" The crack of the whip followed. Cap'n Heman jerked at the lever. The runabout gave a series of militant and fragrant barks and began to move. The race was on—the race which, of the many races between this pair, seemed likely to prove most momentous.

Cap'n Bishy got away in the lead. This was not unexpected, for autos take their own time in starting—and especially was this true of Cap'n Heman's auto. But Cap'n Heman caught up with his rival before the latter reached the guide-post which, at the corner of the wood road, proclaimed "Eastboro Centre, 14 Miles"—caught up with and passed him, barking triumphantly. Five minutes more, and he was out of sight ahead. It looked as if Cap'n Bishy was hopelessly beaten at the very start.

But Cap'n Bishy was not the man to give up hope. With whip and voice he urged his high-stepping steed forward. The mare—a former owner had, in a spirit of sarcasm, christened her "Sweetheart"—laid back her ears, bared her vicious-looking teeth, and pounded rapidly on. One milestone after another was passed. Wellmouth, the village between Trumet and Eastboro, was but a short distance ahead. And still there was no sign of the runabout. Cap'n Bishy hailed a dilapidated rural resident, standing by his equally dilapidated front gate.

"Hi, Levi!" he called, pulling Sweetheart into a walk, a pull that took all his strength. "Hi, Levi! Seen any automobile go by here lately?"

"Huh?" grunted Levi, uninterestedly. "Hello, Cap'n Bish! That you? Automobile? Waal, that old tin cart of Heman Tinkham's rattled by not more than six minutes ago. She was wheezin' consider'ble. Looked as if Heman had his hands full to keep her goin' at all. What's up, Bishy? Is——"

Cap'n Bishy did not stop to tell what was up. "Git dap, you!" he bellowed. The whip cracked and fell. Sweetheart paused an instant, as if half determined to rebel. Her driver's heart stood still. But then she laid back her ears, elevated her heels, and galloped on.

A long hill was just ahead. Up the slope rattled the buggy, pitching and tossing over the hummocks. At the crest of the hill Cap'n Bishy stood up and peered forward. Then he chuckled. In the valley below, alone and forlorn amid the houseless solitude, like a stranded ship on a desolate shore, stood the runabout, motionless in the road. Cap'n Heman had dismounted and was frantically pawing amid the machinery.

He looked up as the buggy drew near.

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Cap'n Bishy, pulling Sweetheart into an unwilling walk, drove slowly by, grinning malevolently. Cap'n Heman saw that grin and spoke not.

"He, he!" sneered Cap'n Bishy. "On your beam ends, hey? Sarves you right."

And then Cap'n Heman was moved to a retort of an unexpected kind. "Humph!" he grunted. "I cal'late you've forgot the time when I found *your* craft on her beam ends. *I* didn't——"

He said no more—simply returned to his grimy task. But he had said enough. Cap'n Bishy's conscience smote him. He remembered the occasion referred to, that other race in which his rival had found him in trouble and had unselfishly come to his assistance.

"Whoa, you!" he roared. "Belay, you stubborn critter! Heave anchor when I tell you to, will you?"

Sweetheart reluctantly "hove anchor."

"Back up!" ordered Cap'n Bishy. The buggy backed until its rear axle was directly in front of the helpless auto. Then Cap'n Bishy climbed down, produced from beneath the buggy seat a coil of rope—invariably carried there because rope for emergencies is always a part of an experienced seaman's outfit—and proceeded to make the two vehicles fast. Cap'n Heman looked on in speechless wonder.

"What in the world are you doin'?" he demanded, finally.

"There's a repair-shop at Wellmouth," growled Cap'n Bishy. "I'm goin' to tow you as fur as there. Shut up! don't you talk to me. Get aboard your blasted junk-wagon. Git dap!"

Sweetheart strained in the shafts. Slowly the buggy and the attached auto moved along the road, the speed increasing as they proceeded.

The repair-shop was on the outskirts of Wellmouth, less than half a mile away. The buggy and its tow stopped before the door. The proprietor of the shop hastened out. Cap'n Heman cast off the lashings.

"I—I must say, Bishy," he stammered, "that this was reel decent of you. I——"

"Shut up!" thundered Cap'n Bishy. "I don't want to hear you. And now I'm goin' to lick you good and plenty. Go on, you apology for a horse!"

He drove away furiously. Cap'n Heman stared after him and then turned to the repairer. Fortunately, nothing serious was the matter with the runabout; nothing worse than the chronic capacity for breakdown which its purchaser had discovered before this. The "fixing" took but a short half hour. Cap'n Heman paid the bill and climbed to his seat.

"She may hang together till you make Trumet, Cap'n," said the repairer, dubiously. "I wouldn't swear to it. She's——"

The rest was drowned in the hullabaloo of snorts and explosions with which the runabout signaled its getting under way.

Three—four—five miles were covered at a fairly rapid rate—for that car. Only two more miles to Eastboro and the finish; and Cap'n Bishy's buggy had not been overtaken. Cap'n Heman was almost in despair. It looked as if his halt for repairs had put him out of the race.

Muttering a profane soliloquy, he jerked the steering-wheel, and the auto buzzed around a bend in the road. And there stood the buggy and the gray mare, with Cap'n Bishy—a perspiring, swearing Cap'n Bishy—tugging frantically at the animal's bridle and pounding her with the frayed and broken end of the whip.

Cap'n Heman stopped the runabout and gazed uncomprehendingly at the scene. It appeared that, if her driver was determined she should go, Sweetheart herself was just as determined not to go. Her ears seemed to be glued down, her teeth were bared and set, and in her rolling eyes shone vicious and immovable obstinacy.

"Balky, by time!" exclaimed Cap'n Heman, as the situation dawned upon him. "Balky, ain't she?"

"Balky!" panted Cap'n Bishy. "Drat her! She's wuss'n that! I was afraid of it. Twice before she's done me this way. Get up, you everlastin'——"

"Can't you *make* her go?" queried the other.

"Make her? No, nor nobody else can't. I've busted my whip and wore out both boots, but it's no use. Go on to Eastboro! Don't set there and crow, or I'll—I'll kill you."

But Cap'n Heman had no intention of crowing. He reversed the lever. The runabout backed until it stood in front of the stubborn beast. Then Cap'n Heman descended, walked to the buggy, produced the emergency rope once more, and proceeded to make a double running noose in one end.

"What in thunder?" demanded his competitor.

"It's my turn to tow. She'll either foller

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or choke, one or t'other. Get into that buggy! What are you standin' there for?"

With that noose about her neck and the automobile pulling at the other end of the rope, even Sweetheart's obstinacy was conquered for the time. She moved because she had to move.

"Heman," faltered Cap'n Bishy, "I must thank you for——"

"Stow that! I don't want to hear none of your talk. I'm doin' this to even up, that's all. I mean to win this race as much as I ever done."

Over the trees ahead the steeple of the church at Eastboro loomed large and ominous. Matters were approaching a crisis. And then, with a cough that was almost a groan, the overworked runabout stopped short.

"Busted again!" moaned Cap'n Heman, jumping to the ground.

Cap'n Bishy, also descending, cut the tow-rope.

"I'm goin' on," he shouted, excitedly. "This helping business has gone fur enough. You can't expect me to— Git dap! What ails you now?"

Sweetheart's ears were at their old angle. Her feet were planted as before. *Her* balkiness was of a kind not easily overcome.

"Git dap! Go on!" raved her owner. "If ever I—Heman Tinkham, come back here! What you doin'? Oh, is *that* your game? Well, two can play it."

For Cap'n Heman, leaving his automobile to its fate, had started to run toward the village just ahead. And after him sprang Cap'n Bishy, heedless of horse, buggy, or anything else except the winning of that foot-race.

Cap'n Heman led when the hotel was reached, but he tripped on the lower step. They burst into the "ladies' parlor" together —a dead heat, if ever there was one. A man and a woman, who had been sitting talking on the sofa, rose smiling to greet them. The man was Luther Collins, proprietor of the hotel and uncle of Miss Georgiana. The woman was Martha Taylor, mother of Erastus.

"Where—where—?" gasped Cap'n Bishy.

"Is she—is she?" panted Cap'n Heman.

Luther Collins continued to smile. "Who? Georgie, do you mean? Well, now, there's some explainin' to be done to you folks, and we'll get it over with quick. Georgie ain't here. She left Trumet on the one o'clock train, bound to Boston on her weddin' tower."

"On—her—*what?*" Both the captains blurted the question between gasps.

"On her weddin' tower. She and Ratty Taylor was married to-day by Mr. Bowles. It's been kept a secret, of course, but they've been cal'latin' to be married a long spell. You two kept such a spyin' on her that the poor thing hasn't had no peace scurcely. The only way she could think of to get you out of the way, so's they could be married in comfort, was to rig up this racin' plan. It got you both out of Trumet at the right time. See? She hated to make you so much trouble, but——"

"Hold on!" shouted Cap'n Heman, frantic with surprise and humiliation. "Tell me this, Lute Collins: if that girl was figgerin' to marry that—that Taylor thing all the time, why didn't she tell me of it? Why——"

"And why didn't she tell *me?*" broke in Cap'n Bishy.

Mrs. Martha Taylor stepped forward. "*I'll* tell you why," she snapped. "And I'll have you understand that my son ain't no *thing*, neither, Heman Tinkham! Ratty couldn't save up money fast enough. You told him once he hadn't ought to think of marryin' unless he had five hundred dollars. So when Cap'n Heman there offered to pay him two dollars a day to watch you, Cap'n Bishy, he——"

Cap'n Bishy whirled upon his abashed rival.

"Did you do *that?*" he shouted.

"Well, Bish, you see——"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Taylor. "And then Cap'n Bishy paid him two and a half a day to watch Cap'n Heman. He made about two hundred and seventy-five from that. Then he made fifty by sellin' that mare and buggy, and seventy-five by gittin' rid of that automobile. That was four hundred, you see, and they decided to call it enough. Course he couldn't tell you what was goin' on while you was helpin' him save up to be married. If he had, you'd have stopped payin'. So him and Georgie agreed to keep quiet for a spell and——"

"Bish Thanks," ordered Cap'n Heman, "come on outdoor where the air's fit to breathe. This ain't no place for decent people."

"We won't tell the Trumet folks," Mr. Collins called after them. "Nobody'll know it. We promised Ratty and his wife never to say a word."

"Heman," confessed Cap'n Bishy, an hour

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afterward, as they stood before the door of the Eastboro livery-stable, "I'm glad of it. I never honestly wanted to be married, anyhow. 'Twas just my cussed pig-headedness. And you know you *did* rile me."

"Same here," concurred Cap'n Heman. "I'm glad as you be, Bish. I swear I feel as if a weight had been took off my mind. What'll we do with this hundred dollars?"

In the first fury of their disgust they had disposed of Sweetheart and the buggy and the automobile to the canny stable-keeper for the sum just named.

"I've been thinkin'," hesitated Cap'n Bishy; "I've been thinkin', Heman. Long's you and me was such fools as to help Ratty Taylor earn four hundred out of his five, what d'you say if we go the whole hog? Let's send the hundred to him and Georgiana for a weddin' present."

"Right you be!" cried Cap'n Heman, enthusiastically. "We'll do it. I come away in such a hurry that I ain't got but half a dollar left, after payin' for fixin' that auto. But never mind, that's enough to pay our fare back to Trumet."

Cap'n Bishy examined the contents of his own pockets. "Humph," he exclaimed, "you're better off than I be at that. I ain't got but twenty cents. However—come on!"

"Where you goin', Bish?"

"I'll show you. Come on in here."

They entered the "Fruit, Stationery and Candy Bazaar," which was next door to the livery stable. Stepping to the tobacco counter, Cap'n Bishy laid down the twenty cents.

"Give me two of your best A1 ten-cent cigars," he commanded. "Them'll do. There! light up, Heman."

They lit up. Thus the pipe of peace was smoked.

Before the Rain

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

CLOUDS are dusky gray and still,
Nature's waiting for the rain;
Birds have ceased their song until
They can feel the sun again.
Trees are waiting, patient too,
Hushed and silent as they stand,
Till the breeze comes sailing through
Fresh'ning all the weary land.

Water's rippling like a song
Where the willows bend above,
Gently coaxing it along
With a tender mother-love.
The long grasses lilt and sway
To the music's mystic flow
In a dance of elfish play
Mirrored in the stream below.

Sentinel poplars, straight and tall,
Upward turn their shining leaves,
And the tree-toads scrape and call
In a tune that oddly grieves.
There's a brooding tenderness
That's so sweet it starts a pain
Yearning through and through your breast,
Then—here comes the driving rain.

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WHITE LIGHT

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THE "Café des Latins" extends the distance of the short cross street between two avenues. In one of its dining-rooms you can find a motley crowd, in which there is an occasional dash of smart persons, of the curious who are visiting New York, and of rather prosperous and bored individuals of so-called temperament, who try to believe that they are leading the real care-free life. The main body, however, of the patrons that one finds supping here is composed of simply the more resplendent and moneyed devotees of urban pleasures, and their companions. From this spacious room with its gay gowns and white table-cloths there glows a mild pink light.

Across the hall, where women stop to pat their hair before the mirrors, another room, given over late in the evening to thirst rather than to hunger, is filled with another crowd, distinguished from the first by the absence of all smart persons, the occasional presence of college youths, and the almost imperceptible inferiority of the people who sit on the leather seats along the walls and lean their elbows on the marble table-tops. From outside, where lines of electric hansoms snuggle up to one another like affectionate beasts, one can see that this room, unlike the first, effuses a glow of yellow.

Within the warmth and smoky brilliance of this second room Erminia Nott sat watching with dazzled, happy eyes the sharp, decisive, black-and-white movements of scurrying waiters, the undulations of the highly-colored garments at the tables, and listening vaguely to the sad voice of a 'cello appealing through the rising and falling of human tongues.

To-morrow and a thousand to-morrows with the fruit of life and happiness upon their heavy hanging boughs were nodding and nodding toward her. She looked about, loving every human soul within the range of her eyes, hoping success to them all, vaguely wishing them to be better and happier folks at a new dawn.

She wondered why so many eyes were upon her. These strangers did not know, of course, that this evening she had made her first appearance on the stage. Among them were no old friends who remembered that a few months before she had been making seven dollars a week at a Sixth Avenue skirt store. Certainly they had not all been at the first performance of "The Green Cow"; they had not all pronounced it a Broadway success; they did not recognize her as the third left in the "Hayfork" song. Yet they stared at her. Uncontaminated by the vanity of the stage, not for a moment did she imagine that all these loiterers of the night, men with thumbs held poised for a moment at a siphon's top, women turning their graceful necks in a wearied survey of the room, had stopped to look at her because there was something in her flat back and broad shoulders, in the rounded, muscular grace of her forearms, in the red-brown hair with its luxuriant folds, and in the firmness of her mouth above the curve of her chin, that marked her out from the other women.

Her experience in the glitter of places like this was limited to the months of rehearsal, when she had worked, as conscientiously as the girl who had the leading part, for the success of the production—worked as if it all depended upon her whether or not the show was successful and whether she could go on in a long New York engagement at twenty dollars a week. As yet the novelty of her new existence had not worn off. She was still a spectator, an apprentice to the stage life, a seeker for the truth about Broadway, a fascinated observer of the crowded tables about her.

Finally she turned her face toward her companion, the automobile salesman. His eyes, she felt, had never left off their scrutiny of her except when for several minutes he had fingered the little white-and-gilt saucer before him and looked down into its concave, thoughtfully, as if he were deciding a

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momentous question the answer to which was obscured somewhere under the glaze.

"Well, little girl," said he, "I've got to say it again: you certainly were all right—the prettiest ever. Why, when you first came on—say!"

She smiled with pleasure. "I'm glad *you* liked me, Jack; I'm glad you take an interest. I'm glad you wanted me to come up here and sit down with you afterward."

"But you wouldn't give me the fun of talking to you alone. What time did you tell him to meet us? When is he coming?"

Erminia, with a straw in her fingers, poked at the cherry that bobbed on the surface of her lemonade. "Why, you don't care, Jack," she affirmed. "He's just good old simple Tom Mowry—the best ever. I've known him such a long time." She raised her head, her face alive with new interest. "Didn't I tell you all about him?"

"Not much, only a little," said the young man. He had a good-natured smile and clothes that gave him the appearance of more frame and strength than he possessed; his eyes were heavy and his face was a little drawn, as if he had lived in much stress.

"Why, it was this way," the girl went on. "I met him first a year ago. My mother was the janitress of the Ilion apartments then, do you see, and Tom was on that route with one of the Crowfoot Dairy wagons. He's in charge of the whole delivery now. Well, we got to chatting sometimes—he usually got around about half past seven. I'd hear the rattle of the wheels. Then one day—are you listening, Jack?—he says to me, 'Do you think your mother'd let you go down to Coney with me if we both can get off Saturday?' Well, you know I've told you he isn't a prize in some ways, but I says 'Yes.' So on the boat we met a gentleman friend of Tom's, and you couldn't guess! Well, he asked Tom, kind of quiet, if he was going to fight somebody at some athletic club—I never can remember names. It took the breath away from me. I didn't know he did that. Then I asked Tom not to fight any more. So he stopped."

"He liked you," commented the other, raising his eyes in quick scrutiny. "I don't blame him."

"Not *that* way," said Erminia. "Perhaps he did once—for a little while."

"He asked you?" said the other, with a touch of jealousy.

Erminia nodded. "Yes, he asked me to marry him. But I just laughed and said, 'Why? Is there any reason for my doing that?' and he and I went back to being good friends again and going to places together Sundays. I just asked him what reason there was for my marrying him. Well, that ended it. I've never heard anything since."

Her companion, Mr. John Lapwing, nodded approvingly.

"Then, of course, you know how Margaret Lyman introduced me to old 'Pa' Blenheim. He gave me a chance. With rehearsals and all of that, and the rides in your auto when I could get off—and you've been awfully nice to me, Jack—why, I didn't have much chance to see Tom. He didn't care much about my going on the stage, anyway. So it wasn't till four days ago that I thought how he'd like to see my first performance. Why, it almost made me cry to think I'd forgotten him. So I bought a ticket and wrote a note and said that you—I'd told him a little about you—I said that you and I would be here at twelve, because I didn't know how long the first-night performance would be. And I told him to come for the sake of old times."

Lapwing snapped the ashes from his cigarette and gazed up at the whirling ceiling fan above him. "Minnie," said he, "I wouldn't mind ordinarily, but to-night I've got something to say——"

The girl met his eyes with an injured expression in her own. Her hands went forward toward him across the marble table-top. "Oh, please, Jack," she begged, "please be nice to him. He's a good old friend. He'd die for me. And he's just an awkward somebody. I don't believe he's ever been in a place as good as this before. Please make him comfortable—for my sake."

The man's rather peevish expression relaxed into a smile of good nature.

"Sure thing," he said easily beckoning to a waiter. "The same," he ordered, pointing to his glass. "Why, certainly, little girl, I'll put him at his ease, and I think I know enough about his kind to do it. Why, I'd do anything for you!"

He leaned forward across the table, gazing into her young, smiling eyes as if behind them somewhere lay the land at the end of the rainbow.

"Little girl," he said, "you're too beautiful—too good for the stage. You're the most perfect, wonderful thing I have ever seen!"

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A leaping flush came into her cheeks, and with her finger-tips she seemed to endeavor to brush it away. The head waiter, recognizing Lapwing from afar as a liberal patron, came up through the laughing maze of other parties toward them. At the next table a woman, clothed tightly in black and with hands alive with the barbaric splendor of jewelry—a woman with a wealth of hair and a lost girlhood—had caught the real meaning in the young man's glowing face, the respect and tenderness in his voice, the look in his eyes. Erminia saw the approaching waiter as if through the film of dreams, and then the woman in black, who looked at her with such a strange expression of ferocious jealousy. But Erminia did not know why the woman in black immediately afterward caught her breath and smiled a generous benediction to her.

"How are you being served, sir?" the waiter asked.

"All right," the young man answered, not looking away from the girl. "All right."

"What is it, Jack?" she whispered, a little frightened. "Tell me—tell me what you were going to say."

His mouth shifted into a passing quirk. He seemed to be conscious of the unfitness of the surroundings for the words that he had often fancifully framed in his own mind and was now about to repeat to her. When he spoke there was a theatrical earnestness in his tone. "We've known each other seven weeks," he said, "ever since the night that Carrie Payson sprained her ankle in the milkmaids' dance. You've liked me pretty well. I knew enough to size you up right, didn't I, and see the difference between you and Carrie?"

Erminia's white forehead drew itself almost into a scowl.

"Well," Lapwing went on, "we've known each other well, eh? And I tell you, little girl—you're the only one." He leaned forward again. "I just love you—do you see? I just can't see anybody else but you."

She had raised the glass with its yellow straw almost to her red lips. Now she set it down with great care. Folding and unfolding her hands in front of her, she stared at the man with the pained expression of one who tries to look steadily into the glare of an arc-light. Finally she seemed to be satisfied, and smiled.

At her change in expression new confidence came into his voice. His eyes reddened slightly as he said, "I want you to marry me!"

The girl's hands fell from the edge of the table into her lap. There rang in her ears the words of Carrie Payson: "The girl who gets Jack can kiss good-by to trouble and buy her clothes on Fifth Avenue."

"Do you like me a little?" he whispered.

"Oh, Jack, of course I do!" she said spontaneously, and then in perfect sincerity but hardly in her own style of phraseology, "Why, you're one of the best!"

"Well," said he, "try to like me more. Because, Minnie, I want to take you off the stage. I want to go and get the swellest little apartment you ever saw and a couple of up-to-date maids. We'd have our own motor-car, eh? And come down on to Broadway for dinner when we felt like it?" He indicated the room in which they were sitting with a sweep of his hand. "Atlantic City and Palm Beach for ours! I can pay for it. I've got another proposition on a sales company that is like holding your hat under a money spout. Just give me the chance to buy your clothes! I want you for my wife!"

The possibilities of the future multiplied as he spoke; vague ideas crowded into her mind of *nouveau art* lamps shedding soft radiance on a spotless white dinner-table at which she should be mistress; of tinted upholstery in the interior of private electric cabs; of easy credit in department stores; of sandalwood boxes containing endless pairs of long gloves shaded to match almost endless rows of dream gowns hanging in closets with mahogany doors; of visits to the good old, dear old girl friends who still tired their feet in the Sixth Avenue store for a hundred cents or so a day, to tell them that she had engaged a summer cottage for their vacations; of her own, own children, the boys that could go to any school they chose and little girls that would never have to work. The clinking of ice in a glass, laughter, the chance call of a motor-car horn, the sing of whirling rubber tires on the cold asphalt outside on the avenue, and the soft voice of the 'cello spoke of these things.

"Nobody has any kick on this," pleaded young Lapwing. "My family turned me over when I got put out of college—they thought I was no good and couldn't make my living. Huh! Well, they can't make any fuss about you, little girl. Don't let that worry you."

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Erminia had not thought of anyone's making a fuss.

"And I'll always be good to you," he went on quickly. "You perfect, wonderful thing!"

Leaning back in his chair, he gazed at her searchingly from under his brows. It was difficult for him to fathom whatever emotions were living within her. "I am asking you to marry me," he said slowly and carefully. With a touch of dramatic instinct, he dipped his cigarette into the liquid before him. The sigh of extinguished fire did not, however, attract Erminia's glance.

Lapwing's eyes followed the direction in which her own seemed to be looking down a long perspective of unreality. At the same moment they both caught sight of the other young man now framed in the doorway.

This other young man, this Tom Mowry, this deliverer of milk, stood looking for them amid the glitter that faced him. To be sure, he did not seem to be at home or at ease. Men of lesser straightness of figure, of weaker under jaws, and of smarter garments went out past him; and the very glance of surprise that they gave the thickness of his shoulders and the red health beneath his clean-shaven skin made him seem a lonely figure among the common run of such men as were in the room.

The expression of his face indicated for a moment his embarrassed unfamiliarity with the place and his anxiety lest he might not find the object of his search; but when he noted the character of the crowd within and saw Erminia in the distance, he raised his head, squared his shoulders, and strode easily down, this way and that, between the tables. Persons who looked up to meet the contempt with which he regarded them hitched their chairs a little to let him pass. Both men and women seemed to notice the breadth of his back and the strength of his face rather than his ill-fitting clothes and the squeaking of his shoes. Lapwing and Erminia watched him all the way.

"I'm so glad," said she. "Mr. Lapwing —Mr. Mowry."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," said the latter, with sharp observation of the other's eyes.

"Very glad," replied the automobile salesman. "Sit down, old man. What shall I order for you?"

"No, thanks, I'll not have anything. I've trained so much I've got the habit." Mowry flushed and looked down at his hands.

"Well," said Erminia, "you came to the show?" She tilted her head away from him. "Did you like it? Did you like me in it?"

"No," he said, folding his arms and staring at the table. "No, Minnie, I'm not much for it."

She laughed good-naturedly. "Tom didn't want me to go on the stage," she explained to Lapwing.

Mowry turned toward the other man, looking him full in the face as if to inform him that this opinion would remain unchanged in spite of any contrary views that the automobile agent might have.

"Well," said Lapwing thoughtfully, "I don't think I blame you." He adjusted his tie affectedly. "I'm trying to get Minnie to leave the stage," he said, smiling at the girl significantly.

Mowry glanced quickly from one to the other of his companions. Erminia was playing with the beads that hung from her neck. Her old friend caught his breath. He understood.

"I wonder why we feel uncomfortable when a girl"—Lapwing nodded toward Minnie as if it were to her alone that he referred —"when a girl is in the profession. Why is it, old man?"

The deliverer of milk smiled slightly but did not reply.

"Perhaps it's just a feeling," suggested Erminia. "Just as I had a feeling against Tom fighting at athletic clubs."

"No," said Lapwing with assurance. "You're not wise to it. The real reason is the danger to the girl. The life's full of temptations, Minnie—you know it is. And you're too good for it. It makes me frightened every time I think of you going through all you'd have to go through with—with your good looks. There's a danger. Isn't that so, old man?" he finished patronizingly.

"No," said Mowry laconically. "It ain't so! I ain't scared about Minnie."

The girl raised her head quickly. "Oh, neither am I," Lapwing hastened to say.

Erminia turned her glass around and around during a moment's silence. She looked behind her at the woman in black. "Why are men so interested in whether a girl is good or not?" she said finally, with a little hesitation. "Girls don't ask about men, do they?" It was evident that her perplexity was new to her; she spoke with the innocent wonder of one who has not philosophized much.

Lapwing laughed delightedly. "Oh, that

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is great!" he said. "People have discussed that question till there's nothing left of it. The answer to it, little girl, is that things aren't arranged that way. Girls don't ask whether a man is good or not—that was the expression you used—because they are sure they'd get 'no' for an answer."

Erminia stared at him, like a child surprised by the knowledge that it is not possible to walk on the water.

"A man who hasn't had experience that way," Lapwing went on earnestly, "isn't much of a man. It's probably because he was scared."

The girl leaned forward, intensely interested in what he was saying.

"And I'm not sorry," said Lapwing. "I'm not sorry for anything. I'm no hypocrite. I remember I once made up my mind to always keep straight, but I didn't, and I'm not sorry."

"Why?" asked Erminia.

"Well, it's the kind of thing that makes a man more broad and human. He gets to know human nature better. A man has more—well, say sympathy. Instead of living just one life, he leads a whole lot." Lapwing exhaled a moving pyramid of smoke toward the high ceiling. "Oh, sure," he went on. "He knows the world better—better than he could learn it in any other way. Then, when he wants to settle down—why, all right. But he's got to go through the game, and he's better for it. Who likes a man who is afraid, or a man who is—well, goody-goody?"

Erminia rested her chin on her knuckles and nodded, thoughtfully. The automobile salesman smiled. Mowry shifted his feet beneath the table.

"That's the way of it," said Lapwing. "I suppose that's it. That's the answer, isn't it, old man?"

Mowry did not answer.

"I say, that's the answer, isn't it?"

The other young man raised his head, reddened a little, and felt in the pockets of his waistcoat. He looked toward the meditating Erminia, cleared his throat, and said, almost inaudibly, "I—I don't know."

The other two turned quickly in their chairs. "Eh? How's that, old man?" said Lapwing genially. "The experience——"

"Well," interrupted Mowry, "it's this way: I never had an experience."

Lapwing rubbed his nose nervously. Erminia, without moving a muscle, studied the silent young man at her side. Suddenly she reached forward and caught his sleeve in her trembling fingers. "Tom," she cried, "Tom Mowry, look at me!" He raised his head. "Tom, tell me—tell me why you've always kept straight! Tell me *your* reason!"

Lapwing thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, leaned back from the table, and watched the other man's face.

"Well," said Mowry, with a little embarrassed smile, "I made up my mind I wouldn't. Why, it's all right, Minnie. Don't you bother about me. I just had an idea—I've always had an idea. I stuck to it, that's all."

Erminia folded her slim fingers on the marble, inspecting them as if she had newly discovered that they were hers. She did not speak. Lapwing took up his glass, shook the ice around in it, and drained the contents. Once more Tom Mowry surveyed the room, with a peculiar snobbery showing on his face—a snobbery all the more conspicuous because it appeared upon features that in many ways lacked refinement. A man several tables away from them was staring at Erminia's beautiful profile, and Mowry, resenting his look, opened and shut his thick fingers. The motion extended all the way to his shoulders, suggestive of muscles trained to strike deftly and hard.

Finally Erminia raised her head. The music came plaintively across the other noises, no longer, however, seeming one voice among the others, but rather a whispering from afar. At a distance from her, in a smoke-obscured corner, a waiter covered a yawn with his hand; behind her the woman in black had allowed the corners of her mouth to fall in pitiable lines of hopeless weariness, and only drew them back into a smile and furnished a strident little laugh when her companion demanded it by a glance. She wore beautiful rings, among them a plain gold band—a wedding ring. Erminia had no rings; the girls at the theatre had made so much fun of the cheap little turquoise that her mother, the janitress, had given her, that she had laid it aside. Lapwing had offered her a ring once. He had been kind to all the girls. She looked across at him. He was shaking the ice again, around and around the bottom of the glass. A second time she turned, feeling that someone was gazing at her. It was the woman in black, pausing on her way to the door, staring straight at Erminia with a strange sadness in her dull blue eyes. A

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man's voice, rising from somewhere, said very distinctly: "Mining stocks won't do. Not for me! Now if you want to make——"

Erminia turned quickly toward Mowry. "I must go," she said, breathing quickly "I must say good night to you, Jack." She addressed the astonished Lapwing.

"Wait, Minnie," he said; "I'll take you. I'll get a hansom."

"No, no," she exclaimed hastily. "I'm going to walk to-night. Tom will take me home." Surprise leaped into Mowry's eyes.

The automobile salesman uttered a soft exclamation, stood up while the others prepared to go, and as Erminia and the deliverer of milk walked toward the door he sat down slowly, beckoned a waiter, and pointed to his glass. "Repeat it," he said.

The words carried across a lull in the noise of the room. Suspicion flashed into the mind of Mowry. He bent forward as he walked.

"Did that fellow insult you?" he asked her. "Was that why you shook him? Because, if it was, I'll come back here and knock his block off!"

"No," said Erminia. At the door she inhaled a long breath of the cold night air. "No."

Mowry looked incredulous. "Tell the truth, Minnie," said he. "You didn't leave him for nothing. You two were engaged. I'm not a fool. Did he insult you?" He stopped and looked down at her.

"No," said she. They walked across the lighted thoroughfare into the deserted cross street beyond; their footsteps resounded past the corrugated iron that closed the delivery doors of stores that faced on Broadway. A ray from an arc-lamp far down the shadowy perspective revealed the gleam of tears on the girl's cheek.

Again Mowry stopped. "See here, Minnie," he said, "I can't stand for this. I know I'm out of it, and I've had to give you up and keep my mouth shut. But I ain't goin' to let any other man make you unhappy. Give us the truth."

Erminia gasped. "You still care!" she cried. "You've cared all along?"

He nodded. "Don't you mind me; I didn't mean to say it," he begged. "Just tell me the truth."

"Wait," she exclaimed, catching at the edge of his coat. "Was that true about that idea—about always keeping straight? You never told me before. And about sticking to it?"

"Sure," he answered a bit sheepishly.

She turned to look back at the glow of Broadway. One orange-colored light seemed to choke angrily as if in a fury because of her exit from its radiance. But she did not seem to mind its impotent frenzy. She drew her companion over into the shadows.

"Kiss me, Tom Mowry!" she cried. "Do you hear? I want to be *your* wife. Love me always, Tom Mowry! Kiss me."

The Brides of May and September

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I SAW my sisters meeting along the shady way
That led between the houses and the sea;
The bride of late September, the bride of early May,
They met before the church of Cloverdea.

The springtime bride was hanging on her young stalwart's arm,
Pink as the rosy bonnet that she wore:—
The autumn bride trudged slowly the long mile from the farm,
Her nine stepchildren walking on before.

And oh, the little lame one had all her hair in curls,
And spruce were all the newly mothered band:
A feather in each boy's hat, a flower in each girl's,
And each child had a comfit in its hand!

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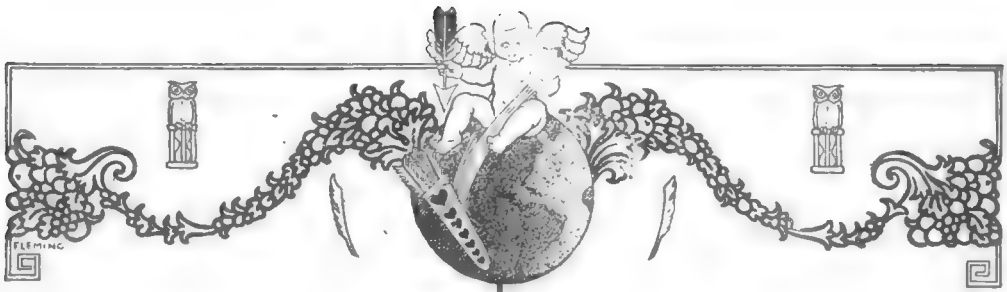

Little Stories of Real Life

A SCOURGE OF GOODNESS

By Elizabeth Hyer Neff

"I ONLY hope that my dress will hang as well as yours." Rosalie gazed admiringly at Janet's new suit as they crossed the platform to the train.

"And I only hope that Aunt Thirza won't come while you're making it," rejoined Janet feelingly as she mounted the steps. She leaned out of the window to add, "Be sure to feed the chickens!"

The sun was just reddening the knob of Sugar Loaf as Rosalie sped back under the arched maples to the low brown house where she was to live alone for a day and a night. She was in such eager haste to begin her new dress that, for just this once, she slighted her morning work, good little housekeeper though she was. She set the tiny pan of breakfast scraps on the porch bench instead of carrying it out to the pit under the apple-tree, and threw the dish-water out when it should have been poured around the grape-vine. Then she took down a roll of delicate blue silk and spread it caressingly on the dining-table where a lacy shadow pattern from the honeysuckles trembled over it. With a thrill of pure delight she slid the scissors into it, thinking of the wedding for which it must be finished —and a wild-rose pink flew over her face at thought of a certain guest who would be there.

She was making fine progress when prescient dread made her look across the porch to the street; the scissors dropped with a crash and she caught up the silken breadths and the tissue-paper patterns, crushing them ruthlessly as the gate latch clicked. There was not time to hide them, and with a sudden impulse she locked the kitchen door and the one window that was open, and stood guiltily waiting, her heart pounding so hard that she could scarcely hear the heavy tread on the veranda or the burr-r of the little bell.

Rosalie held her breath. Again the bell rang and again the latch was tried, the door pounded and shaken. She must surrender now or never; she wavered forward with trembling knees, but as she was turning the key the besieger clumped off and Rosalie dropped upon the sofa in joyful relief. Too soon, alas! for the windows and doors were tried and shaken all around the house. Rosalie cowered into the stairway with a feeling that the walls were glass. Then Aunt Thirza's nasal voice boomed in her ear: "No, they don't 'pear to be, Mis' Lincoln. I 'lowed I'd best come up and stay with Rosie while Janet was gone. Rosie didn't go, too, did she?"

"No, but maybe she went over to Jordans' last night to help with the weddin' doin's. Her an' Mary Hannah is great chums. I ain't seen her this mornin'," replied the motherly voice of their neighbor.

"No, they both et breakfast hyer, all right. Here's leavin's that shows it—the idea o' leavin' 'em here! And settin'

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on the bench. Dish-water's be'n throwed on to the grass, too! Ever hear of such a slatternly trick in yore life? Girls that I raised! You'd 'a' seen her if she'd gone this morning when Janet did. Look a-here! Sweepin's off the carpet chucked under the hollyhocks! Which one's got a new blue mohair suit? Here's a scrap of buckram—I know it's got a coat. I heerd 'bout Rosie takin' lessons in fine sewin', an' now I reckon they'll be crazier'n ever 'bout finery. I never seen their beat. One of their layin' hens is gone. Have they had comp'ny?"

"No, they give her to Miss Bender when the ole man was sick."

"Now, did you ever hear the like of that! Them girls'll die in the porehouse yit." The next words came from the pit under the apple-tree: "I see they've broke one of their blue teacups an' a lamp chimbly; be'n cannin' cherries, too, and broke two glass jars; I bet they put 'em in too hot."

"They're awful sweet girls, Mis' Capstack. The only thing against them is their chickens. They do a lot of damage to the neighbors."

"Well, I'd like to know whar that Rosie is. I'll go over an' set a while with Amanda Jane Pollock an' maybe she'll come back," and the heavy tread grew fainter. Amanda Jane was purveyor of the choicest gossip in Amitydale, and Rosalie heard with despair the crunch of the green rocking-chair on her porch as Aunt Thirza dropped solidly into it. The mail had just come in, and the dozen people who straggled down the shady street with an occasional postal card or a weekly paper in their hands were all informed of Rosalie's disappearance. As no one had seen her leave, the matter assumed importance. A search party was even hinted at, and some one remarked that the river was high and would be hard to drag. The girl huddled forlornly on the stairs heard it all, for the two houses stood close together, and the stairway was on the side nearest Pollocks'. Rosalie began to cry. Why, oh, why hadn't she faced Aunt Thirza?

Meanwhile the unpopular Mrs. Capstack rose to distinction as principal in the sensation. "Yas, that pore chile may be layin' dead this minute," she announced gloomily. It had been a long time since the last tragedy in Amitydale. "Nobody knows my feelin's, fur I've be'n a mother to them girls ever sence their father died—only my husband's nephew ne was—and a pore, weakly piece at that. I done it fur love, as you might say, fur the little I charged was no pay fur all I done fur them rattle-headed girls. I took charge of their bit of property, too."

"Don't you feel's if we ought to break in the door, Thirza, or a window?" asked Amanda Jane dramatically.

"Why, no, they ain't no call to damage property like that till we know she ain't run off with nobody," replied the bereaved.

"Now, who'd Rosie run off with?" demanded Mrs. Lincoln, the peacemaker.

"That I can't say, fur my son Jethro's be'n waitin' on her a consid'able spell, though some might think that ole house ain't much of a match fur the best farm in Shenango Valley—but that girl's flighty enough to run off with a dancin' fiddler ef she took a fancy to him."

"I tell you that Rosalie Willard ain't eloped with no one," declared Mrs. Lincoln valiantly.

"No, she thinks too much of Rob Ripley for that," added a girl's voice.

"I heard that her and Rob Ripley was engaged 'fore he went away," said a new voice.

"No, they wasn't just engaged—" It was the staccato of Celestia Jones this time. "Rob was dead in love with her—Mary Brown was sewin' for Mis' Ripley, an' she told me all about it. You know Mis' Ripley is uppish about havin' the finest place in town, an' the Willard girls' live stock is the torment of her life. Well, the chickens got loose and ruined her flowers the day before her big party and she went over an' said things to Rosalie that made her cry an' stay at home from the party. It broke Rob all up; he thought there was somebody else an' he went away right afterward, so he don't know to this day what she turned him down fur."

"Was that what broke it off?" cried many voices, thrilling with interest, while Rosalie hid a scarlet young face in warm arms on the stairs, and choked back sobs of mortification.

"Maybe she's—took something on account of it," suggested Amanda Jane, scenting a rare treat. "I think we ought to get into that house. She might have left a note—or something."

"Grandma Boggs's side-door key unlocks their kitchen door," cried Celestia. There was a sound of stampeding feet. Rosalie sprang up and ran to her bedroom window, hidden by the branches of the great rock maple. Yes, she could easily step out on the

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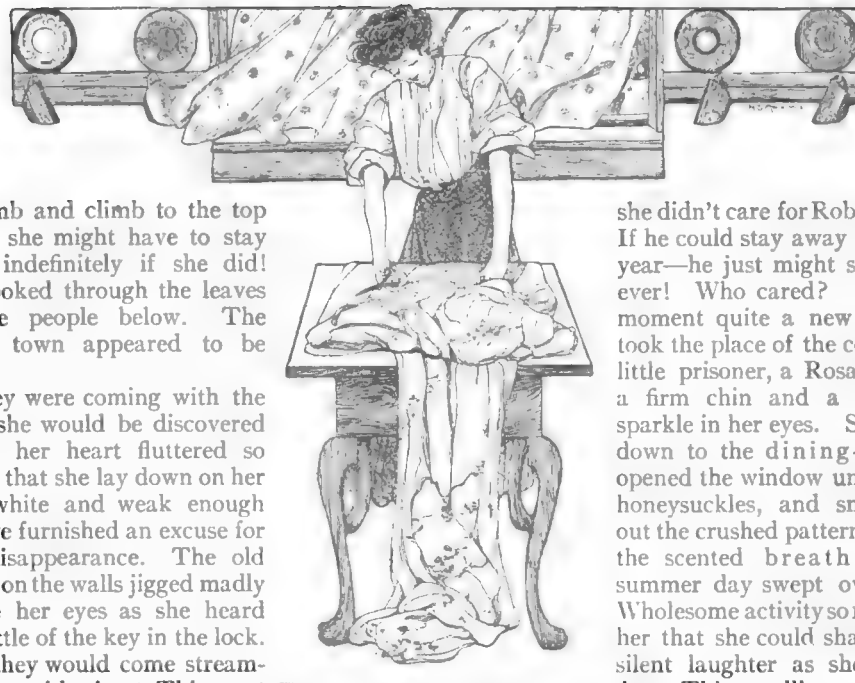

WITH A THRILL OF PURE DELIGHT SHE SLID THE SCISSORS INTO IT.

big limb and climb to the top—but she might have to stay there indefinitely if she did! She looked through the leaves at the people below. The whole town appeared to be there.

They were coming with the key—she would be discovered—and her heart fluttered so wildly that she lay down on her bed, white and weak enough to have furnished an excuse for her disappearance. The old prints on the walls jigged madly before her eyes as she heard the rattle of the key in the lock. Now they would come streaming up with Aunt Thirza at the head—but—what was Mr. Jackson saying? *A key inside in the lock and he couldn't get that one in!*

"Oh-h!" groaned the crowd, and Rosalie lifted her head. The people strayed gravely out on the boardwalk, talking, and studying the clapboards of the house.

"Anyhow, the doors wouldn't be locked if anything'd happened to her in the house," some one concluded. "Like as not she's got away without any o' the neighbors seein' her go." Unlikely chance in Amitydale! but the optimistic suggestion stayed the rising excitement.

"Well," Aunt Thirza admitted grudgingly, "I s'pose we'd better wait a while longer before we do anything."

The crowd drifted away. Presently the green rocking-chair began to creak again, and Rosalie knew that a great, shapeless sock was being knitted for Jethro's great, shapeless foot, as Aunt Thirza swayed back and forth.

She gave a sigh of relief at the respite and her young spirits rebounded joyously. She could go on with her work while the lock held—and the longest day must end at last! She must finish the dress for Mary Hannah's wedding—but not because Rob Ripley was to be best man! Her face grew hot at the thought. She would show people how much she didn't care for Rob Ripley. If he could stay away a whole year—he just might stay forever! Who cared? In that moment quite a new person took the place of the cowering little prisoner, a Rosalie with a firm chin and a resolute sparkle in her eyes. She stole down to the dining-room, opened the window under the honeysuckles, and smoothed out the crushed patterns, while the scented breath of the summer day swept over her. Wholesome activity so restored her that she could shake with silent laughter as she heard Aunt Thirza telling over and over to new hearers the story of her great goodness to the orphans. At noon she was fiercely hungry, but she dared not make a fire, so she lunched on bread and butter and gooseberry jam. In the evening she folded away skirt and bodice of her gown ready fitted for the sewing-machine, whenever she should dare to run it, ate cookies and apple sauce for her supper, and went up to her room, lonely and hungry, while the neighbors gathered on the sidewalk speculating about her in melancholy tones, and exchanging reminiscences as of the dead.

"I mind the time she got a volentime," mused the postmaster. "First volentime day after I got the office—and wasn't she tickled!"

"She was the nicest child in my Sunday-school class," mourned Jemima Scroggs. "I can see her now in her little brown hood——"

"I allus made 'em myself, Jemima," put in Aunt Thirza. "Store hats is bad fur chillern's ears."

Some one had inquired for Rosalie at the Jordans' and found no trace of her. Again there was talk of search parties, but Amitydale with no clue whatever felt helpless. It was decided to wait for Janet's return in the morning. After that—the river!

Up in the flecked moonlight Rosalie listened. A new note struck her with alarm.

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"You'll not think of goin' home, Thirza, till —till we know something."

And the answer: "No, I feel to stay, in my state of mind, till it's all over. I know Janet wouldn't want nobody to be with her but me, if it's the worst."

Rosalie shivered in the warm darkness and pinched herself to make sure she was alive. She crept to bed in the dark, plotting to escape in the early morning before sunrise, but before her plan was finished she heard Mr. Lincoln's hatchet and found that the night had passed in one innocent nap and that another June day had dawned. Aunt Thirza's strident tones were already agrind over on the porch. She must meet Janet, so she dressed quickly, slipped unseen from the kitchen door, down through the grape-arbor and under the currant bushes to the hedge between her garden and the Ripleys' handsome grounds. There was the hole through which the cow had so often broken; it had grown up a good deal, but she could squeeze through and run across to the station.

She threw her hat over and flattened herself upon the ground, unsuspicious of the treachery of the osage orange. But no sooner had she put her head in than wiry stems with unspeakable thorns wound round her, buried their teeth in her fair flesh, and wove her shining hair into an inextricable tangle. When she tried to retreat they tightened upon her and held her fast. Some one coming down from the Ripley house saw her frantic struggles. He gave a whistle and plunged down the path: "Hello, there, if you're after another lawn hose, you're caught," he cried to the forlorn little heap in the cruel trap.

A KEY INSIDE IN THE LOCK AND HE COULDN'T GET THAT ONE IN!

"You needn't try— Why, who—in—? I beg your——"

"No, it isn't—me!" wailed the victim. "Go away and let me get out."

"Let me help you. Why, Ros—Miss Willard, how did you ever——?"

"I've got to meet Janet at the six-ten train and my hair's caught."

"I should think so!" He gave an awkward little pull at an entangled twig which brought out a silky mesh. Rosalie winced. "Say, I don't want to make you bald-headed. Let me call mother," he begged.

"No, no, no! Cut it off, if you can't get it loose."

"That lovely hair? Never! I can cut off the branches and let you out that way," which he did, and she crept through and sat on the grass under her green thatch, such a forlorn Daphne that Rob gave a shout of laughter.

"You mean, hateful thing!" cried Rosalie with tears. Rob looked properly contrite.

"I'm a perfect brute—but—oh!—you look—so—solemn, I—can't help—it! Oh!" he choked. Then Rosalie laughed and he began to cut out the thorns from her hair. "Did you think this was a short cut to the station?" he asked.

"No, I was afraid of Aunt Thirza. She's over on Amanda Jane's porch; and if I don't meet Janet at the station, they'll tell her I'm dead."

"Ah-h?" Rob scowled in bewilderment. "I don't seem to get the hang of the situation. I thought Mrs. Capstack was some relation of yours."

"She is and she's been good to us—so we hate her. I locked the door when she came

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yesterday, and she thinks I'm drowned and she's waiting to help Janet with the funeral. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No, I only got home last night on the ten-thirty. What are the worst goodnesses she has done to you?"

"Oh, she was a mother to us—and we'd rather be orphans. She made us wear mud-colored dresses to Sunday-school—and horrible quilted hoods! And now since we're of age and live in our own house she's worse yet. She thinks it's extravagant for us to pay fifteen cents a dozen for eggs and buy a pint of milk a day, so she gave us a dozen hens and a cow. We had to spend all our money last year to build a barn and buy hay and corn and rent a pasture and hire a man to drive the cow and milk her. She's eaten up nearly all the gardens in town and we have oceans of milk—we can't sell a drop here in the country. And she *won't* get lost!"

"It's simply harrowing!"

"Well, you needn't laugh. We're ashamed to look people in the face. Our chickens have ruined everything in town that the cow left—our own strawberry bed and grape-vines, too, and it will take all our money next year to build palings and a hen-house. Other people's chickens get stolen, but ours never do, and we can't kill them. And we almost know that she's got a pig for my birthday."

WIRY STEMS WITH THORNS WOVE HER HAIR INTO AN INEXTRICABLE TANGLE.

"Heartrending!"

"I'd just like somebody to be good to you once. You'd have a fight and take your own part—and you're pulling every hair out of my head."

"You patient dar—little thing! Would you like a fight with your aunt?"

"We'd just love it. We have to be meek and grateful for hideous old things that we don't want. We've never dared to get anything pretty with our own money till now—and we don't know what she'll do."

"Poor child!" This time he was not laughing. "Look here, Rosalie, I've come back to tell you something—I couldn't stand it any long——"

"There's the train! Give me my hat, quick!"

Three passengers arrived—but no Janet. "She's missed the train," wailed Rosalie. "What shall I do?"

"I'll guard you round to the house. Aunt Thirza'll forgive you—and be good some more."

"The worst of all is——"

"Jethro?"

"Yes." Rosalie's voice shook.

"Don't you care for Jethro?"

"Rob!"

They walked quietly down the shady, cool street. Aunt Thirza, on Pollocks' porch, was planning her mourning and did not look up till the hinges creaked. Rob held the gate for her as she ran over.

"Well, Miss Rosie, you jist tell whar you was yisterday. You give us a good scare."

The girl's new courage deserted her. Even Rob quailed under the terrible black eyes.

"I—I—was—just here."

"Don't you tell me a fib, you sassy thing! I was here myself all day."

"You can't talk to her like that when I'm around," said Rob indignantly.

"I'd like to know what right you have to speak up, young man. I'd have you to know that I've be'n a mother to that girl—and am likely to be her mother-in-law."

"I have the right of a gentleman to protect—but I think I have a better right than that," looking into Rosalie's eyes in desperate earnest. "I think I have—the best right of all—haven't I, dearest?"

He saw her lips form one word and he turned to the personified Goodness confronting them. "I have the right to take care of her, Mrs. Capstack, and I shall take her round to my mother until Janet gets home."

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Aunt Thirza recovered breath as he was drawing her away. "Well, I think she might have told me first one, seein' what I've be'n to her, but I'm sure I wish you joy. I've got an awful nice pig fur yore weddin' present."

MA'M'SELLE LUCETTE

By Katharine Aldrich Whiting

BEAU-PRÉ lies among its girdling meadows, a sweet, straggling village, which creeps timidly upward to the feet of its ancient master and protector, the château of Beaumanoir; whence in the old days the lords of the village dealt out the rigors of the law and the mercies of largess. Many faces, stern and gay, of fair ladies and of gallant gentlemen look down from the stately walls of the ancient rooms; but one face, the fairest of them all, was never pictured save in the loving memory of the village. Many names out of the silence of forgetfulness sound a clear bugle-note in praise of high and worthy deeds; but it is the last of the race whose name runs sweetest on Beau-pré lips, whose story every village child learns at his mother's knee as he learns of the lives of kindly saints, and lisps with much the same tender reverence. This is the tale they tell:

Famine waxed sore that year in Beau-pré. For week after week of the cruel spring-time the fair meadows lay parched in the burning sun. The peasants thronged the church to pray for rain; and still the merciless sky beat down the hope of bread for the long winter. Rain came at last too late; for it laid low the stalks that had feebly crept to life, and the people's food lay rotting on the ground before the harvest. Behind the rain stalked the sickness, and many died; many also, turned beast by the certainty of the coming struggle, rejoiced as the death-roll grew, since there would be the less to feed from the scanty store; and a few wished greatly for death, that they might not see the village starve.

Of these was Ma'm'selle Lucette, last of that race of Beaumanoir which for generations had held sway over the country round about, from a patent granted by a king of France in the days when French kings had Canada to give. Years had passed since then, but the old race, shorn of its power, still retained the feudal feeling of responsibility for its former vassals; and these in turn still trusted in their triad of protectors—God, St. Joseph, and Monsieur.

God and St. Joseph could still help; but to the villagers they seemed far away, and only Monsieur could know the urgency of their need. Yes, Monsieur knew; but unlike God and St. Joseph he could not help, and the knowledge of his impotence was turning him into a feeble old man before his time. For in these latter years the lords of the manor had fallen upon days of poverty so bitter that the ruined château had seen many meals when the share of Ma'm'selle had consisted of dry bread, that Monsieur might have still the tiny scrap of meat. To Monsieur, old and stern and feeble, three things seemed heaviest to bear, and these three formed a torturing trinity which was truly one: that he could not help his people in their sore need; that his only child should be more helpless than himself, because she was a girl; and that her want of dowry should fix an end to the stately name which was, after all, the one love of the fierce old heart.

And yet he might have rejoiced in the beauty of this last rose on the old stem, since beauty of itself alone attracts wooers; but the brides of Beaumanoir never went dowerless to their bridegrooms' arms; lovers, were there any—for here the old tale is silent—went empty away, and the rose nodded alone on its dying stem, a sweet, pale rose in the famine year.

At last—it was near the end of the mocking harvest-time, and winter drew on apace—the church again held all the village; it was not crowded now. God had not heard when they asked for rain; God had not stayed the sickness; but still they humbly prayed—for the bitterness of death was near, and the hot ravings were hushed by weakness—that the chastisement might cease; that in some way beyond their simple thinking they might be given bread, or money to buy from those less sinful, to whom more mercy had been shown.

The *De Profundis* and the *Miserere* rose, wavered, and sank again amid the sobbing of the people. The priest at the altar, his tall form emaciated with fasting and sick-tending, swayed from weakness, or it may have been from the fervor of his prayer—a prayer unwritten, born of their sore distress, to which the people murmured their "Amen":

"Send, Lord, a messenger to Quebec. I cannot go—my sick would die uncomforted. And yet who else, O Lord, could plead for Thy people? For they are hard of heart in

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Quebec, and this folk is proud, unused to beg. A messenger—only a messenger! Or else, in Thine own way, corn. So little corn would feed them now, O Giver of the Harvest!"

And then, in the tense waiting, the answer came. Between the ranks of the weeping people a girl's figure passed to the altar-steps. A girl's eyes looked upward, pleading, into the priest's exalted face, and Ma'm'selle Lucette said softly, "Father, I am here—send me!"

To the priest the face was as the face of an angel; but to the man's heart beating beneath the cassock the lions in the path loomed fierce and forbidding. Ma'm'selle Lucette of the House of Beaumanoir—could she trudge the weary miles, as a peasant lass might go? And even if she won to Quebec, what could she, a girl, and young, accomplish, that would offset the dangers to which she would be exposed? And yet—she had come in answer to his prayer: would not God watch over His handmaid? The staring people stilled their weeping as they gazed dumbly at the messenger. With a quick movement, the priest lifted his hands above that radiant head, and blessed her in the name of God, who had bidden her go. And Ma'm'selle Lucette went forth from the church to begin that mission of which the people of Beau-pré tell to this day.

But there was no shadow upon one face, nor doubt within one heart. Ma'm'selle Lucette, as she made her preparations for the long journey, hindered rather than helped by the priest's old servant who was to be her guide, was almost gay for thankfulness that she might save her people. For she carried deep in her heart a secret still unshared. To her, as she knelt heart-broken because she had nothing to give her starving children, a thought had come, blinding in its sudden illumination: "Lucette"—she could almost hear the words —"God asks of thee thy voice."

For Ma'm'selle had a voice like no other in the village, and—it might well be—in the world. To say that it was contralto was to say little; but the thrill in it, the delicious break, beyond which it soared up, up, into pure bird-like ecstasy: the velvety depths of the lower notes, vibrant like the taut strings of a rich 'cello—that and more made it a voice all her own, and God's, who gave it. The villagers always crossed themselves when they heard the bell-call of that strange voice, but this was the first time that to the girl herself had come a realization of all that this gift might mean. For Ma'm'selle Lucette had no mind to beg in Quebec. She was of the blood of Beau-pré, which is proud, and of the race of Beaumanoir, which starves with shut lips. Should she lay bare their bitter need to rich folk, who might not even give at all? It was not for the last of the stately line of Beaumanoir to whine, "A little bread, for charity!" To earn was better than to beg. Nay, it was scarcely earning: in the old gay days in France her gaming ancestors had paid their debts by acre after acre of the land they loved—forced at last to build up a fresh estate here in the virgin forest. When the king was sore oppressed, the old tale had it, the glittering plate of her house and the proud jewels that were the joy of its women went to buy men and arms for the service of the king. She would sell her voice in leal service to her people.

The way was very long. Three days and four nights they followed the trail, resting often, for one was old and one was frail, and both were faint from hunger, so little could be spared for their provisioning. But on the fourth day they saw the spires of Quebec, and stood at last in a square, fearfully crowded to their unaccustomed country eyes.

And then, amid the staring throng of curious city folk, with the blood of her knightly fathers flushing her pale cheeks and their fiery courage filling her girl's heart, Ma'm'selle Lucette began to sing. At first her voice was so weak and low that it was quite drowned by the noise and confusion around her. But soon, rising, ringing, it overpowered all the ugly noises, and then there were few to overcome; for the crowd which had collected from all sides was curiously silent, and impatiently enforced stillness to hear this new wonder.

She sang—it was all she knew—simple little folk-songs, such as mothers at Beau-pré crooned to their babies, or swains chanted to bashful maids at evening; songs such as girls sing at the spinning-wheel, softly and wistfully, or the harvesters roar out in lilting chorus when they bring home the nodding grain. She sang the Harvest-Song, and her voice was deep and rich as the wheat that should give the people bread; she sang the Song of the Harvest-Dance, and one could hear the laughing coquetry of the maid who draws daintily away and ever flouts her lover; the deep ardor of his wooing was there, too, and the tenderness of her surrender at the last. She sang, in a voice that tinkled and rang like steel on ice, of the long, cold winter, when the night is fearful with the long howl of the wolves, and their restless feet draw near

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the door, and one can feel the terror of their eyes. She sang the joy of spring, and the blood danced and thrilled to the haunting gipsy lure of the Song of Wandering. And last she sang the Ghost-Song, of the little child who will not stay within its mother's arms, but wanders out and away to play with fair children; and they kiss it into happy sleep, but the mother will watch sleepless for its return. It is a simple song, yet no one then nor thereafter listened to it dry-eyed.

But the songs' least charm lay in the rude words. Over them she wove a veil of sound caught from the song of birds, the ripple of brooks, the sighing of trees tossed by the wind —all these things could that wonderful, vibrant voice mimic, thrilling all the time with a quality that belonged to none of these, but laid a potent spell upon the hearts of those who heard it; perhaps because itself was drawn from the joyous, grieving hearts of the men and women whose songs it glorified. There was nothing ever heard in Quebec, men say, like the voice of Ma'm'selle Lucette.

The people of Beau-pré have heard from their grandfathers of how the first cart of grain came into the village; of how the priest blessed the precious kernels, mindful the while of another benediction to be invoked at the altar-steps; of how the eager, claw-like hands could not unload it quickly enough, for some died before they could be fed. After that, it was only to wait patiently until the next cart should come the weary miles from Quebec, where the golden voice was still singing, singing, and taking its pay in grain.

It made glad the city streets at first; then afterward it rose in rich men's houses, and in great glittering churches; for they found that Lucette had a career before her, if—and they warned her not a little—she would spare the wonderful voice. But she would not hear; and truly, what need? since it seemed but to mellow and deepen with the strain, as if it knew how many lives it had to save.

And still the corn poured into Beau-pré. Enough to feed the weakest; then the strong might have their share; then there was bounty for the winter store and for the planting in the spring. At length came a day when the driver of a cart muttered—their patois is not quite like that of Beau-pré—something that seemed to say that this cart was the last, and some words about the singer, which the villagers, hurrying to shelter the precious corn before the rain, could not clearly understand. And so it was: no other cart came down the trail that had become by now a beaten track, nor was there need; for the village was safe.

Then they waited for Ma'm'selle. No news came, nor sight of her for long and long, though they set a watch at the forest's edge to warn the village when she should come back, that they might welcome her with all their simple pomp, who had brought to the village not only life but fame.

And then one day she came very quietly, walking slowly down to Beau-pré between the stems of leafless trees. The people waited silently, not greeting her, as they had planned, with *Vive Chrysostom* and loud huzzas; for she looked so frail and weak and white—as if she had grown into the likeness of the famine she had conquered—yet with a look upon her face that was not the look of the fair girl who had gone away, but the look of a great and good woman, who has fought her battles, but has lost her girlhood in the fight.

Monsieur was there—oh! be very sure he was there!—leaning on his cane, and even advancing a little to meet her, he who seldom stepped outside the gate of Beaumanoir. And when she saw him Ma'm'selle hurried forward and looked into his face—to see, doubtless, whether she had to meet praise or blame. But the stern lines relaxed as their eyes met, and the old voice rang true as he said: "Thou hast done well, Lucette of Beaumanoir. Thy race is proud of thee."

Then one can imagine how they crowded round her, kissing her hand, hailing her Savior of the Village. All but Father François, who stood a little apart, watching her with wonder and sorrow. He had been trained to read the souls of men in their eyes; but he could not understand the sadness of that face, so radiant when it had been lifted to his in the church. The messenger had returned triumphant; but the face was as the face of one who had failed.

Then he too came forward, his hands spread wide in benediction; and as she knelt, turning up that tragic face to his, he said "Daughter, thou art greatly blest of God in saving thy people. He has had thee in His keeping; is it not so?" Through all the anguish of the eyes a tender light smiled a wistful assent; the lips trembled, moved, but uttered no word; and the old servant, kneeling at her side, made answer for her, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks: "She has saved the people, father, but—the price was her voice. She will never sing again."

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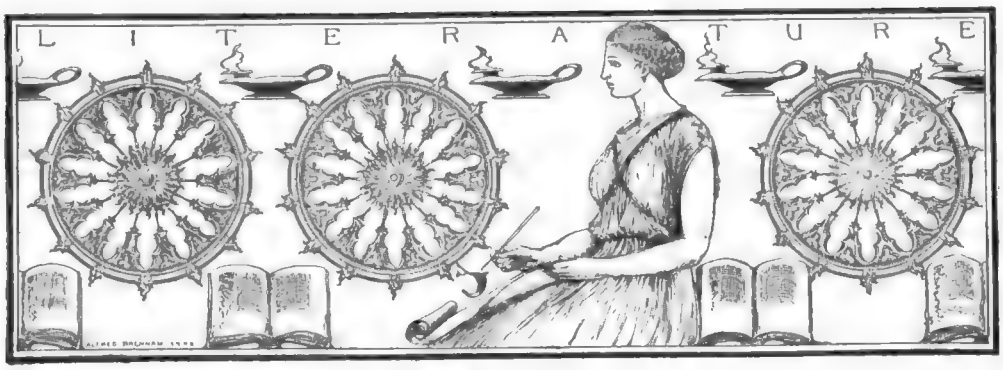

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

LAST Saturday (the statement may appear belated when it reaches your eye, but it is accurate at the moment) was the Fourth of July. I spent the evening at the golf grounds, watching the fireworks: contributing to the oh's and ah's that greeted some of the eight-pound rockets, sharing the general surprise when an occasional pinwheel consented to supply its own momentum, and for a time actually participating in the discussion as to whether "that" was a balloon or a planet. I may add that, there being no astronomer present, and the chairman of the house committee putting punk to a large floral mine at the moment, we never found out. The whole matter is irrelevant except that I am smilingly reminded of it in undertaking to swell the chorus of approval or disappointment over the season's literary display. For here, too, the exhibits are very near and the stars are distant; and some books, like some rockets, have parachutes hidden in their make-up. Doubtless, if we could look back upon it all from the morning-after of the beyond, we should smile at the futility of many of our discussions. Meanwhile Mr. Winston Churchill has sent up another rocket. Mr. Churchill is a writer who, having started by making novels out of history, is sincerely trying to influence history by means of novels. "The Crisis" was a calculable factor in that awakening through which a people, long accustomed (in the excitement of an engrossing present) to give over the recent past to the distortion of incipient mythology, became aware of the continuity of their political evolution. "Coniston," somewhat at the expense of its fictional values, undertook to trace the natural beginnings of modern graft. "Mr. Crewe's Career" (Macmillan) hints, without sacrificing its romantic unity, at the forces that are marshaling themselves to attempt our deliverance. The echoes of "Coniston" are distinguishable in its pages, since it is a story of the same region twenty years later. The satire of the tale anent the "reformer" whose career supplies its title may strike the fastidious as somewhat bludgeony. But, politically, the book is at once perspicacious and hopeful; and, fictionally, it creates a hero who is not a prig and tells a story that, at least for the moment, persuades us of its reality.

The trouble with pinwheels, literary and other, is that the overwhelming majority of them refuse to go round. They have a great way—we are all familiar with it—of starting off with a brave splutter and, after a few revolutions or a couple of chapters, losing their initial impetus and turning what was intended for an iridescent optical illusion into a laggingly revolving fizzle. And yet a liking for pinwheels is not only ingrained in us but is, one is inclined to suspect, one of our legitimate and salutary weaknesses, put there, safety-valve-like, to keep us from bursting. The discovery of a pinwheel story that actually spins is, therefore, a delight, and one is tempted to cry out about it more excitedly than, perhaps, its superficial importance would warrant. And, to tell the truth, it would be difficult to exaggerate the unimportance of Mr. Jacques Futrelle's story of "The Simple Case of Susan" (Appleton). It is, to begin with, so exceedingly simple. Merely a happy inspiration conceived in a mood of contagious light-heartedness and carried to completion before the mood vanished. But it spins. It starts in with a rush, catches our breath half-way through by threatening to stop, and then, reversing its own direction, whirls away to a conclusion

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that leaves us, quite senselessly but quite actively, pleased with Susan, the world, ourselves, and Mr. Futrelle.

There was a great to-do, some years back, over the ossified man. He had, if I remember correctly, lain in one position so long that his joints had hardened and it was only when he tried, at the long last, to get up, that he discovered his misfortunate condition. The same sort of thing sometimes happens in other quarters, and is only realized, by accident, when it has all but become chronic. When, for instance, one says "a story of New England," the expression instantly brings to mind a conception, vague in outline, yet definite enough in character to do duty for a recognizable abstraction. This resembles, if one may so put it, a composite mental photograph of a hundred old maids with a hundred New England consciences, struggling to be human against hereditary odds. And it testifies to the lamentable fact that one department of our American fiction is by the way of becoming ossified. We have concerned ourselves so long with the Puritan gone to seed that we have practically conventionalized the type. The result is that Mr. George Dyre Eldridge's excellent study of a living and struggling puritanism, pitted against the flesh and the devil of latter-day conditions, told in "In the Potter's House" (Doubleday, Page), almost seems indelicate by reason of the virile admixture in its cast, and the excess of red corpuscles in the circulation of its characters. It is a story of New England without an old maid to its name, and with the young maid upon whom its situations pivot bearing the title only by courtesy. But the three-sided struggle between a rabidly bigoted theology, the sodden inertia of an isolated community, and a woman's desire for freedom, is drawn with too much dramatic feeling to be condemned for boldness, and with too nice an insight into mental passions to be twitted with its recognition of physical ones. It is a novel that repays reading in itself, and inclines one to watch for its author's name on future title-pages.

Mr. J. A. Spender's "The Comments of Bagshot" (Holt) will be found to be one of the pleasantest informalities of the day. Ordinarily speaking, I would as soon be presented with a collection of dead butterflies as with a collection of extracts from some man's wit and wisdom. Epigrams and aphorisms, indeed, are not unlike butterflies. They are points of concentrated color in the intellectual landscape, and they play their indispensable part in the conversational garden by carrying the pollen and facilitating the cross-fertilization of ideas. But once netted by some literary entomologist and stuck up in rows with pins through their dead bodies, they become specimens for specialists, and after a few pages the mind, like a man in a museum, hurries past the cases that contain them. It is exactly because Mr. Spender (who is the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, from the pages of which these papers are reprinted) is not an entomologist that a stroll in his garden is so refreshing. He has, he tells us, been made the executor of a dead friend, and he chats about this friend's life and his philosophy and quotes from his notes and his diaries with an informal confidence that is wholly delightful. Whether Bagshot, with his annotated fly-leaves and his penciled note-books, is a figment of Mr. Spender's imagination or a friend of his experience is immaterial. He is often wise and not infrequently witty, and we lay down the book with the agreeable sense of having shared his acquaintance.

There are times, during what our classically minded grandparents called the dog days and what we less dignifiedly dub the silly season, when in pure desperation of body and lassitude of mind we take to soft drinks and soft reading. In either case, if we can only stumble on it, we crave something both new and palatable. But, confronted by the multiplicity of catchy advertisements hung around the soda-fountains and the superfluity of catchy titles displayed on the book-stalls, the chances are twenty to one that we pick out what (with the same lack of dignity above noted) we would refer to as a "dead one." Have you ever tried Coca-Cola or Moxie? No more have I. But I have been more adventuresome at the book-stalls, and there is a romance by Theodore Roberts called "Captain Love" (Page) and a detective story by Roman Doubleday called "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery" (Little, Brown), either one of which will improve a hammock or mitigate a parlor car on a summer day. "Captain Love" is a tale of debonair adventure in eighteenth-century London, innocently transparent in its complications, but so spontaneously imbued with a joyous faith in the buoyancy of youth and the sempiternity of romance that it wins us, for an hour, to join in its enthusiasm. "The Hemlock Avenue Mystery," while superficially less naive, manages in its straightforwardness of narration and in the simplicities of its denouement to preserve something of the same innocence and exhale something of the same spirit.

We have already exchanged confidences about "The Country House," one of the novels of Mr. John Galsworthy. That is to say, I have told you what I thought of it and you have told yourself what you thought of what I thought. It comes to the same thing. Well, there has recently been

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afloat one of those intangible rumors that occasionally hang suspended in the literary atmosphere, to the effect that Mr. Galsworthy was publishing a new book. It was an interesting rumor because Mr. Galsworthy is an interesting writer and has, moreover, come up as it were against the wind, unnoticed until he was full-gathered and almost overhead. So I was anxious to see it, and cast about to find it; and after having found and rejected a new edition of "The Island Pharisees," an earlier work of Mr. Galsworthy's, I was given "Villa Rubein" (Putnam), seized it, made off with it, and settled down to read it. And then I discovered that this new book of Mr. Galsworthy's was written in 1900, appeared then in England, and has now been "rewritten" for its first appearance in America. It is interesting on two accounts. First, because of its sporadic evidences of the beginnings of that outlook on life and insight into it that so strongly flavor Mr. Galsworthy's later work; and secondly because it calls our attention to a new reading of an old maxim that the artistic world seems to be in the act of adopting. The new reading is as follows: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again; but keep all your early tries and reissue them when your ship comes in."

There are two fundamentally dissimilar attitudes—one might almost call them the inorganic and the organic attitudes—one or the other of which the majority of us commonly maintains toward all books other than fiction, toward fiction itself, and, indeed, toward knowledge in general, using that word in its broadest possible significance. The inorganic attitude regards and uses the mind as a receptacle; the organic as a digestive apparatus. The inorganic crams into its memory as many historical dates, scientific formulæ, statistical summaries, and plots of stories as it will hold, and, capacity being limited and storage room at a premium, is apt to prefer a perfectly useless fact, if it be only dry and incontrovertible, to the most pregnant theory or thought-arousing speculation, since these necessarily contain much water and are liable, when kept in bulk, to prove perishable. On the other hand, the organic attitude is practically omnivorous, but is content to transmute specific information into general understanding and constantly excretes dates, desiccated details, and dogmatized assertions as indigestible. "Worlds in the Making" (Harper), a popular treatise upon cosmic physics, by Svante Arrhenius, director of the Noble Institute for physico-chemical research at Stockholm, is a book to be avoided by all maintainers of the inorganic attitude. It decidedly can not, as a whole, be accepted as gospel and stowed away accordingly. For it is an attempt, and does not pretend to be more than an attempt, to restate the nebular hypothesis in terms of the newly glimpsed possibilities of radio-activity. But it is a book that should prove intensely interesting to such organically constituted minds as find that the mere realization of huge problems yields, in the process of digestion, nutriment for the imagination and stimulus to judgment.

OTHER BOOKS

"Fennel and Rue" (Harper). An enjoyable novelette about a young novelist, and an excellent example of William Dean Howells's skill at pointing the poetic justice of the inconclusive and accentuating the vital importance of the inconsequent.

"The Natural History of the Ten Commandments" (Scribner). A rather interesting attempt on the part of Ernest Thompson Seton to establish a nature-faked origin for moral philosophy. The result vibrates between the nearly sublime and the wholly ridiculous.

"Which College for the Boy?" (Houghton, Mifflin). A title that furnishes John Corbin a good enough excuse for a series of pithy character-readings of half a dozen American universities and comments on some current attitudes toward utilitarian education.

"The Symbolist Movement in Literature" (Dutton). A revised edition of Arthur Symons's essays upon Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and other French poets and dreamers. A book that a casual reader might easily dismiss as a mere series of rhapsodies upon rhapsodizers, but one that upon better acquaintance discloses much beauty and many subtleties of criticism.

"The Vigil" (Dodd, Mead). A clerical novel by Harold Begbie, in which is described a dilettante high-churchman's blind struggles toward self-discovery. At once more "literary" and less effective than the same author's somewhat sensational story of "The Penalty."

"Care of Automobiles" (Doubleday, Page), by Burt J. Davis. An extremely practical little handbook for the use of non-professional drivers. Its scope is considerable, its explanations are concise, and its instructions explicit.

"The Iron Heel" (Macmillan). A polemical pipe-dream by Jack London, giving an account of a plutocratic tyranny, and an abortive revolution which failed to overthrow it.

"Money Magic" (Harper). A Western romance by Hamlin Garland, attractive by reason of its characteristically pliant realism, but saddled with a divorce "problem," the issue of which the author somewhat laboriously dodges.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"BEGORRA," said Patsy, "Oi couldn't pay me five shillin's foine, and Oi had to go to jail for six days."

"An' how much did yez spend to get drunk?" asked Mike rather sarcastically.

"Oh, 'bout five shillin's."

"Yez fool, if yez had not spent yez five shillin's for drink yez'd 'a' had yer five shillin's to pay yer foine wid."

A man who had been convicted of stealing was brought before a certain "down East" judge, well known for his tender-heartedness, to be sentenced.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said his honor consolingly; "you're going to be now."

American travelers in Europe experience a great deal of trouble from the omnipresent need of tipping those from whom they expect any service, however slight. They are very apt to carry it much too far, or else attempt to resist it altogether. There is a story told of a wealthy and ostentatious American in a Parisian restaurant. As the waiter placed the order before him he said in a loud voice:

"Waiter, what is the largest tip that you ever received?"

"One thousand francs, monsieur."

"*Eh bien!* But I will give you two thousand," answered the upholder of American honor; and then in a moment he added: "May I ask who gave you the thousand francs?"

"It was yourself, monsieur," said the obsequious waiter.

Of quite an opposite mode of thought was another American visiting London for the first time. Goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips, he finally entered the washroom of his hotel, only to be faced with a large sign which read: "Please tip the basin after using." "I'm hanged if I will!" said the Yankee, turning on his heel, "I'll go dirty first!"

Booth Tarkington says that in no state have the newspapers more "journalistic enterprise" than in his native Indiana. While stopping at a little Hoosier hotel in the course of a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington lost one of his dogs.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way, there, back of the shoemaker's," the landlord told him. "The *Daily News*—best little paper of its size in the state."

The editor, the printer, and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice to Mr. Tarkington with an "in-our-midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived.

"I've just lost a dog," Tarkington explained after he had introduced himself, "and I'd like to have you insert this ad for me: 'Fifty dollars reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night.'"

"Why, we were just going to press, sir," the

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editor said, "but we'll be only too glad to hold the edition for your ad."

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add, "No questions asked" to his advertisement, and returned to the *Daily News* office.

The place was deserted, save for the skinny little freckle-faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool, gazing wistfully out of the window.

"Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gawn to hunt th' dawg," replied the boy, without removing his gaze from the distant fields.

A Chinaman who had been robbed by a woman on the Bowery was trying to describe her at the police station.

"Can't you remember how she was dressed?" asked the lieutenant at the desk. "What sort of a hat did she wear?"

For a moment John seemed puzzled. Then his face brightened.

"He dead—she glad," he confidently announced.

And now the police are looking for a woman with a Merry Widow hat.

One day Mary, the charwoman, reported for service with a black eye.

"Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a bad eye you have!"

"Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse."

"Yes'm."

"You might have had both of them hurt."

"Yes'm. Or worse'n that: I might not ha' been married at all."

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats, which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he went to the captain, and, with his hat cocked on one side, said:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go abeout?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that that ar mud-hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them the court, with great severity, said:

"There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if anyone wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that they will refer to me."

Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

The best man noticed that one of the wedding guests, a gloomy-looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his last friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one with a far-away expression.

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation:

"One day he met the head of his family in the street.

"'Come and dine with us to-night,' the mandarin said graciously.

"'Thank you,' said the poor relation. 'But wouldn't to-morrow night do just as well?'

"'Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?' asked the mandarin curiously.

"'At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation.'"

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

JUST one more and the final word on the stock sale. A few days after this department went to press last month, all that remained of the big black dog—the little black tip of the little black tail—flicked into oblivion. The entire 1500 shares had been subscribed. But the inquiries and reservations continued to come in—letters saying: "I have just seen the insert. I want some of that stock. If I send you the money can I get it?" or, "Here are so many dollars. I must have some of that stock. I believe in your magazine, and I want to be an owner with you." We did not wish to sell any more stock, and yet we wished to bind these friends to the magazine. In the end we arranged to sell 250 more shares, making 1750 in all. And that is gone, and there "ain't going to be no more."

We shall not again attempt to express our gratitude for the material help and encouragement you have given us. We now have nearly 500 stockholders, who, with our 500 and more bondholders, make an army of one thousand owners of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. You business men will see at once how much strength this gives us. You will understand what it means to have a thousand men and women, representing every section of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and Hawaii, vitally interested in the magazine's progress. We were never so strong, and our prospects were never so bright as they are at this minute.

Our trouble this month is covers. Some of you censure us for being too flippant, or too inartistic, or too restless in our covers. Every now and then a good friend advises, "Choose a handsome, dignified cover, and stick to it." This is just what we don't want to do—unless the majority of you want us to do it. It isn't a hard proposition to have twelve handsome, artistic, dignified covers during the year. All we have to do is to choose twelve handsome, artistic, dignified artists, arrange the matter of price, and tell them to go ahead, and there's our year's work out of the way in a few hours. Or a neat arrangement of brown paper and brown type could be easily had, which would look absolutely decorous on the library table of the president of Harvard University and never give him a moment's uneasiness. But would that be EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE—after we were done? We are not all of us presidents of Harvard University; we haven't all of us even had a thorough art education; in fact, sometimes we suspect that some of us know very little more about art than any of the rest of us, after all is said and done. But we have wasted enough time talking about it. Read the letters and see what you think you'd do under the circumstances. Remember that it is just as much your quandary as it is ours.

Our first reader feels sincerely grieved:

July 28, 1908.

DEAR EVERYBODY'S: You invite criticism, and I find it an invitation I am tempted to accept.

Why that August cover? Undignified, unattractive, I can see no possible excuse for it. Had it been the cover of an unfamiliar magazine I should not, for a moment, have considered buying it. It could be suggestive of nothing more than silly stories. For my part, I have torn it off and put it in the place I thought best suited to it—the waste-basket. Why not have some really acceptable artistic cover for a magazine so

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good in other respects—something that it would be a pleasure to see on one's library table?

Yours very truly, A. F. R.

That looks pretty bad for us, doesn't it?

June 18, 1908.

GENTLEMEN: Having read your magazine constantly since Lawson's first article appeared, and being obliged to look every month on the stands for your publication, it strikes me that it would be wise and convenient for your many patrons if the magazine should now take a certain style of dress and stick to that.

Each month we vainly and earnestly seek among numerous publications piled on the newsstands for the old familiar title and wording, and each month we are confronted by a new cover whose various hues put Joseph's coat sadly in the shade. I do not believe that a magazine should vary its dress each month and be as fickle as women are in this respect. No doubt the classical information gleaned and gathered at old Northwestern years ago taught you that Solomon was known more by his dress than his wisdom, and almost surpassed the lilies of the fields.

Napoleon was known by his overcoat, and many other great personages have become prominent on account of their raiment—Elijah and his mantle, Diogenes with his tub, and Elizabeth with her ruff.

The June number lately issued has a cover that strikes me as being both neat and tasty. Could you not dress our old friend EVERYBODY'S the same each month, so that we can easily recognize him? Yours truly, H. H.

You can see that this reader feels that we are on the wrong track, but doesn't take it quite so seriously as A. F. R.

July 24, 1908.

DEAR SIR: Will you please on the September cover raise the red umbrella? We want to see the girl's face so much! Yours very truly,

L. R. G.

Seems to be quite complacent about the matter as it stands.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR SIR: Ten minutes ago I received the August number, and if I don't tell you *now* about that July edition I will soon have forgotten that it was the best ever.

Mr. O. Henry (no, that don't seem right—scratch out the Mr.) says "it's the little things that count."

At the bottom of page 113 are eight lines of verse entitled "Bereft," by Sue Fite Ramsey. Couldn't you print it over again and run it on a yellow insert? Surely no man or woman could read those lines and not be made the better for reading them, and still I'm afraid that too many passed them by.

I ain't never really been to Coney Island, but since reading that admirable article by Elmer Blaney Harris, I've gone down the slide, "done" the tickler, and eaten "dogs drooling mustard" a dozen times.

My first thought after reading "The Story of an Ivory Hunter" was that the author, Mr. Berkeley Hutton, as a hunter had missed his calling—he should continue to write.

And as for—but, then, what's the use? You read them.

I feel better now I've gotten this out of me—feel as though at last I've done my duty. I've been wanting to write you after reading each number for the past few years. That's all except to tell you I'm a "news-stander."

Yours truly, A. E. K.

P. S.—Tell Ray Brown that August cover is the real candy.

Apparently is just bubbling over with good humor. If we made any change we should be likely to injure No. 4's feelings.

Don't tell her, but it's worth "the price of admission" to the August EVERYBODY'S just to see Rose Cecil O'Neill's pictures.

Something seemed to have stopped in my life when your "Stories of an American Home" ceased. They are all framed in passe-partout binding and hanging on my walls.

Your "Uncle Sam" cover, draped with two American flags, helped us to keep the "glorious Fourth" over the border in Canada. The shrewd wisdom in that kindly Yankee face! There is none other like it in the world. I have never missed a number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Cordially, B. H. H.

July 30, 1908.

DEAR ——: Just a line in appreciation of the last EVERYBODY'S. To me it was the most interesting-*looking* issue of the magazine I've ever seen, and the quality and variety of the pictures was especially noticeable by comparison with the other magazines, which seem to me to be cutting down expenses. Maybe you are, too, but if you are it doesn't show.

Yours ever, J. S.

The last two writers do not seem to leave very much open for discussion.

If you got a bunch of letters like these, what would you do? Suppose we take a straw vote on the subject. Would you rather have EVERYBODY'S covers always the same, or would you rather have them always artistic (whether they expressed any ideas or not), or would you rather have us go along as we have been going, doing our best to attract attention, excite interest, and invite criticism? It is now largely up to you.

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